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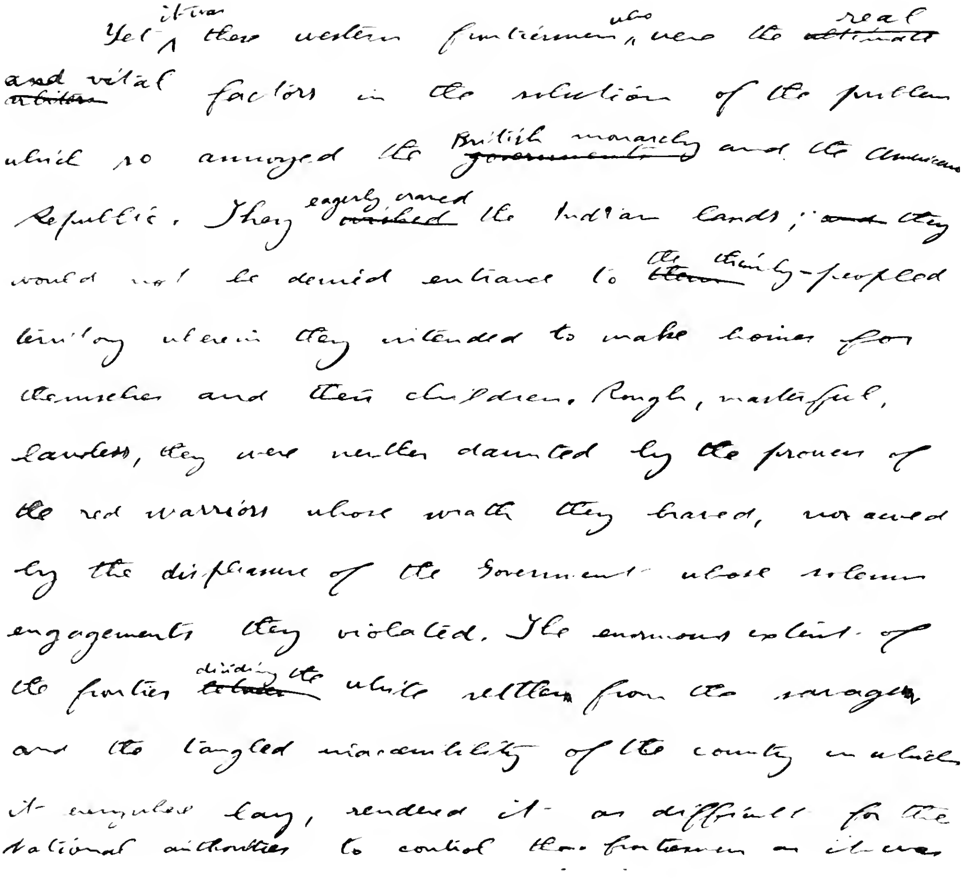
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MEMORIAL EDITION

VOLUME XII



Yet it was these western frontiersmen who were the ~~ultimate~~ real and vital ~~arbiters~~ factors in the solution of the problem which so annoyed the British ~~government~~ monarchy and the American Republic. They eagerly craved ~~wished~~ the Indian lands; ~~and~~ they would not be denied entrance to the ~~them~~ thinly-peopled territory wherein they intended to make homes for themselves and their children. Rough, masterful, lawless, they were neither daunted by the prowess of the red warriors whose wrath they braved, nor awed by the displeasure of the Government whose solemn engagements they violated. The enormous extent of the frontier dividing the ~~between~~ white settlers from the savages, and the tangled inaccessibility of the country in which it everywhere lay, rendered it as difficult for the national authorities to control these frontiersmen as it was

Reduced facsimile of a page of manuscript
"The Winning of the West"

III

BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ROOSEVELT·MEMORIAL·ASSOCIATION
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BETWEEN RIGHTEOVSNES
AND PEACE I CHOOSE
RIGHTEOVSNESS
·1920·
INCORPORATED

NEW YORK

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ROOSEVELT AS HISTORIAN[1]

By Hamlin Garland

In rereading the four volumes of Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," I am more deeply impressed than ever before with their literary quality as well as with the new material which they contain. He not only read widely and carefully in certain unpublished valuable records of the period which he set out to cover, but throughout this reading and consequently throughout his writing he remains remarkably fair-minded and convincing.

In his preface he says, "It is to me a labor of love to write of the great deeds of the border people," and then he adds something which is still more significant, "For a number of years I spent most of my time on the frontier and lived and worked like any other frontiersman," a fact which it is important to keep in mind, for those experiences gave him a special insight into the qualities and daily habits of the pioneers he had set himself to describe. A little farther on he adds: "The men who have shared in the fast vanishing frontier life of the present feel a peculiar sympathy with the already long-vanished frontier life of the past."

These volumes are, therefore, not only a mine of first-hand information not found in other histories but the quality of the comment, both in the body of the text and in its foot-notes, has no precise parallel in any other history known to me. The special qualities which Roosevelt brings to the writing of these volumes are clarity of insight, sympathy, and a sense of fair dealing which he expresses nobly in his judgments of both red man and white. By reason of this Western experience of which he speaks, he was able to understand both the Iroquois and the pioneer, and to be just to all the participants in the long war which won and held the West.

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He is indeed almost repellently faithful in transmitting to the reader an understanding of the vengeful struggle which went on for more than a hundred years between the advance-guard of white settlement and the rear-guard of red barbarism, a struggle which was as inevitable as it was far-reaching. He perceives it as a novelist might see it:

> The Wyandotte, and the Algonquins who surrounded them, dwelt in a region of sunless, tangled forest, and all the wars we waged for the possession of the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi were carried on in the never-ending stretches of gloomy woodland. It was not an open forest. The underbrush grew dense and rank between the boles of the tall trees, making a cover so thick that it was in many places impenetrable. . . . Here and there it was broken by a rare hillside glade or by a meadow in a stream valley but elsewhere a man might travel for weeks as if in a perpetual twilight, never once able to see the sun through the interlacing twigs that formed a dark canopy above his head.
>
> This dense forest was to the Indians a home in which they had lived from childhood and where they were as much at ease as a farmer on his own acres. To their keen eyes trained for generations the wilderness was an open book. . . . With moccasined feet they trod among brittle twigs, dried leaves and dead branches as silently as the cougar. They equalled the great wood cat in stealth and far surpassed it in cunning and ferocity. They could no more get lost in the tract of wilderness than a civilized man could get lost on a highway. . . . Every tree-trunk was a breastwork ready prepared for battle, every bush, every moss-covered boulder was a de-

fense against assault . . . lurking, skulking, travelling with noiseless rapidity they left a trail that only a master in woodcraft could follow, while on the other hand they could dog a white man's footsteps as a hound runs a fox. Their silence, their cunning and stealth, their terrible prowess and merciless cruelty make it no figure of speech to call them "the tigers of the human race." . . . Half of the terror they caused was due to the extreme difficulty of following them and the absolute impossibility of forecasting their attacks. . . . Wrapped in the mantle of the unknown, appalling by their craft, their ferocity, their fiendish cruelty, they seemed to the white settlers, devils and not men.

Over against this vivid and powerful picture of the Indian it is well to set another equally unrelenting characterization of the backwoodsman:

"Thus it is that there are so many dark and bloody pages in the book of border warfare, that grim and iron-bound volume wherein we read how our forefathers won the wide lands that we inherit. It contains many a tale of fierce heroism and adventurous ambition, of the daring and resolute courage of men and the patient endurance of women; it shows us a stern race of freemen who toiled hard, endured greatly and fronted adversity bravely, who prized strength and courage and good faith, whose wives were chaste, who were generous and loyal to their friends, but it shows us also how they spurned at restraint and fretted under it, how they would brook no wrong to themselves and yet too often inflicted wrong on others; their feats of terrible prowess are interspersed by deeds of the foulest and most wanton aggression, the darkest treachery, the most revolting cruelty; and though we meet with plenty of the rough, strong, coarse virtues we see but little of such qualities as mercy for the fallen, the weak, and the helpless, or pity for a gallant and vanquished foe."

Roosevelt's conception was not romantic, it was too clear, too definite to be that, but he had imagination, the imagination which clearly visualizes the stark borderers stalking amid the forest shadows or digging about the clearings of Boonesborough and Shelbyville; or toiling along the trails across the Blue Ridge Mountains. As a hunter and trailer himself, Roosevelt was able to understand and delineate these men as a mere scholar could not do. That he was aided in his ability to restore that vanished world by comparisons with his own experience in Dakota and Montana is everywhere movingly evident. Again and again by means of a phrase or by use of a foot-note he brings his knowledge of Dakota, Wyoming, and Montana to bear upon his task. His personal acquaintance with the Sioux or Crow villages of the plains is of enormous value in stating his historical problem. This equipment which no other historian save Parkman is known to possess gives a singular, almost fictional, brevity and power to his characterizations of men like Daniel Boone and John Sevier. He is able to present them as they were, heroes, indeed, but heroes neither of the parlor nor the stage type, men of the open air like his own neighbors in Dakota.

Consider this picture of Boone:

> With Boone hunting and exploration were passions, and the lonely life of the wilderness with its bold, wide freedom, was the only existence for which he really cared. He was a tall, spare, sinewy man with eyes like the eagle's and muscles that never tired. The toil and hardship of his life made no impress on his iron frame unhurt by intemperance of any kind, and he lived for eighty-six years, a backwoods hunter to the end of his days. His thoughtful, quiet, pleasant face, so often portrayed, is familiar to every one. It was the face of a man who never blustered nor bullied, who would neither inflict nor suffer any wrong, and who had a limitless fund

> of fortitude, endurance, and the most indomitable resolution upon which to draw when fortune proved adverse. His self-command and patience, his daring, his restless love of adventure, and in time of danger his absolute trust in his own powers and resources all combined to render him peculiarly fitted to follow the career of which he was so fond.
>
> Against this tribute let us set the following superb picture of Logan, an Iroquois warrior who lived at that time:
>
> "He was a man of splendid appearance, over six feet high, straight as a spear-shaft, with a countenance as open as it was brave and manly until the wrongs he endured stamped on it an expression of gloomy ferocity. He had always been the friend of the white man and had been noted particularly for his kindness and gentleness to children. . . . A skilled marksman and mighty hunter, of commanding dignity who treated all men with a grave courtesy that exacted the same treatment in return, he was greatly liked and respected by all the white hunters and frontiersmen whose friendship and respect were worth having. They admired him for his dexterity and prowess and they loved him for his straightforward honesty and his noble loyalty to his friends."

Pictures like this, estimates of this judicial quality, are scattered through the pages of these volumes.

In rereading the second volume, however, I feel its repetitious quality very strongly. I realize that it was written at intervals at times when distracted with other work. I can understand the fact that he never was quite able to make of it the smoothly flowing web which more study and careful revisions would have fashioned, but no history of that period has enabled me to sense, to the same degree, the actual conditions of that never-ending, bloody, wavering combat which went on year by year, now here, now there, between the settlers who made up the skirmish-line of our nation's westward march across the Alleghany Mountains and the red antagonists; and no other historian has been fairer to the bitter and despairing chieftains who saw in these white hunters and axemen the pitiless representatives of an encroaching stern, persistent, destroying race.

Chapter after chapter deals with these homeric combats, now in Kentucky, now in Tennessee, now in Indiana, here under Rogers and Boone, there under Sevier and Campbell, yet all alike in their essentials. Roosevelt glosses very little the savagery of the settler or the cruelty of the Creek. He aims to hold an even hand above them all. He sets down faithfully and clearly "the shameful abuse of the Indian" by the white man, and he states with precision the fact that border men of all classes "were eager to encroach on Indian lands." Furthermore, he states with blunt honesty the fact that the white warriors (in almost every battle) outnumbered their red antagonists, and he calls certain boastful historians to account for misrepresenting these skirmishes in order that the white man should emerge the more heroic. I confess that this is a curious and very interesting phase of Roosevelt's books, a comment which he based upon actual records of the time.

In the same spirit of truth-telling he holds an even hand over the action of British and French partisans and their commanders. It is not a pleasant chapter in English history, and yet Roosevelt is equally unsparing of the French. In generalizing on this situation he makes the very important point that the English by reason of their interests as fur-traders were the natural allies of the reds, whereas the American colonists who were mainly farmers and builders of towns were inevitably the enemies of the barbarians who possessed the land which they desired to cultivate.

In short, these four volumes with all their faults of construction succeed in vividly picturing the contest for an empire in which the French, the English, the Spanish, and the Americans met as warriors on a grandiose, wide-extended battle-field, a game in which the French settlers, like the red men and the frontiersmen, were bewildered pawns of destiny. Only inspired madmen, like George Rogers Clark, dimly perceived the far-reaching national effect of these struggles in the swamps of Indiana and the forests of Ohio; for the most part the settlers warred simply for their homes, or in hatred of the red race, and Roosevelt informs his readers of the savage ignorance and blatant egotism as well as the stern heroism of these pioneers. He conveys in a repulsive degree the bitterness, the pettiness, and the squalor as well as the romance and the dignity of these lives. To succeed in such a task requires something more than the perusal of books and records. Roosevelt brought to bear on his problem something of that quality of imagination which goes to the making of the poet as well as the historian.

It is this quality which enables him to carry us back into the very midst of that austere yet glorious struggle, and his plain narrative, unadorned and often colloquial, comes at last to be a magic medium through which we perceive in homely detail something long gone and far away. He seizes upon picturesque incident as a novelist would do.

> The life of the backwoodsman was one long struggle. The forest had to be felled, and droughts, deep snows, freshets, cloudbursts, forest fires, and all the other dangers of a wilderness life faced. Swarms of deer-flies, mosquitoes and midges rendered life a torment in the weeks of hot weather. Rattlesnakes and copperheads were very plentiful and were con-

stant sources of danger and death. Wolves and bears were incessant and inveterate foes of the live stock.

These armed hunters, wood-choppers and farmers were their own soldiers. They built and manned their own forts, they did their own fighting under their own commanders. . . . Every man was accustomed to the use of arms from his childhood. When a boy was twelve years old he was given a rifle and made a fort soldier, with a loophole where he was to stand if the station were attacked.

All qualities, good and bad, are intensified and accentuated in the life of the wilderness. The man who in civilization is merely sullen and bad-tempered becomes a murderous, treacherous ruffian when transplanted to the wilds. While on the other hand his cheery, quiet neighbor develops into a hero, ready uncomplainingly to lay down his life for his friends, one who in an Eastern city is merely a backbiter and slanderer in the Western woods lies in wait for his foe with a rifle. Sharp practice in the East becomes highway robbery in the West.

In this generalization (which Roosevelt derives from his own experience in the plains and mountain West) we have an expression which suggests another literary value to the great story which he tells. He is not merely a scholar looking at these people from a distance, he is himself among them as hunter and trailer. He is neighbor to these settlers hewing their clearings out of the everlasting forest.

A grim, stern people, strong and simple, powerful for good and evil, swayed by gusts of stormy passion, the love of freedom rooted in their very hearts' core. Their lives were harsh and narrow, they gained their bread by their blood and sweat in the unending struggle with the wild ruggedness of nature. They suffered terrible injuries at the hands of the red men and on their foes they waged a terrible warfare in return. They were relentless, revengeful, suspicious, knowing neither truth nor pity, they were also upright, resolute and fearless, loyal to their friends and devoted to their country. In spite of their many failings they were, of all men, the best fitted to conquer the wilderness and hold it against all comers.

It is easy to find fault with these books. They lack unity, they are repetitious, they are chronologically superimposed, and yet in spite of all these shortcomings they succeed in painting the picture, in telling the story in a way never before attempted. Many pages have the Rooseveltian power. In all the volumes there is an honest attempt at the truth, expressed in judgments as fearless as they are vividly, pictorially expressed. There is no tall writing, no labored descriptions, but each volume succeeds in bringing Daniel Boone and his people almost within the reach of our hands. Whatever other historians may do with this material, they will never give us the precise quality, the curious union of skill, judgment, scholarship, and boyish enthusiasm which go to make many of these pages as interesting as fiction. They will not only be a source of inspiration for other writers; these books will continue to be read with pleasure by those whose minds are less concerned with academic historical accuracy than with the picturesque and vigorous prose in which the leading characters and the chief events of that heroic age are preserved.

THE WINNING OF THE WEST

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXPLORATION AND SETTLEMENT OF
OUR COUNTRY FROM THE ALLEGHANIES TO THE PACIFIC

III

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THE WINNING OF THE WEST

CHAPTER I

THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY; OHIO

1787–1790

SO far the work of the backwoodsmen in exploring, conquering, and holding the West had been work undertaken solely on individual initiative. The nation as a whole had not directly shared in it. The frontiersmen who chopped the first trails across the Alleghanies, who earliest wandered through the lonely Western lands, and who first built stockaded hamlets on the banks of the Watauga, the Kentucky, and the Cumberland, acted each in consequence of his own restless eagerness for adventure and possible gain. The nation neither encouraged them to undertake the enterprises on which they embarked, nor protected them for the first few years of uncertain foothold in the new-won country. Only the backwoodsmen themselves felt the thirst for exploration of the unknown, the desire to try the untried, which drove them hither and thither through the dim wilderness. The men who controlled the immediate destinies of the confederated commonwealths knew little of what lay in the forest-shrouded country beyond the mountains, until the backwoods explorers of their own motion penetrated its hidden and inmost fastnesses. Singly, or in groups, the daring hunters roved through the vast reaches of sombre woodland and pitched their camps on the banks of rushing rivers, nameless and unknown. In bands of varying size the hunter-settlers followed close behind, and built their cabins and blockhouses here and there in the great forest land. They elected their own military leaders, and waged war on their own account against their Indian foes. They constructed their own governmental systems, on their own motion, without assistance or interference from the parent States, until the settlements were firmly established and the work of civic organization well under way.

Of course, some help was ultimately given by the parent States; and the indirect assistance rendered by the nation had been great. The West could neither have been won nor held by the frontiersmen save for the backing given by the Thirteen States. England and Spain would have made short work of the men whose advance into the lands of their Indian allies they viewed with such jealous hatred, had they not also been forced to deal with the generals and soldiers of the Continental army and the statesmen and diplomats of the Continental Congress. But the real work was done by the settlers themselves. The distinguishing feature in the exploration, settlement, and upbuilding of Kentucky and Tennessee was the individual initiative of the backwoodsmen.

The direct reverse of this was true of the settlement of the country northwest of the Ohio. Here, also, the enterprise, daring, and energy of the individual settlers were of the utmost consequence; the land could never have been won had not the incomers possessed these qualities in a very high degree. But the settlements sprang directly from the action of the Federal Government, and the first and most important of them would not have been undertaken save for that action. The settlers were not the first comers in the wilderness they cleared and tilled. They did not themselves form the armies which met and overthrew the Indians. The regular forces led the way in the country north of the Ohio. The Federal forts were built first; it was only afterward that the small towns sprang up in their shadow. The Federal troops formed the vanguard of the white advance. They were the mainstay of the force behind which, as behind a shield, the founders of the commonwealths did their work.

Unquestionably many of the settlers did their full share in the fighting; and they and their descendants, on many a stricken field, and through many a long campaign, proved that no people stood above them in hardihood and courage; but the land on which they settled was won less by themselves than by the statesmen who met in the national capital, and the scarred soldiers who on the frontier upbore the national colors. Moreover, instead of being absolutely free to choose their own form of government and shape their own laws and social conditions untrammelled by restrictions, the northwesterners were allowed to take the land only upon certain definite conditions. The National Government ceded to settlers part of its own domain, and provided the terms upon which States of the Union should afterward be made out of this domain; and with a wisdom and love of righteousness which have been of incalculable consequence to the whole nation, it stipulated that slavery should never exist in the States thus formed. This condition alone profoundly affected the whole development of the Northwest, and sundered it by a sharp line from those portions of the new country which, for their own ill fortune, were left free from all restriction of the kind. The Northwest owes its life and owes its abounding strength and vigorous growth to the action of the nation as a whole. It was founded not by individual Americans, but by the United States of America. The mighty and populous commonwealths that lie north of the Ohio and in the valley of the upper Mississippi are in a peculiar sense the children of the National Government, and it is no mere accident that has made them in return the especial guardians and protectors of that government; for they form the heart of the nation.

Before the Continental Congress took definite action concerning the Northwest, there had been settlements within its borders, but these settlements were unauthorized and illegal, and had little or no effect upon the aftergrowth of the region. Wild and lawless adventurers had built cabins and made tomahawk claims on the west bank of the upper Ohio. They lived in angry terror of the Indians, and they also had cause to dread the regular army; for wherever the troops discovered their cabins, they tore them down, destroyed the improvements, and drove off the sullen and threatening squatters. As the tide of settlement increased in the neighboring country these trespassers on the Indian lands and on the national domain became more numerous. Many were driven off, again and again; but here and there one kept his foothold. It was these scattered few successful ones who were the first permanent settlers in the present State of Ohio, coming in about the same time that the forts of the regular troops were built. They formed no organized society, and their presence was of no importance whatever in the history of the State.

The American settlers who had come in round the French villages on the Wabash and the Illinois were of more consequence. In 1787, the adult males among these American settlers numbered two hundred and forty, as against one thousand and forty French of the same class.[1] They had followed in the track of Clark's victorious march. They had taken up land, sometimes as mere squatters, sometimes under color of title obtained from the French courts which Clark and Todd had organized under what they conceived to be the authority of Virginia. They were for the most part rough, enterprising men; and while some of them behaved well, others proved very disorderly and gave much trouble to the French; so that both the creoles and the Indians became exasperated with them and put them in serious jeopardy just before Clark undertook his expedition in the fall of 1786.

The creoles had suffered much from the general misrule and anarchy in their country, and from the disorderly conduct of some of the American settlers, and of not a few of the ragged volunteer soldiery as well. They hailed with sincere joy the advent of the disciplined Continental troops, commanded by officers who behaved with rigid justice toward all men and put down disorder with a strong hand. They were much relieved to find themselves under the authority of Congress, and both to that body and to the local regular army officers they sent petitions setting forth their grievances and hopes. In one petition to Congress they recited at length the wrongs done them, dwelling especially upon the fact that they had gladly furnished the garrison established among them with peltries and provisions of every kind, for which they had never received a dollar's payment. They remarked that the stores seemed to disappear in a way truly marvellous, leaving the backwoods soldiers who were to have benefited by them "as ragged as ever." The petitioners complained that the undisciplined militia quartered among them, who on their arrival were "in the most shabby and wretched state," and who had "rioted in abundance and unaccustomed luxury" at the expense of the creoles, had also maltreated and insulted them; as, for instance, they had at times wantonly shot the cattle merely to try their rifles. "Ours was the task of hewing and carting them firewood to the barracks," continued the petition, complaining of the way the Virginians had imposed on the submissiveness and docility of the inhabitants, "ours the drudgery of raising vegetables which we did not eat, poultry for their kitchen, cattle for the diversion of their marksmen."

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[1] State Department MSS., No. 48, p. 165. Of adult males there were among the French 520 at Vincennes, 191 at Kaskaskia, 239 at Cahokia, 11 at St. Philippe, and 78 at Prairie du Rocher. The American adult males numbered 103 at Vincennes and 137 in the Illinois.

The petitioners further asked that every man among them should be granted five hundred acres. They explained that formerly they had set no value on the land, occupying themselves chiefly with the Indian trade, and raising only the crops they absolutely needed for food; but that now they realized the worth of the soil, and inasmuch as they had various titles to it, under lost or forgotten charters from the French kings, they would surrender all the rights these titles conveyed, save only what belonged to the church of Cahokia, in return for the above-named grant of five hundred acres to each individual.[1]

The memorialists alluded to their explanation of the fact that they had lost all the title-deeds to the land, that is all the old charters granted them, as "ingenious and candid"; and so it was. The immense importance of having lost all proof of their rights did not strike them. There was an almost pathetic childishness in the request that the United States authorities should accept oral tradition in lieu of the testimony of the lost charters, and in the way they dwelt with a kind of humble pride upon their own "submissiveness and docility." In the same spirit, the inhabitants of Vincennes surrendered their charter, remarking "accustomed to mediocrity, we do not wish for wealth but for mere competency."[1] Of course, the "submissiveness" and the light-heartedness of the French did not prevent their being also fickle; and their "docility" was varied by fits of violent quarrelling with their American neighbors and among themselves. But the quarrels of the creoles were those of children, compared with the ferocious feuds of the Americans.

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[1] State Department MSS., No. 48. "Memorial of the French Inhabitants of Post Vincennes, Kaskaskia, La Prairie du Rocher, Cahokia, and village of St. Philip to Congress." By Bartholomew Tardiveau, agent. New York, February 26, 1788. Tardiveau was a French mercantile adventurer, who had relations with Gardoqui and the Kentucky separatists, and in a petition presented by him it is not easy to discriminate between the views that are really those of the creoles, and the views which he deemed it for his own advantage to have expressed.

Sometimes the trouble was of a religious nature. The priest at Vincennes, for instance, bitterly assailed the priest at Cahokia, because he married a Catholic to a Protestant; while all the people of the Cahokia church stoutly supported their pastor in what he had done.[2] This Catholic priest was Clark's old friend, Gibault. He was suffering from poverty, due to his loyal friendship to the Americans; for he had advanced Clark's troops both goods and peltries, for which he had never received payment. In a petition to Congress, he showed how this failure to repay him had reduced him to want, and had forced him to sell his two slaves, who otherwise would have kept and tended him in his old age.[3]

The Federal general, Harmar, in the fall of 1787, took formal possession, in person, of Vincennes and the Illinois towns; and he commented upon the good behavior of the creoles and their respect for the United States Government, and laid stress upon the fact that they were entirely unacquainted with what the Americans called liberty, and could best be governed in the manner to which they were accustomed—"by a commandant with a few troops." [1]

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[1] State Department MSS., No. 48, July 26, 1787.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 85.

[3] *American State Papers*, Public Lands, I, Gibault's "Memorial," May 1, 1790.

The American pioneers, on the contrary, were of all people the least suited to be governed by a commandant with troops. They were much better stuff out of which to make a free, self-governing nation, and they were much better able to hold their own in the world and to shape their own destiny; but they were far less pleasant people to govern. To this day the very virtues of the pioneers—not to speak of their faults—make it almost impossible for them to get on with an ordinary army officer, accustomed as he is to rule absolutely, though justly and with a sort of severe kindness. Army officers on the frontier—especially when put in charge of Indian reservations or of French or Spanish communities—have almost always been more or less at swords' points with the stubborn, cross-grained pioneers. The borderers are usually as suspicious as they are independent, and their self-sufficiency and self-reliance often degenerate into mere lawlessness and defiance of all restraint.

The Federal officers in the backwoods north of the Ohio got on badly with the backwoodsmen. Harmar took the side of the French creoles and warmly denounced the acts of the frontiersmen who had come in among them.[2] In his letter to the creoles he alluded to Clark's Vincennes garrison as "a set of lawless banditti," and explained that his own troops were regulars, who would treat with justice both the French and Indians. Harmar never made much effort to conceal his dislike of the borderers. In one letter he alludes to a Delaware chief as "a manly old fellow, and much more of a gentleman than the generality of these frontier people." [1] Naturally, there was little love lost between the bitterly prejudiced old army officer, fixed and rigid in all his ideas, and the equally prejudiced backwoodsmen, whose ways of looking at almost all questions were antipodal to his.

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[1] *St. Clair Papers,* Harmar's Letters, August 7 and November 24, 1787.

[2] State Department MSS., No. 150, vol. II, Harmar to Legrace and Busseron, June 29, 1787.

The creoles of the Illinois and Vincennes sent warm letters of welcome to Harmar. The American settlers addressed him in an equally respectful but very different tone, for, they said, their hearts were filled with "anxiety, gloominess, and dismay." They explained the alarm they felt at the report that they were to be driven out of the country, and protested—what was doubtless true—that they had settled on the land in entire good faith and with the assent of the French inhabitants. The latter themselves bore testimony to the good faith and good behavior of many of the settlers, and petitioned that these should not be molested,[2] explaining that the French had been benefited by their industry, and had preserved a peaceable and friendly intercourse with them. In the end, while the French villagers were left undisturbed in their ancient privileges, and while they were granted or were confirmed in the possession of the land immediately around them, the Americans and the French who chose to go outside the village grants were given merely the rights of other settlers.

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[1] *Ibid.*, Harmar to the Secretary of War, March 9, 1788.

[2] State Department MSS., 150: Address of American Inhabitants of Vincennes, August 4, 1787; Recommendation by French Inhabitants in Favor of American Inhabitants, August 2d; letter of Le Chamy and others, Kaskaskia, August 25th; letter of J. M. P. Legrace, June 25th.

The Continental officers exchanged courtesies with the Spanish commandants of the creole villages on the west bank of the Mississippi, but kept a sharp eye on them, as these commandants endeavored to persuade all the French inhabitants to move west of the river by offering them free grants of land.

But all these matters were really of small consequence. The woes of the creoles, the trials of the American squatters, the friction between the regular officers and the backwoodsmen, and jealousy felt by both for the Spaniards—all these were of little real moment at this period of the history of the Northwest. The vital point in its history was the passage by Congress of the Ordinance of 1787, and the doings of the various land companies under and in consequence of this ordinance.

The wide gap between the ways in which the Northwest and Southwest were settled is made plain by such a statement. In the Northwest it was the action of Congress, the action of the representatives of the nation acting as a whole, which was all-important. In the Southwest no action of Congress was of any importance when compared with the voluntary movements of the backwoodsmen themselves. In the Northwest it was the nation which acted. In the Southwest the determining factor was the individual initiative of the pioneers. The most striking feature in the settlement of the Southwest was the free play given to the workings of extreme individualism. The settlement of the Northwest represented the triumph of an intelligent collectivism, which yet allowed to each man a full measure of personal liberty.

Another difference of note was the difference in stock of the settlers. The Southwest was settled by the true backwoodsmen, the men who lived on their small clearings among the mountains of western Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina. The first settlement in Ohio, the settlement which had most effect upon the history of the Northwest and which largely gave it its peculiar trend, was the work of New Englanders. There was already a considerable population in New England; but the rugged farmers with their swarming families had to fill up large waste spaces in Maine and in northern New Hampshire and Vermont, and there was a very marked movement among them toward New York, and especially into the Mohawk valley, all west of which was yet a wilderness. In consequence, during the years immediately succeeding the close of the Revolutionary War, the New England emigrants made their homes in those stretches of wilderness which were near by, and did not appear on the Western border. But there had always been enterprising individuals among them desirous of seeking a more fertile soil in the far West or South, and even before the Revolution some of these men ventured to Louisiana itself to pick out a good country in which to form a colony. After the close of the war the fame of the lands along the Ohio was spread abroad; and the men who wished to form companies for the purposes of adventurous settlement began to turn their eyes thither.

The first question to decide was the ownership of the wished-for country. This decision had to be made in Congress by agreement among the representatives of the different States. Seven States—Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Virginia, Georgia, and both Carolinas—claimed portions of the Western lands.

New York's claim was based with entire solemnity on the ground that she was the heir of the Iroquois tribes, and therefore inherited all the wide regions overrun by their terrible war bands. The other six States based their claims on various charters, which in reality conferred rights not one whit more substantial.

These different claims were not of a kind to which any outside power would have paid heed. Their usefulness came in when the States bargained among themselves. In the bargaining, both among the claimant States and between the claimant and the non-claimant States, the charter titles were treated as of importance, and substantial concessions were exacted in return for their surrender. But their value was really inchoate until the land was reduced to possession by some act of the States or the nation.

At the close of the Revolutionary War there existed wide differences between the various States as to the actual ownership and possession of the lands they claimed. Virginia and North Carolina were the only two which had reduced to some kind of occupation a large part of the territory to which they asserted title. Their backwoodsmen had settled in the lands so that they already held a certain population. Moreover, these same backwoodsmen, organized as part of the militia of the parent States, had made good their claim by successful warfare. The laws of the two States were executed by State officials in communities scattered over much of the country claimed. The soldier-settlers of Virginia and North Carolina had actually built houses and forts, tilled the soil, and exercised the functions of civil government on the banks of the Wabash and the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee. Counties and districts had been erected by the two States on the Western waters; and representatives of the civil divisions thus constituted sat in the State legislatures. The claims of Virginia and North Carolina to much of the territory had behind them the substantial element of armed possession. The settlement and conquest of the lands had been achieved without direct intervention by the Federal Government; though, of course, it was only the ultimate success of the nation in its contest with the foreign foe that gave the settlement and conquest any value.

As much could not be said for the claims of the other States. South Carolina's claim was to a mere ribbon of land south of the North Carolina territory, and need not be considered; it was ceded to the government about the time the Northwest was organized.[1] Georgia asserted that her boundaries extended due west of the Mississippi and that all between was hers. But the entire western portion of the territory was actually held by the Spaniards and by the Indian tribes tributary to the Spaniards. No subjects of Georgia lived on it, or were allowed to live on it. The few white inhabitants were subjects of the King of Spain, and lived under Spanish law; the Creeks and Choctaws were his subsidized allies, and he held the country by right of conquest. Georgia, a weak and turbulent, though a growing State, was powerless to enforce her claims. Most of the territory to which she asserted title did not in truth become part of the United States until Pinckney's treaty went into effect. It was the United States and not Georgia that actually won and held the land in dispute; and it was a discredit to Georgia's patriotism that she so long wrangled about it, and ultimately drove so hard a bargain concerning it with the National Government.

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[1] For an account of this cession, see Mr. Garrett's excellent paper in the publications of the Tennessee Historical Society.

There was a similar state of affairs in the far Northwest. No New Yorkers lived in the region bounded by the shadowy and wavering lines of the Iroquois conquests. The lands claimed under ancient charters by Massachusetts and Connecticut were occupied by the British and their Indian allies, who held adverse possession. Not a single New England settler lived in them; no New England law had any force in them; no New England soldier had gone or could go thither. They were won by the victory of Wayne and the treaty of Jay. If Massachusetts and Connecticut had stood alone, the lands would never have been yielded to them at all; they could not have enforced their claim, and it would have been scornfully disregarded. The region was won for the United States by the arms and diplomacy of the United States. Whatever of reality there was in the titles of Massachusetts and Connecticut came from the existence and actions of the Federal Union.[1]

All the States that did not claim lands beyond the mountains were strenuous in belittling the claims of those that did, and insisted that the title to the Western territory should be vested in the Union. Not even the danger from the British armies could keep this question in abeyance, and while the war was at its height the States were engaged in bitter wrangles over the subject; for the weakness of the Federal tie rendered it always probable that the different members of the Union would sulk or quarrel with one another rather than oppose an energetic resistance to the foreign foe. At different times different non-claimant States took the lead in pushing the various schemes for nationalizing the Western lands; but Maryland was the first to take action in this direction, and was the most determined in pressing the matter to a successful issue. She showed the greatest hesitation in joining the Confederation at all while the matter was allowed to rest unsettled; and insisted that the titles of the claimant States were void, that there was no need of asking them to cede what they did not possess, and that the West should be declared outright to be part of the Federal domain.

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[1] For this northwestern history, see "The Life, Journal, and Correspondence of Manasseh Cutler," by William Parker Cutler and Julia Perkins Cutler; *The St. Clair Papers*, by W. H. Smith; "The Old Northwest," by B. A. Hinsdale; "Maryland's Influence upon Land Cessions," by Herbert Adams. See also Donaldson's "Public Domain," Hildreth's "History of Washington County," and the various articles by Poole and others. In Professor Hinsdale's excellent book, on p. 200, is a map of the "Territory of the Thirteen Original States in 1783." This map is accurate enough for Virginia and North Carolina; but the lands in the west put down as belonging to Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Georgia, did not really belong to them at all in 1783; they were held by the British and Spaniards, and were ultimately surrendered to the United States, not to individual States. These States did not surrender the land; they merely surrendered a disputed title to the lands.

Maryland was largely actuated by fear of her neighbor Virginia. Virginia's claims were the most considerable, and if they had all been allowed hers would have been indeed an empire. Maryland's fears were twofold. She dreaded the mere growth of Virginia in wealth, power, and population in the first place; and in the second she feared lest her own population might be drained into these vacant lands, thereby at once diminishing her own, and building up her neighbor's, importance. Each State, at that time, had to look upon its neighbors as probable commercial rivals and possible armed enemies. This is a feeling which we now find difficulty in understanding. At present no State in the Union fears the growth of a neighbor, or would ever dream of trying to check that growth. The direct reverse was the case during and after the Revolution; for the jealousy and distrust which the different States felt for one another were bitter to a degree.

The Continental Congress was more than once at its wits' ends in striving to prevent an open break over the land question between the more extreme States on the two sides. The wisest and coolest leaders saw that the matter could never be determined on a mere consideration of the abstract rights, or even of the equities, of the case. They saw that it would have to be decided, as almost all political questions of great importance must be decided, by compromise and concession. The foremost statesmen of the Revolution were eminently practical politicians. They had high ideals and they strove to realize them, as near as might be; otherwise they would have been neither patriots nor statesmen. But they were not theorists. They were men of affairs, accustomed to deal with other men; and they understood that few questions of real moment can be decided on their merits alone. Such questions must be dealt with on the principle of getting the greatest possible amount of ultimate good, and of surrendering in return whatever must be surrendered in order to attain this good. There was no use in learned arguments to show that Maryland's position was the proper one for a far-sighted American patriot, or that Virginia and North Carolina had more basis for their claims than Connecticut or Georgia. What had to be done was to appeal to the love of country and shrewd common sense of the people in the different States, and persuade them each to surrender on certain points, so that all could come to a common agreement.

New York's claim was the least defensible of all, but, on the other hand, New York led the way in vesting whatever title she might have in the Federal Government. In 1780, she gave proof of the growth of the national idea among her citizens by abandoning all her claim to Western lands in favor of the Union. Congress used this surrender as an argument by which to move the other States to action. It issued an earnest appeal to them to follow New York's example without regard to the value of their titles, so that the Federal Union might be put on a firm basis. Congress did not discuss its own rights, nor the rights of the States; it simply asked that the cessions be made as a matter of expediency and patriotism; and announced that the policy of the government would be to divide this new territory into districts of suitable size, which should be admitted as States as soon as they became well settled. This last proposition was important, as it outlined the future policy of the government, which was to admit the new communities as States, with all the rights of the old States, instead of treating them as subordinate and dependent, after the manner of the European colonial systems.

Maryland then joined the Confederation in 1781. Virginia and Connecticut had offered to cede their claims, but under such conditions that it was impossible to close with the offers. Congress accepted the New York cession gratefully, with an eye to the effect on the other States; but for some time no progress was made in the negotiations with the latter. Finally, early in 1784, the bargain with Virginia was consummated. She ceded to Congress her rights to the territory northwest of the Ohio, except a certain amount retained as a military reserve for the use of her soldiers, while Congress tacitly agreed not to question her right to Kentucky. A year later Massachusetts followed suit, and ceded to Congress her title to all the lands lying west of the present Western boundary of New York State. Finally, in 1786, a similar cession was made by Connecticut. But Connecticut's action was not much more patriotic or less selfish than Georgia's. Throughout the controversy she showed a keen desire to extract from Congress all that could possibly be obtained, and to delay action as long as might be; though, like Georgia, Connecticut could by right claim nothing that was not in reality obtained for the Union by the Union itself. She made her grant conditionally upon being allowed to reserve for her own profit about five thousand square miles in what is now northern Ohio. This tract was afterward known as the Western Reserve. Congress was very reluctant to accept such a cession, with its greedy offset, but there was no wise alternative and the bargain was finally struck.

The non-claimant States had attained their object, and yet it had been obtained in a manner that left the claimant States satisfied. The project for which Maryland had contended was realized, with the difference that Congress accepted the Northwest as a gift coupled with conditions, instead of taking it as an unconditional right. The lands became part of the Federal domain, and were nationalized so far as they could be under the Confederation; but there was no national treasury into which to turn the proceeds from the sale until the Constitution was adopted.[1]

Having got possession of the land, Congress proceeded to arrange for its disposition, even before providing the outline of the governmental system for the States that might grow up therein. Congress regarded the territory as forming a treasury chest, and was anxious to sell the land in lots, whether to individuals or to companies. In 1785, it passed an ordinance of singular wisdom, which has been the basis of all our subsequent legislation on the subject.

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[1] Hinsdale, 250.

This ordinance was another proof of the way in which the nation applied its collective power to the subdual and government of the Northwest, instead of leaving the whole matter to the working of unrestricted individualism, as in the Southwest. The pernicious system of acquiring title to public lands in vogue among the Virginians and North Carolinians was abandoned. Instead of making each man survey his own land and allowing him to survey it when, how, and where he pleased, with the certainty of producing endless litigation and trouble, Congress provided for a corps of government surveyors, who were to go about this work systematically. It provided further for a known base-line, and then for division of the country into ranges of townships six miles square, and for the subdivision of these townships into lots ("sections") of one square mile—six hundred and forty acres—each. The ranges, townships, and sections were duly numbered. The basis for the whole system of public education in the Northwest was laid by providing that in every township lot No. 16 should be reserved for the maintenance of public schools therein. A minimum price of a dollar an acre was put on the land.

Congress hoped to find in these Western lands a source of great wealth. The hope was disappointed. The task of subduing the wilderness is not very remunerative. It yields a little more than a livelihood to men of energy, resolution, and bodily strength and address; but it does not yield enough for men to be able to pay heavily for the privilege of undertaking the labor. Throughout our history the pioneer has found that by taking up wild land at a low cost he can make a rough living, and keep his family fed, clothed, and housed; but it is only by very hard work that he can lay anything by or materially better his condition. Of course, the few very successful do much more, and the unsuccessful do even less; but the average pioneer can just manage to keep continually forging a little ahead in matters material and financial. Under such conditions a high price cannot be obtained for public lands; and when they are sold, as they must be, at a low price, the receipts do little more than offset the necessary outlay. The truth is, that people have a very misty idea as to the worth of wild lands. Even when the soil is rich they only possess the capacity of acquiring value under labor. All their value arises from the labor done on them or in their neighborhood, except that it depends also upon the amount of labor which must necessarily be expended in transportation.

It is the fashion to speak of the immense opportunity offered to any race by a virgin continent. In one sense the opportunity is indeed great; but in another sense it is not, for the chance of failure is very great also. It is an opportunity of which advantage can be taken only at the cost of much hardship and much grinding toil.

It remained for Congress to determine the conditions under which the settlers could enter the new land, and under which new States should spring up therein. These conditions were fixed by the famous Ordinance of 1787; one of the two or three most important acts ever passed by an American legislative body, for it determined that the new northwestern States—the children, and the ultimate leaders, of the Union—should get their growth as free commonwealths, untainted by the horrible curse of negro slavery.

Several ordinances for the government of the Northwest were introduced and carried through Congress in 1784–86, but they were never put into operation. In 1784, Jefferson put into his draft of the ordinance of that year a clause prohibiting slavery in all the Western Territory, south as well as north of the Ohio River, after the beginning of the year 1801. This clause was struck out; and even if adopted it would probably have amounted to nothing, for if slavery had been permitted to take firm root it could hardly have been torn up. In 1785, Rufus King advanced a proposition to prohibit all slavery in the Northwest immediately, but Congress never acted on the proposal.

The next movement in the same direction was successful, because when it was made it was pushed by a body of well-known men who were anxious to buy the lands that Congress was anxious to sell, but who would not buy them until they had some assurance that the governmental system under which they were to live would meet their ideas. This body was composed of New Englanders, mostly veterans of the Revolutionary War, and led by officers who had stood well in the Continental army.

When, in the fall of 1783, the Continental army was disbanded, the war-worn and victorious soldiers, who had at last wrung victory from the reluctant years of defeat, found themselves fronting grim penury. Some were worn with wounds and sickness; all were poor and unpaid; and Congress had no means to pay them. Many among them felt that they had small chance to repair their broken fortunes if they returned to the homes they had abandoned seven weary years before, when the guns of the minutemen first called them to battle.

These heroes of the blue and buff turned their eyes westward to the fertile lands lying beyond the mountains. They petitioned Congress to mark out a Territory, in what is now the State of Ohio, as the seat of a distinct colony, in time to become one of the confederated States; and they asked that their bounty lands should be set off for them in this Territory. Two hundred and eighty-five officers of the Continental line joined in this petition; one hundred and fifty-five, over half, were from Massachusetts, the State which had furnished more troops than any other to the Revolutionary armies. The remainder were from Connecticut, New Hampshire, New Jersey, and Maryland.

The signers of this petition desired to change the paper obligations of Congress, which they held, into fertile wild lands which they should themselves subdue by their labor; and out of these wild lands they proposed to make a new State. These two germ ideas remained in their minds, even though their petition bore no fruit. They kept before their eyes the plan of a company to undertake the work, after getting the proper cession from Congress. Finally, in the early spring of 1786, some of the New England officers met at the "Bunch of Grapes" tavern in Boston and organized the Ohio Company of Associates. They at once sent one of their number as a delegate to New York, where the Continental Congress was in session, to lay their memorial before that body.

Congress was considering another ordinance for the government of the Northwest when the memorial was presented, and the former was delayed until the latter could be considered by the committee to which it had been referred. In July, Doctor Manasseh Cutler, of Ipswich, Mass., arrived as a second delegate to look after the interests of the company. He and they were as much concerned in the terms of the governmental ordinance as in the conditions on which the land grant was to be made. The orderly, liberty-loving, keen-minded New Englanders who formed the company, would not go to a land where the form of government was hostile to their ideas of righteousness and sound public policy.

The one point of difficulty was the slavery question. Only eight States were at the time represented in the Congress; these were Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia—thus five of the eight States were Southern. But the Federal Congress rose in this, almost its last act, to a lofty pitch of patriotism; and the Southern States showed a marked absence of sectional feeling in the matter. Indeed, Cutler found that though he was a New England man, with a New England company behind him, many of the Eastern people looked rather coldly at his scheme, fearing lest the settlement of the West might mean a rapid drainage of population from the East. Nathan Dane, a Massachusetts delegate, favored it, in part because he hoped that planting such a colony in the West might keep at least that part of it true to "Eastern politics." The Southern members, on the other hand, heartily supported the plan. The committee that brought in the ordinance, the majority being Southern men, also reported an article prohibiting slavery. Dane was the mover, while the rough draft may have been written by Cutler; and the report was vigorously pushed by the two Virginians on the committee, William Grayson and Richard Henry Lee. The article was adopted by a vote unanimous, except for the dissent of one delegate, a nobody from New York.

The ordinance established a Territorial government, with a governor, secretary, and judges. A General Assembly was authorized as soon as there should be five thousand free male inhabitants in the district. The lower house was elective, the upper house, or council, was appointive. The legislature was to elect a Territorial delegate to Congress. The governor was required to own a freehold of one thousand acres in the district, a judge five hundred, and a representative two hundred; and no man was allowed to vote unless he possessed a freehold of fifty acres.[1] These provisions would seem strangely undemocratic if applied to a similar Territory in our own day.

The all-important features of the ordinance were contained in the six articles of compact between the confederated States and the people and states of the Territory, to be forever unalterable, save by the consent of both parties. The first guaranteed complete freedom of worship and religious belief to all peaceable and orderly persons. The second provided for trial by jury, the writ of habeas corpus, the privileges of the common law, and the right of proportional legislative representation. The third enjoined that faith should be kept with the Indians, and provided that "schools and the means of education" should forever be encouraged, inasmuch as "religion, morality, and knowledge" were necessary to good government. The fourth ordained that the new States formed in the Northwest should forever form part of the United States and be subject to the laws as were the others. The fifth provided for the formation and admission of not less than three or more than five States, formed out of this Northwestern Territory, whenever such a putative state should contain sixty thousand inhabitants; the form of government to be republican, and the state, when created, to stand on an equal footing with all the other States.

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[1] *St. Clair Papers*, II, 603.

The sixth and most important article declared that there should never be slavery or involuntary servitude in the Northwest, otherwise than for the punishment of convicted criminals, provided, however, that fugitive slaves from the older States might lawfully be reclaimed by their owners. This was the greatest blow struck for freedom and against slavery in all our history, save only Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, for it determined that in the final struggle the mighty West should side with the right against the wrong. It was in its results a deadly stroke against the traffic in, and ownership of, human beings, and the blow was dealt by Southern men, to whom all honor should ever be given.

This antislavery compact was the most important feature of the ordinance, yet there were many other features only less important.

In truth, the Ordinance of 1787 was so wide-reaching in its effects, was drawn in accordance with so lofty a morality and such far-seeing statesmanship, and was fraught with such weal for the nation, that it will ever rank among the foremost of American State papers, coming in that little group which includes the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, Washington's Farewell Address, and Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation and Second Inaugural. It marked out a definite line of orderly freedom along which the new States were to advance. It laid deep the foundation for that system of wide-spread public education so characteristic of the Republic and so essential to its healthy growth. It provided that complete religious freedom and equality which we now accept as part of the order of nature, but which were then unknown in any important European nation. It guaranteed the civil liberty of all citizens. It provided for an indissoluble Union, a Union which should grow until it could relentlessly crush nullification and secession; for the States founded under it were the creatures of the nation, and were by the compact declared forever inseparable from it.

In one respect the ordinance marked a new departure of the most radical kind. The adoption of the policy therein outlined has worked a complete revolution in the way of looking at new communities formed by colonization from the parent country. Yet the very completeness of this revolution to a certain extent veils from us its importance. We cannot realize the greatness of the change because of the fact that the change was so great; for we cannot now put ourselves in the mental attitude which regarded the old course as natural. The Ordinance of 1787 decreed that the new States should stand in every respect on an equal footing with the old; and yet should be individually bound together with them. This was something entirely new in the history of colonization. Hitherto every new colony had either been subject to the parent State, or independent of it. England, Holland, France, and Spain, when they founded colonies beyond the sea, founded them for the good of the parent State and governed them as dependencies. The home country might treat her colonies well or ill, she might cherish and guard them, or oppress them with harshness and severity, but she never treated them as equals. Russia, in pushing her obscure and barbarous conquest and colonization of Siberia—a conquest destined to be of such lasting importance in the history of Asia—pursued precisely the same course.

In fact, this had been the only kind of colonization known to modern Europe. In the ancient world it had also been known, and it was only through it that great empires grew. Each Roman colony that settled in Gaul or Iberia founded a city or established a province which was tributary to Rome, instead of standing on a footing of equality in the same nation with Rome. But the other great colonizing peoples of antiquity—the Greeks and Phœnicians—spread in an entirely different way. Each of their colonies became absolutely independent of the country whence it sprang. Carthage and Syracuse were as free as Tyre or Sidon, as Corinth or Athens. Thus under the Roman method the empire grew, at the cost of the colonies losing their independence. Under the Greek and Carthaginian method the colonies acquired the same freedom that was enjoyed by the mother cities; but there was no extension of empire, no growth of a great and enduring nationality. The modern European nations had followed the Roman system. Until the United States sprang into being every great colonizing people followed one system or the other.

The American Republic, taking advantage of its fortunate Federal features and of its strong Central Government, boldly struck out on a new path, which secured the freedom-giving properties of the Greek method, while preserving national union as carefully as it was preserved by the Roman Empire. New States were created, which stood on exactly the same footing as the old; and yet these new States formed integral and inseparable parts of a great and rapidly growing nation. This movement was original with the American Republic; she was dealing with new conditions, and on this point the history of England merely taught her what to avoid. The English colonies were subject to the British Crown, and therefore to Great Britain. The new American States, themselves colonies in the old Greek sense, were subject only to a government which they helped administer on equal terms with the old States. No State was subject to another, new or old. All paid a common allegiance to a central power which was identical with none.

The absolute novelty of this feature, as the world then stood, fails to impress us now because we are so used to it. But it was at that time without precedent; and though since then the idea has made rapid progress, there seems in most cases to have been very great difficulty in applying it in practice. The Spanish-American states proved wholly unable to apply it at all. In Australia and South Africa all that can be said is that events now apparently show a trend in the direction of adopting this system. At present all these British colonies, as regards one another, are independent but disunited; as regards the mother country, they remain united with her, but in the condition of dependencies.

The vital feature of the ordinance was the prohibition of slavery. This prohibition was not retroactive; the slaves of the French villagers, and of the few American slaveholders who had already settled round them, were not disturbed in their condition. But all further importation of slaves, and the holding in slavery of any not already slaves, were prohibited. The prohibition was brought about by the action of the Ohio Company. Without the prohibition the company would probably not have undertaken its experiment in colonization; and save for the pressure of the company slavery would hardly have been abolished. Congress wished to sell the lands, and was much impressed by the solid worth of the founders of the association. The New Englanders were anxious to buy the lands, but were earnest in their determination to exclude slavery from the new Territory. The slave question was not at the time a burning issue between North and South; for no Northerner thought of crusading to destroy the evil, while most enlightened Southerners were fond of planning how to do away with it. The tact of the company's representative before Congress, Doctor Cutler, did the rest. A compromise was agreed to; for, like so many other great political triumphs, the passage of the Ordinance of 1787 was a compromise. Slavery was prohibited on the one hand; and on the other, that the Territory might not become a refuge for runaway negroes, provision was made for the return of such fugitives. The popular conscience was yet too dull about slavery to be stirred by the thought of returning fugitive slaves into bondage.

A fortnight after the passage of the ordinance, the transaction was completed by the sale of a million and a half acres, north of the Ohio, to the Ohio Company. Three million and a half more, known as the Scioto purchase, were authorized to be sold to a purely speculative company, but the speculation ended in nothing save financial disaster. The price was nominally seventy cents an acre; but as payment was made in depreciated public securities, the real price was only eight or nine cents an acre. The sale illustrated the tendency of Congress at that time to sell the land in large tracts; a most unwholesome tendency, fruitful of evil to the whole community. It was only by degrees that the wisdom of selling the land in small plots, and to actual occupiers, was recognized.

Together with the many wise and tolerant measures included in the famous Ordinance of 1787, and in the land Ordinance of 1785, there were one or two which represented the feelings of the past, not the future. One of them was a regulation which reserved a lot in every township to be given for the purposes of religion. Nowadays, and rightfully, we regard as peculiarly American the complete severance of Church and State, and refuse to allow the State to contribute in any way toward the support of any sect.

A regulation of a very different kind provided that two townships should be set apart to endow a university. These two townships now endow the University of Ohio, placed in a town which, with queer poverty of imagination and fatuous absence of humor, has been given the name of Athens.

The company was well organized, the founders showing the invaluable New England aptitude for business, and there was no delay in getting the settlement started. After some deliberation the lands lying along the Ohio, on both sides of, but mainly below, the Muskingum, were chosen for the site of the new colony. There was some delay in making the payments subsequent to the first, and only a million and some odd acres were patented. One of the reasons for choosing the mouth of the Muskingum as the site for the town was the neighborhood of Fort Harmar, with its strong Federal garrison, and the spot was but a short distance beyond the line of already existing settlement.

As soon as enough of the would-be settlers were ready, they pushed forward in parties toward the headwaters of the Ohio, struggling along the winter-bound roads of western Pennsylvania. In January and February they began to reach the banks of the Youghiogheny, and set about building boats to launch when the river opened. There were forty-eight settlers in all who started downstream, their leader being General Rufus Putnam. He was a tried and gallant soldier, who had served with honor not only in the Revolutionary armies, but in the war which crushed the French power in America. On April 7, 1788, he stepped from his boat, which he had very appropriately named the *Mayflower*, on to the bank of the Muskingum. The settlers immediately set to work felling trees, building log houses and a stockade, clearing fields, and laying out the ground plan of Marietta; for they christened the new town after the French queen, Marie Antoinette.[1] It was laid out in the untenanted wilderness; yet near by was the proof that ages ago the wilderness had been tenanted, for close at hand were huge embankments, marking the site of a town of the long-vanished mound-builders. Giant trees grew on the mounds; all vestiges of the builders had vanished, and the solemn forest had closed above every remembrance of their fate.

The day of the landing of these new pilgrims was a day big with fate not only for the Northwest, but for the nation. It marked the beginning of the orderly and national conquest of the lands that now form the heart of the Republic. It marked the advent among the pioneers of a new element, which was to leave the impress of its strong personality deeply graven on the institutions and the people of the great States north of the Ohio—an element which in the end turned their development in the direction toward which the parent stock inclined in its home on the North Atlantic seaboard. The new settlers were almost all soldiers of the

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[1] *St. Clair Papers,* I, 139. It was at the beginning of the dreadful pseudoclassic cult in our intellectual history, and these honest soldiers and yeomen, with much self-complacency, gave to portions of their little raw town such ludicrously inappropriate names as the Campus Martius and Via Sacra.

Revolutionary armies; they were hard-working, orderly men of trained courage and of keen intellect. An outside observer speaks of them as being the best informed, the most courteous and industrious, and the most law-abiding of all the settlers who had come to the frontier, while their leaders were men of a higher type than was elsewhere to be found in the West.[1] No better material for founding a new State existed anywhere. With such a foundation the State was little likely to plunge into the perilous abysses of anarchic license or of separatism and disunion. Moreover, to plant a settlement of this kind on the edge of the Indian-haunted wilderness showed that the founders possessed both hardihood and resolution.

Yet it must not be forgotten that the daring needed for the performance of this particular deed can in no way be compared with that shown by the real pioneers —the early explorers and Indian fighters. The very fact that the settlement around Marietta was national in its character, that it was the outcome of national legislation, and was undertaken under national protection, made the work of the individual settler count for less in the scale. The founders and managers of the Ohio Company and the statesmen of the Federal Congress deserve much of the praise that in the Southwest would have fallen to the individual settlers only. The credit to be given to the nation in its collective capacity was greatly increased, and that due to the individual was correspondingly diminished.

Rufus Putnam and his fellow New Englanders built their new town under the guns of a Federal fort, only just beyond the existing boundary of settlement, and on land guaranteed them by the Federal Government.

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[1] Denny's *Military Journal*, May 28 and June 15, 1789.

The dangers they ran and the hardships they suffered in nowise approached those undergone and overcome by the iron-willed, iron-limbed hunters who first built their lonely cabins on the Cumberland and Kentucky. The founders of Marietta trusted largely to the Federal troops for protection and were within easy reach of the settled country; but the wild wood-wanderers who first roamed through the fair lands south of the Ohio built their little towns in the heart of the wilderness, many scores of leagues from all assistance, and trusted solely to their own long rifles in time of trouble. The settler of 1788 journeyed at ease over paths worn smooth by the feet of many thousands of predecessors; but the early pioneers cut their own trails in the untrodden wilderness, and warred single-handed against wild nature and wild man.

In the summer of 1788, Doctor Manasseh Cutler visited the colony he had helped to found and kept a diary of his journey. His trip through Pennsylvania was marked merely by such incidents as were common at that time on every journey in the United States away from the larger towns. He travelled with various companions, stopping at taverns and private houses; and both guests and hosts were fond of trying their skill with the rifle, either at a mark or at squirrels. In mid-August he reached Coxe's fort, on the Ohio, and came for the first time to the frontier proper. Here he embarked on a big flatboat, with on board forty-eight souls all told, besides cattle. They drifted and paddled downstream, and on the evening of the second day reached the Muskingum. Here and there along the Virginian shore the boat passed settlements, with grain-fields and orchards; the houses were sometimes squalid cabins, and sometimes roomy, comfortable buildings. When he reached the newly built town, he was greeted by General Putnam, who invited Cutler to share the marquee in which he lived; and that afternoon he drank tea with another New England general, one of the original founders.

The next three weeks he passed very comfortably with his friends, taking part in the various social entertainments, walking through the woods, and visiting one or two camps of friendly Indians with all the curiosity of a pleasure-tourist. He greatly admired the large corn-fields, proof of the industry of the settlers. Some of the cabins were already comfortable; and many families of women and children had come out to join their husbands and fathers.

The newly appointed governor of the Territory, Arthur St. Clair, had reached the place in July, and formally assumed his task of government. Both Governor St. Clair and General Harmar were men of the old Federalist school, utterly unlike the ordinary borderers; and even in the wilderness they strove to keep a certain stateliness and formality in their surroundings. They speedily grew to feel at home with the New England leaders, who were gentlemen of much the same type as themselves, and had but little more in common with the ordinary frontier folk. Doctor Cutler frequently dined with one or other of them. After dining with the governor at Fort Harmar, he pronounced it in his diary a "genteel dinner"; and he dwelt on the grapes, the beautiful garden, and the good looks of Mrs. Harmar. Sometimes the leading citizens gave a dinner to "His Excellency," as Doctor Cutler was careful to style the governor, and to "General Harmar and his Lady." On such occasions the visitors were rowed from the fort to the town in a twelve-oared barge with an awning; the drilled crew rowed well, while a sergeant stood in the stern to steer. On each oar blade was painted the word "Congress"; all the regular army men were devout believers in the Union. The dinners were handsomely served, with punch and wine; and at one Doctor Cutler records that fifty-five gentlemen sat down, together with three ladies. The fort itself was a square, with blockhouses, curtains, barracks, and artillery.

After three weeks' stay the doctor started back, upstream, in the boat of a well-to-do creole trader from the Illinois. This trader was no less a person than Francis Vigo, who had welcomed Clark when he took Kaskaskia, and who at that time rendered signal service to the Americans, advancing them peltries and goods. To the discredit of the nation be it said, he was never repaid what he had advanced. When Cutler joined him he was making his way up the Ohio in a big keel-boat, propelled by ten oars and a square-sail. The doctor found his quarters pleasant; for there was an awning and a cabin, and Vigo was well equipped with comforts and even luxuries. In his travelling chest he carried his silver-handled knives and forks, and flasks of spirits. The beds were luxurious for the frontier; in his journal the doctor mentions that one night he had to sleep in "wet sheets." The average pioneer knew nothing whatever of sheets, wet or dry. Often the voyagers would get out and walk alongshore, shooting pigeons or squirrels and plucking bunches of grapes. On such occasions, if they had time, they would light a fire and have "a good dish of tea and a french fricassee." Once they saw some Indians; but the latter were merely chasing a bear, which they killed, giving the travellers some of the meat.

Cutler and his companions caught huge catfish in the river; they killed game of all kinds in the forest, and they lived very well indeed. In the morning they got under way early, after a "bitter and a biscuit," and a little later breakfasted on cold meat, pickles, cabbage, and pork. Between eleven and twelve they stopped for dinner—usually of hot venison or wild turkey, with a strong "dish of coffee" and loaf-sugar. At supper they had cold meat and tea. Here and there on the shore they passed settlers' cabins, where they obtained corn and milk, and sometimes eggs, butter, and veal. Cutler landed at his starting-point less than a month after he had left it to go downstream.[1]

Another Massachusetts man, Colonel John May, had made the same trip just previously. His experiences were very like those of Doctor Cutler; but in his journal he told them more entertainingly, being a man of considerable humor and sharp observation. He travelled on horseback from Boston. In Philadelphia he put up "at the sign of the Connastago Wagon"—the kind of wagon then used in the upcountry, and afterward for two generations the wheeled house with which the pioneers moved westward across plain and prairie. He halted for some days in the log-built town of Pittsburgh, and, like many other travellers of the day, took a dislike to the place and to its inhabitants, who were largely Pennsylvania Germans. He mentions that he had reached it in thirty days from Boston, and had not lost a pound of his baggage, which had accompanied him in a wagon under the care of some of his hired men. At Pittsburgh he was much struck by the beauty of the mountains and the river, and also by the numbers of flatboats, loaded with immigrants, which were constantly drifting and rowing past on their way to Kentucky. From the time of reaching the river his journal is filled with comments on the extraordinary abundance and great size of the various kinds of food fishes.

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[1] Cutler, p. 420.

At last, late in May, he started in a crowded flatboat down the Ohio, and was enchanted with the wild and beautiful scenery. He was equally pleased with the settlement at the mouth of the Muskingum; and he was speedily on good terms with the officers of the fort, who dined and wined him to his heart's content. There were rumors of savage warfare from below; but around Marietta the Indians were friendly. May and his people set to work to clear land and put up buildings; and they lived sumptuously, for game swarmed. The hunters supplied them with quantities of deer and wild turkeys, and occasionally elk and buffalo were also killed; while quantities of fish could be caught without effort, and the gardens and fields yielded plenty of vegetables. On July 4th, the members of the Ohio Company entertained the officers from Fort Harmar, and the ladies of the garrison, at an abundant dinner, and drank thirteen toasts—to the United States, to Congress, to Washington, to the King of France, to the new Constitution, to the Society of the Cincinnati, and various others.

Colonel May built him a fine "mansion house," thirty-six feet by eighteen, and fifteen feet high, with a good cellar underneath, and in the windows panes of glass he had brought all the way from Boston. He continued to enjoy the life in all its phases, from hunting in the woods to watching the sun rise, and making friends with the robins, which, in the wilderness, always followed the settlements. In August, he went up the river, without adventure, and returned to his home.[1]

Such a trip as either of these was a mere holiday picnic. It offers as striking a contrast as well could be offered to the wild and lonely journeyings of the stark wilderness hunters and Indian fighters who first went west of the mountains. General Rufus Putnam and his associates did a deed, the consequences of which were of vital importance. They showed that they possessed the highest attributes of good citizenship—resolution and sagacity, stern morality, and the capacity to govern others as well as themselves. But they performed no pioneer feat of any note as such, and they were not called upon to display a tithe of the reckless daring and iron endurance of hardship which characterized the conquerors of the Illinois and the founders of Kentucky and Tennessee. This is in no sense a reflection upon them. They did not need to give proof of a courage they had shown time and again in bloody battles against the best troops of Europe. In this particular enterprise, in which they showed so many admirable qualities, they had little chance to show the quality of adventurous bravery. They drifted comfortably downstream, from the log fort whence they started, past many settlers' houses, until they came to the post of a small Federal garrison, where they built their town. Such a trip is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the long wanderings of Clark and Boone and Robertson, when they went forth unassisted to subdue the savage and make tame the shaggy wilderness.

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[1] *Journal and Letters of Colonel John May,* one of the many valuable historical publications of Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati.

St. Clair, the first governor, was a Scotchman of good family. He had been a patriotic but unsuccessful general in the Revolutionary army. He was a friend of Washington, and in politics a firm Federalist; he was devoted to the cause of Union and Liberty, and was a conscientious, high-minded man. But he had no aptitude for the incredibly difficult task of subduing the formidable forest Indians, with their peculiar and dangerous system of warfare; and he possessed no capacity for getting on with the frontiersmen, being without sympathy for their virtues while keenly alive to their very unattractive faults.

In the fall of 1787 another purchase of public lands was negotiated, by the Miami Company. The chief personage in this company was John Cleves Symmes, one of the first judges of the Northwestern Territory. Rights were acquired to take up one million acres, and under these rights three small settlements were made toward the close of the year 1788. One of them was chosen by St. Clair to be the seat of government. This little town had been called Losantiville in its first infancy, but St. Clair rechristened it Cincinnati, in honor of the Society of the officers of the Continental army.

The men who formed these Miami Company colonies came largely from the middle States. Like the New England founders of Marietta, very many of them, if not most, had served in the Continental army. They were good settlers; they made good material out of which to build up a great state. Their movement was modelled on that of Putnam and his associates. It was a triumph of collectivism rather than of individualism. The settlers were marshalled in a company, instead of moving freely by themselves, and they took a Territory granted them by Congress, under certain conditions, and defended for them by the officers and troops of the regular army.

Civil government was speedily organized. St. Clair and the judges formed the first legislature; in theory they were only permitted to adopt laws already in existence in the old States, but as a matter of fact they tried any legislative experiments they saw fit. St. Clair was an autocrat, both by military training and by political principles. He was a man of rigid honor, and he guarded the interests of the Territory with jealous integrity; but he exercised such a rigorous supervision over the acts of his subordinate colleagues, the judges, that he became involved in wrangles at the very beginning of his administration. To prevent the incoming of unauthorized intruders, he issued a proclamation summoning all newly arrived persons to report at once to the local commandants, and, with a view of keeping the game for the use of the actual settlers, and also to prevent as far as possible fresh irritation being given the Indians, he forbade all hunting in the Territory, for hides or flesh save by the inhabitants proper.[1] Only an imperfect obedience was rendered either proclamation.

Thus the settlement of the Northwest was fairly begun, on a system hitherto untried. The fates and the careers of all the mighty States which yet lay formless in the forest were in great measure determined by what was at this time done. The nation had decreed that they should all have equal rights with the older States and with one another, and yet that they should remain forever inseparable from the Union; and above all, it had been settled that the bondman should be unknown within their borders. Their founding represented the triumph of the principle of collective national action over the spirit of intense individualism displayed so commonly on the frontier. The uncontrolled initiative of the individual, which was the chief force in the settlement of the Southwest, was given comparatively little play in the settlement of the Northwest. The Northwest owed its existence to the action of the nation as a whole.

[1] Draper MSS., *William Clark Papers;* Proclamation, Vincennes, June 28, 1790.

CHAPTER II

THE WAR IN THE NORTHWEST

1787–1790

THE Federal troops were camped in the Federal Territory north of the Ohio. They garrisoned the forts and patrolled between the little log towns. They were commanded by the Federal general, Harmar, and the Territory was ruled by the Federal governor, St. Clair. Thenceforth the national authorities and the regular troops played the chief parts in the struggle for the Northwest. The frontier militia became a mere adjunct—often necessary, but always untrustworthy—of the regular forces.

For some time the regulars fared ill in the warfare with the savages; and a succession of mortifying failures closed with a defeat more ruinous than any which had been experienced since the days of the "iron-tempered general with the pipe-clay brain"—for the disaster which befell St. Clair was as overwhelming as that wherein Braddock met his death. The continued checks excited the anger of the Eastern people, and the dismay and derision of the Westerners. They were keenly felt by the officers of the army; and they furnished an excuse for those who wished to jeer at regular troops, and exalt the militia. Jefferson, who never understood anything about warfare, being a timid man, and who belonged to the visionary school which always denounced the army and navy, was given a legitimate excuse to criticise the tactics of the regulars;[1] and of course he never sought occasion to comment on the even worse failings of the militia.

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[1] Draper MSS.; *G. R. Clark Papers;* Jefferson to Innes, March 7, 1791.

The truth was that the American military authorities fell into much the same series of errors as their predecessors, the British, untaught by the dreary and mortifying experience of the latter in fighting these forest foes. The War Department at Washington, and the Federal generals who first came to the Northwest, did not seem able to realize the formidable character of the Indian armies, and were certainly unable to teach their own troops how to fight them. Harmar and St. Clair were both fair officers, and in open country were able to acquit themselves respectably in the face of civilized foes. But they did not have the peculiar genius necessary to the successful Indian fighter, and they never learned how to carry on a campaign in the woods.

They had the justifiable distrust of the militia felt by all the officers of the Continental army. In the long campaigns waged against Howe, Clinton, and Cornwallis they had learned the immense superiority of the Continental troops to the local militia. They knew that the Revolution would have failed had it not been for the Continental troops. They knew also, by the bitter experience common to all officers who had been through the war, that, though the militia might on occasion do well, yet they could never be trusted; they were certain to desert or grow sulky and mutinous if exposed to the fatigue and hardship of a long campaign, while in a pitched battle in the open they never fought as stubbornly as the regulars, and often would not fight at all.

All this was true; yet the officers of the regular army failed to understand that it did not imply the capacity of the regular troops to fight savages on their own ground. They showed little real comprehension of the extraordinary difficulty of such warfare against such foes, and of the reasons which made it so hazardous. They could not help assigning other causes than the real ones for every defeat and failure. They attributed each in turn to the effects of ambuscade or surprise, instead of realizing that in each the prime factor was the formidable fighting power of the individual Indian warrior, when in the thick forest which was to him a home, and when acting under that species of wilderness discipline which was so effective for a single crisis in his peculiar warfare. The Indian has rarely shown any marked excellence as a fighter in mass in the open; though of course there have been one or two brilliant exceptions. At times in our wars we have tried the experiment of drilling bodies of Indians as if they were whites, and using them in the ordinary way in battle. Under such conditions, as a rule, they have shown themselves inferior to the white troops against whom they were pitted. In the same way they failed to show themselves a match for the white hunters of the great plains when on equal terms. But their marvellous faculty for taking advantage of cover, and for fighting in concert when under cover, has always made the warlike tribes foes to be dreaded beyond all others when in the woods, or among wild broken mountains.

The history of our warfare with the Indians during the century following the close of the Revolution is marked by curiously sharp contrasts in the efficiency shown by the regular troops in campaigns carried on at different times and under varying conditions. These contrasts are due much more to the difference in the conditions under which the campaigns were waged than to the difference in the bodily prowess of the Indians.

When we had been in existence as a nation for a century, the Modocs in their lava-beds and the Apaches amid their waterless mountains were still waging against the regulars of the day the same tedious and dangerous warfare waged against Harmar and St. Clair by the forest Indians. There were the same weary, long-continued campaigns; the same difficulty in bringing the savages to battle; the same blind fighting against hidden antagonists shielded by the peculiar nature of their fastnesses; and, finally, the same great disparity of loss against the white troops. During the intervening hundred years there had been many similar struggles; as, for instance, that against the Seminoles. Yet there had also been many struggles, against Indians naturally more formidable, in which the troops again and again worsted their Indian foes even when the odds in numbers were two or three to one against the whites. The difference between these different classes of wars was partly accounted for by change in weapons and methods of fighting; partly by the change in the character of the battle-grounds. The horse Indians of the plains were as elusive and difficult to bring to battle as the Indians of the mountains and forests; but in the actual fighting they had no chance to take advantage of cover in the way which rendered so formidable their brethren of the hills and the deep woods. In consequence, their occasional slaughtering victories, including the most famous of all, the battle of the Rosebud, in which Custer fell, took the form of the overwhelming of a comparatively small number of whites by immense masses of mounted horsemen. When their weapons were inferior, as on the first occasions when they were brought into contact with troops carrying breech-loading arms of precision, or when they tried the tactics of downright fighting, and of charging fairly in the open, they were often themselves beaten or repulsed with fearful slaughter by mere handfuls of whites. In the years 1867–68, all the horse Indians of the plains were at war with us, and many battles were fought with varying fortune. Two were especially noteworthy. In each a small body of troops and frontier scouts, under the command of a regular army officer who was also a veteran Indian fighter, beat back an overwhelming Indian force, which attempted to storm by open onslaught the position held by the white riflemen. In one instance fifty men, under Major George H. Forsyth, beat back nine hundred warriors, killing or wounding double their own number. In the other a still more remarkable defense was made by thirty-one men under Major James Powell against an even larger force, which charged again and again, and did not accept their repulse as final until they had lost three hundred of their foremost braves. For years the Sioux spoke with bated breath of this battle as the "medicine fight,"[1] the defeat so overwhelming that it could be accounted for only by supernatural interference.

But no such victory was ever gained over mountain or forest Indians who had become accustomed to fighting the white men. Every officer who has ever faced these foes has had to spend years in learning his work, and has then been forced to see a bitterly inadequate reward for his labors. The officers of the regular army who served in the forests north of the Ohio just after the Revolution, had to undergo a strange and painful training; and were obliged to content themselves with scanty and hard-won triumphs even after this training had been undergone.

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[1] For all this, see Dodge's admirable "Our Wild Indians."

The officers took some time to learn their duties as Indian fighters, but the case was much worse with the rank and file who served under them. From the beginning of our history it often proved difficult to get the best type of native American to go into the regular army save in time of war with a powerful enemy, for the low rate of pay was not attractive, while the disciplined subordination of the soldiers to their officers seemed irksome to people with an exaggerated idea of individual freedom and no proper conception of the value of obedience. Very many of the regular soldiers have always been of foreign birth; and in 1787, on the Ohio, the percentage of Irish and Germans in the ranks was probably fully as large as it was on the great plains a century later.[1] They, as others, at that early date, were, to a great extent, drawn from the least desirable classes of the Eastern seaboard.[2] Three or four years later an unfriendly observer wrote of St. Clair's soldiers that they were a wretched set of men, weak and feeble, many of them mere boys, while others were rotten with drink and debauchery. He remarked that men "purchased from the prisons, wheelbarrows, and brothels of the nation at foolishly low wages, would never do to fight Indians"; and that against such foes, who were terrible enemies in the woods, there was need of first-class, specially trained troops, instead of trying to use "a set of men who enlisted because they could no longer live unhung any other way." [3]

Doubtless this estimate, made under the sting of defeat, was too harsh; and it was even more applicable to the forced levies of militia than to the Federal soldiers; but the shortcomings of the regular troops were sufficiently serious to need no exaggeration. Their own officers were far from pleased with the recruits they got.

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[1] Denny's *Journal, passim.*

[2] For fear of misunderstanding, I wish to add that at many periods the rank and file have been composed of excellent material; of recent years their character has steadily risen, and the stuff itself has always proved good when handled for a sufficient length of time by good commanders.

[3] Draper Collection. Letter of John Cleves Symmes to Elias Boudinot, January 12, 1792.

To the younger officers, with a taste for sport, the life beyond the Ohio was delightful. The climate was pleasant, the country beautiful, the water was clear as crystal, and game abounded. In hard weather the troops lived on salt beef; but at other times their daily rations were two pounds of turkey or venison, or a pound and a half of bear meat or buffalo beef. Yet this game was supplied by hired hunters, not by the soldiers themselves. One of the officers wrote that he had to keep his troops practising steadily at a target, for they were incompetent to meet an enemy with the musket; they could not kill in a week enough game to last them a day.[1] It was almost impossible to train such troops, in a limited number of months or years, so as to enable them to meet their forest foes on equal terms. The discipline to which they were accustomed was admirably fitted for warfare in the open; but it was not suited for warfare in the woods. They had to learn even the use of their firearms with painful labor. It was merely hopeless to try to teach them to fight Indian fashion, all scattering out for themselves, and each taking a tree trunk, and trying to slay an individual enemy. They were too clumsy; they utterly lacked the wild-creature qualities proper to the men of the wilderness, the men who inherited wolf-cunning and panther-stealth from countless generations, who bought bare life itself only at the price of never-ceasing watchfulness, craft, and ferocity.

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[1] State Department MSS., No. 150; Doughty's letter, March 15, 1786; also, November 30, 1785.

The regulars were certainly not ideal troops with which to oppose such foes; but they were the best obtainable at that time. They possessed traits which were lacking in even the best of the frontier militia; and most of the militia fell far short of the best. When properly trained, the regulars could be trusted to persevere through a campaign; whereas the militia were sure to disband if kept out for any length of time. Moreover, a regular army formed a weapon with a temper tried and known; whereas a militia force was the most brittle of swords which might give one true stroke, or might fly into splinters at the first slight blow. Regulars were the only troops who could be trusted to wear out their foes in a succession of weary and hard-fought campaigns.

The best backwoods fighters, however, such men as Kenton and Brady had in their scout companies, were much superior to the regulars, and were able to meet the Indians on at least equal terms. But there were only a very few such men; and they were too impatient of discipline to be embodied in an army. The bulk of the frontier militia consisted of men who were better riflemen than the regulars and often physically abler, but who were otherwise in every military sense inferior, possessing their defects, sometimes in an accentuated form, and not possessing their compensating virtues. Like the regulars, these militia fought the Indians at a terrible disadvantage. A defeat for either meant murderous slaughter; for whereas the trained Indian fighters fought or fled each for himself, the ordinary troops huddled together in a mass, an easy mark for their savage foes.

The task set the leaders of the army in the Northwest was one of extreme difficulty and danger. They had to overcome a foe trained through untold ages how to fight most effectively on the very battle-ground where the contest was to be waged. To the whites a march through the wilderness was fraught with incredible toil; whereas the Indians moved without baggage, and scattered and came together as they wished, so that it was impossible to bring them to battle against their will. All that could be done was to try to beat them when they chose to receive or deliver an attack. With ordinary militia it was hopeless to attempt to accomplish anything needing prolonged and sustained effort, and, as already said, the thoroughly trained Indian fighters who were able to beat the savages at their own game were too few in numbers, and too unaccustomed to control and restraint, to permit of their forming the main body of the army in an offensive campaign. There remained only the regulars; and the raw recruits had to undergo a long and special training, and be put under the command of a thoroughly capable leader, like old Mad Anthony Wayne, before they could be employed to advantage.

The feeling between the regular troops and the frontiersmen was often very bitter, and on several occasions violent brawls resulted. One such occurred at Limestone, where the brutal Indian fighter Wetzel lived. Wetzel had murdered a friendly Indian, and the soldiers bore him a grudge. When they were sent to arrest him the townspeople rallied to his support. Wetzel himself resisted, and was, very properly, roughly handled in consequence. The interference of the townspeople was vigorously repaid in kind; they soon gave up the attempt, and afterward one or two of them were ill-treated or plundered by the soldiers. They made complaint to the civil authorities, and a court martial was then ordered by the Federal commanders. This court martial acquitted the soldiers. Wetzel soon afterward made his escape, and the incident ended.[1]

By 1787, the Indian war had begun with all its old fury. The thickly settled districts were not much troubled, and the towns which, like Marietta in the following year, grew up under the shadow of a Federal fort were comparatively safe. But the frontier of Kentucky, and of Virginia proper along the Ohio, suffered severely. There was great scarcity of powder and lead, and even of guns, and there was difficulty in procuring provisions for those militia who consented to leave their work and turn out when summoned. The settlers were harried, and the surveyors feared to go out to their work on the range. There were the usual horrible incidents of Indian warfare. A glimpse of one of the innumerable dreadful tragedies is afforded by the statement of one party of scouts, who, in following the trail of an Indian war band, found at the crossing of the river "the small tracks of a number of children," prisoners from a raid made on the Monongahela settlements.[2]

The settlers in the harried territory sent urgent appeals for help to the governor of Virginia and to Congress. In these appeals stress was laid upon the poverty of the frontiersmen, and their lack of ammunition. The writers pointed out that the men of the border should receive support, if only from motives of policy; for it was of great importance to the people in the thickly settled districts that the war should be kept on the frontier, and that the men who lived there should remain as a barrier against the Indians. If the latter broke through and got among the less hardy and warlike people of the interior, they would work much greater havoc; for in Indian warfare the borderers were as much superior to the more peaceful people behind them as a veteran to a raw recruit.[1]

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[1] Draper MSS. Harmar's letter to Henry Lee, September 27, 1789. Also depositions of McCurdy, Lawler, Caldwell, and others, and proceedings of court martial. The depositions conflict.

[2] State Department MSS., No. 71, vol. II. Letters of David Shepherd to Governor Randolph, April 30 and May 24, 1787.

These appeals did not go unheeded; but there was embarrassment in affording the frontier adequate protection, both because the party to which the borderers themselves belonged foolishly objected to the employment of a fair-sized regular army, and because Congress still clung to the belief that war could be averted by treaty, and so forbade the taking of proper offensive measures. In the years 1787, '88, and '89 the ravages continued; many settlers were slain, with their families, and many bodies of immigrants destroyed; while the scouting and rescue parties of whites killed a few Indians in return.[2] All the Indians were not yet at war, however; and curious agreements were entered into by individuals on both sides. In the absence on either side of any government with full authority and power, the leaders would often negotiate some special or temporary truce, referring only to certain limited localities, or to certain people; and would agree between themselves for the interchange or ransom of prisoners. There is a letter of Boone's extant in which he notifies a leading Kentucky colonel that a certain captive woman must be given up, in accordance with an agreement he has made with one of the noted Indian chiefs; and he insists upon the immediate surrender of the woman, to clear his "promise and obligation."[1]

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[1] Draper MSS. Lieutenant Marshall to Franklin, November 6, 1787.

[2] *Virginia State Papers,* IV, 357.

The Indians watched the Ohio with especial care, and took their toll from the immense numbers of immigrants who went down it. After passing the Muskingum no boat was safe. If the war-parties, lurking along the banks, came on a boat moored to the shore, or swept thither by wind or current, the crew was at their mercy; and, grown bold by success, they sometimes launched small flotillas of canoes and attacked the scows on the water. In such attacks they were often successful, for they always made the assault with the odds in their favor; though they were sometimes beaten back with heavy loss.

When the war was at its height the boats going down the Ohio preferred to move in brigades. An army officer has left a description[2] of one such flotilla, over which he had assumed command. It contained sixteen flatboats, then usually called "Kentuck boats," and two keels. The flatboats were lashed three together, and kept in one line. The women, children, and cattle were put in the middle scows, while the outside were manned and worked by the men. The keel-boats kept on either flank. This particular flotilla was unmolested by the Indians, but was almost wrecked in a furious storm of wind and rain.

The Federal authorities were still hopelessly endeavoring to come to some understanding with the Indians; they were holding treaties with some of the tribes, sending addresses and making speeches to others, and keeping envoys in the neighborhood of Detroit. These envoys watched the Indians who were there, and tried to influence the great gatherings of different tribes who came together at Sandusky to consult as to the white advance.[1]

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[1] Draper MSS., *Boone Papers.* Boone to Robert Patterson, March 16, 1787.

[2] Denny's *Military Journal,* April 19, 1790.

These efforts to negotiate were as disheartening as was usually the case under such circumstances. There were many different tribes, and some were for peace, while others were for war; and even the peaceful ones could not restrain their turbulent young men. Far-off nations of Indians who had never been harmed by the whites, and were in no danger from them, sent war-parties to the Ohio; and the friendly tribes let them pass without interference. The Iroquois were eagerly consulted by the Western Indians, and in the summer of 1788 a great party of them came to Sandusky to meet in council all the tribes of the lakes and the Ohio valley, and even some from the upper Mississippi. With the Iroquois came the famous chief Joseph Brant, a mighty warrior, and a man of education, who, in his letters to the United States officials, showed much polished diplomacy.[2]

The tribes who gathered at this great council met on the soil which, by treaty with England, had been declared American, and came from regions which the same treaty had defined as lying within the boundaries of the United States. But these provisions of the treaty had never been executed, owing largely to a failure on the part of the Americans themselves to execute certain other provisions. The land was really as much British as ever, and was so treated by the British governor of Canada, Lord Dorchester, who had just made a tour of the lake posts. The tribes were feudatory to the British, and in their talks spoke of the King of Great Britain as "father," and Brant was a British pensioner. British agents were in constant communication with the Indians at the councils, and they distributed gifts among them with a hitherto unheard-of lavishness. In every way they showed their resolution to remain in full touch with their red allies.[1]

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[1] State Department MSS., No. 150, vol. III; Harmar's speech to the Indians at Vincennes, September 17, 1787; Richard Butler to the Secretary of War, May 4, 1788; etc.

[2] State Department MSS., No. 150, vol. III, pp. 47 and 51.

Nevertheless, they were anxious that peace should be made. The Wyandots, too, seconded them, and addressed the Wabash Indians at one of the councils, urging them to cease their outrages on the Americans.[2] These Wyandots had long been converted, and in addressing their heathen brethren, said proudly: "We are not as other nations are—we, the Wyandots—we are Christians." They certainly showed themselves the better for their religion, and they were still the bravest of the brave. But though the Wabash Indians in answering spake them fair, they had no wish to go to peace; and the Wyandots were the only tribes who strove earnestly to prevent war. The American agents who had gone to the Detroit River were forced to report that there was little hope of putting an end to hostilities.[3] The councils accomplished nothing toward averting a war; on the contrary, they tended to band all the northwestern Indians together in a loose confederacy, so that active hostilities against some were sure in the end to involve all.

While the councils were sitting and while the Americans were preparing for the treaties, outrages of the most flagrant kind occurred. One, out of many, was noteworthy as showing both the treachery of the Indians, and the further fact that some tribes went to war, not because they had been in any way maltreated, but from mere lust of blood and plunder. In July of this year, 1788, Governor St. Clair was making ready for a treaty to which he had invited some of the tribes. It was to be held on the Muskingum, and he sent to the appointed place provisions for the Indians with a guard of men. One day a party of Indians, whose tribe was then unknown, though later they turned out to be Chippewas from the upper lakes, suddenly fell on the guard. They charged home with great spirit, using their sharp spears well, and killed, wounded, or captured several soldiers; but they were repulsed, and retreated, carrying with them their dead, save one warrior.[1] A few days afterward they imprudently ventured back, pretending innocence, and six were seized, and sent to one of the forts as prisoners. Their act of treacherous violence had, of course, caused the immediate abandonment of the proposed treaty.

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[1] State Department MSS., St. Clair to Knox, September 14, 1788; St. Clair to Jay, December 13, 1788.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 267, Detroit River's Mouth, July 23, 1788.

[3] *Ibid.*, James Rinkin to Richard Butler, July 20, 1788.

The remaining Chippewas marched toward home, with the scalps of the men they had slain, and with one captured soldier. They passed by Detroit, telling the French villagers that "their father [the British commandant] was a dog," because he had given them no arms or ammunition, and that in consequence they would not deliver him their prisoner, but would take the poor wretch with them to their Mackinaw home. Accordingly, they carried him on to the far-off island at the mouth of Lake Michigan; but just as they were preparing to make him run the gantlet the British commander of the lonely little post interfered. This subaltern with his party of a dozen soldiers was surrounded by many times his number of ferocious savages, and was completely isolated in the wilderness; but his courage stood as high as his humanity, and he broke through the Indians, threatening them with death if they interfered, rescued the captive American, and sent him home in safety.[1]

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[1] *St. Clair Papers*, II, 50.

The other Indians made no attempt to check the Chippewas; on the contrary, the envoys of the Iroquois and Delawares made vain efforts to secure the release of the Chippewa prisoners. On the other hand, the generous gallantry of the British commander at Mackinaw was in some sort equalled by the action of the traders on the Maumee, who went to great expense in buying from the Shawnees Americans whom they had doomed to the terrible torture of death at the stake.[2]

Under such circumstances the treaties of course came to naught. After interminable delays the Indians either refused to treat at all, or else the acts of those who did were promptly repudiated by those who did not. In consequence, throughout this period even the treaties that were made were quite worthless, for they bound nobody. Moreover, there were the usual clashes between the National and State authorities. While Harmar was trying to treat, the Kentuckians were organizing retaliatory inroads; and while the United States Commissioners were trying to hold big peace councils on the Ohio, the New York and Massachusetts Commissioners were conducting independent negotiations at what is now Buffalo, to determine the Western boundary of New York.[3]

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[1] State Department MSS., No. 150, vol. III. William Wilson and James Rinkin to Richard Butler, August 4, 1788; Wilson and Rinkin to St. Clair, August 31, 1788.

[2] State Department MSS., Rinkin to Butler, July 2, 1788; St. Clair to Knox, September 4, 1788.

[3] *Ibid.*, Wilson and Rinkin to St. Clair, July 29, 1788. These treaties made at the Ohio forts are quite unworthy of preservation, save for mere curiosity; they

All the while the ravages grew steadily more severe. The Federal officers at the little, widely scattered forts were at their wits' ends in trying to protect the outlying settlers and retaliate on the Indians; and as the latter grew bolder they menaced the forts themselves and harried the troops who convoyed provisions to them. Of the innumerable tragedies which occurred, the record of a few has by chance been preserved. One may be worth giving, merely as a sample of many others. On the Virginian side of the Ohio lived a pioneer farmer of some note, named Van Swearingen.[1] One day his son crossed the river to hunt with a party of strangers. Near a "waste cabbin," the deserted log hut of some reckless adventurer, an Indian war band came on them unawares, slew three, and carried off the young man. His father did not know whether they had killed him or not. He could find no trace of him, and he wrote to the commander of the nearest fort, begging him to try to get news from the Indian villages as to whether his son were alive or dead, and to employ for the purpose any friendly Indian or white scout, at whatever price was set—he would pay it "to the utmost farthing." He could give no clew to the Indians who had done the deed; all he could say was that a few days before, one of these war-parties, while driving off a number of horses, was overtaken by the riflemen of the neighborhood and scattered, after a fight in which one white man and two red men were killed.

The old frontiersman never found his son; doubtless the boy was slain; but his fate, like the fate of hundreds

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really settled nothing whatever and conferred no rights that were not taken with the strong hand; yet they are solemnly quoted in some books as if they were the real sources of title to parts of the Northwest.

[1] State Department MSS., No. 150, vol. II, Van Swearingen to William Butler, Washington County, September 29, 1787.

of others, was swallowed up in the gloomy mystery of the wilderness. So far from being unusual, the incident attracted no comment, for it was one of every-day occurrence. Its only interest lies in the fact that it was of a kind that befell the family of almost every dweller in the wilds. Danger and death were so common that the particular expression which each might take made small impress on the minds of the old pioneers. Every one of them had a long score of slain friends and kinsfolk to avenge upon his savage foes.

The subalterns in command of the little detachments which moved between the posts, whether they went by land or water, were forced to be ever on the watch against surprise and ambush. This was particularly the case with the garrison at Vincennes. The Wabash Indians were all the time out in parties to murder and plunder; and yet these same thieves and murderers were continually coming into town and strolling innocently about the fort; for it was impossible to tell the peaceful Indians from the hostile. They were ever in communication with the equally treacherous and ferocious Miami tribes, to whose towns the war-parties often brought five or six scalps in a day, and prisoners, too, doomed to a death of awful torture at the stake. There is no need to waste sympathy on the northwestern Indians for their final fate; never were defeat and subjection more richly deserved.

The bands of fierce and crafty braves who lounged about the wooden fort at Vincennes watched eagerly the outgoing and incoming of the troops, and were prompt to dog and waylay any party they thought they could overcome. They took advantage of the unwillingness of the Federal commander to harass Indians who might be friendly; and plotted at ease the destruction of the very troops who spent much of the time in keeping intruders off their lands. In the summer of 1788 they twice followed parties of soldiers from the town when they went down the Wabash, and attacked them by surprise, from the river-banks, as they sat in their boats. In one instance, the lieutenant in command got off with the loss of but two or three men. In the other, of the thirty-six soldiers who composed the party ten were killed, eight wounded, and the greater part of the provisions and goods they were conveying were captured; while the survivors, pushing downstream, ultimately made their way to the Illinois towns.[1] This last tragedy was avenged by a band of thirty mounted riflemen from Kentucky, led by the noted backwoods fighter Hardin. They had crossed the Ohio on a retaliatory foray, many of their horses having been stolen by the Indians. When near Vincennes they happened to stumble on the war-party that had attacked the soldiers; they slew ten and scattered the others to the winds, capturing thirty horses.[2]

The war bands who harried the settlements, or lurked along the banks of the Ohio, bent on theft and murder, did terrible deeds, and at times suffered terrible fates in return, when some untoward chance threw them in the way of the grim border vengeance. The books of the old annalists are filled with tales of disaster and retribution, of horrible suffering and of fierce prowess. Countless stories are told of heroic fight and panic-rout; of midnight assault on lonely cabins, and ambush of heavy-laden immigrant scows; of the deaths of brave men and cowards, and the dreadful butchery of women and children; of bloody raid and revengeful counter-stroke. Sometimes a band of painted marauders would kill family after family without suffering any loss, would capture boat after boat without effective resistance from the immigrants, paralyzed by panic-fright, and would finally escape unmolested, or beat off with ease a possibly larger party of pursuers who happened to be ill led, or to be men with little training in wilderness warfare.

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[1] State Department MSS., No. 150, vol. III. Lieutenant Spear to Harmar, June 2, 1788; Hamtranck to Harmar, August 12, 1788.

[2] Draper MSS. *William Clark Papers*. N. T. Dalton to W. Clark, Vincennes, August 23, 1788; also Denny, p. 528.

At other times all this might be reversed. A cabin might be defended with such maddened courage by some stout rifleman, fighting for his cowering wife and children, that a score of savages would recoil, baffled, leaving many of their number dead. A boat's crew of resolute men might beat back, with heavy loss, an overeager onslaught of Indians in canoes, or push their slow, unwieldy craft from shore under a rain of rifle-balls, while the wounded oarsmen strained at the bloody handles of the sweeps, and the men who did not row gave shot for shot, firing at the flame-tongues in the dark woods. A party of scouts, true wilderness veterans, equal to their foes in woodcraft and cunning, and superior in marksmanship and reckless courage, might follow and scatter some war band and return in triumph with scalps and retaken captives and horses.

A volume could readily be filled with adventures of this kind, all varying infinitely in detail, but all alike in their bloody ferocity. During the years 1789 and 1790 scores of Indian war-parties went on such trips, to meet every kind of success and failure. The deeds of one such, which happen to be recorded, may be given merely to serve as a sample of what happened in countless other cases. In the early spring of 1790 a band of fifty-four Indians of various tribes, but chiefly Cherokees and Shawnees, established a camp near the mouth of the Scioto.[1] They first attacked a small, new-built station, on one of the bottoms of the Ohio, some twenty miles from Limestone, and killed or captured all its fifteen inhabitants. They spared the lives of two of the captives, but forced the wretches to act as decoys so as to try to lure passing boats within reach.

Their first success was with a boat going downriver, and containing four men and two unmarried girls, besides a quantity of goods intended for the stores in the Kentucky towns. The two decoys appeared on the right bank, begging piteously to be taken on board, and stating that they had just escaped from the savages. Three of the voyagers, not liking the looks of the men, refused to land, but the fourth, a reckless fellow named Flynn, and the two girls, who were coarse, foolish, good-natured frontier women of the lower sort, took pity upon the seeming fugitives, and insisted on taking them aboard. Accordingly, the scow was shoved inshore, and Flynn jumped on the bank, only to be immediately seized by the Indians, who then opened fire on the others. They tried to put off and fired back, but were helpless; one man and a girl were shot, another wounded, and the savages then swarmed aboard, seized everything, and got very drunk on a keg of whiskey. The fates of the captives were various, each falling to some different group of savages. Flynn, the cause of the trouble, fell to the Cherokees, who took him to the Miami town, and burned him alive, with dreadful torments. The remaining girl, after suffering outrage and hardship, was bound to the stake, but saved by a merciful Indian, who sent her home. Of the two remaining men, one ran the gantlet successfully, and afterward escaped and reached home through the woods, while the other was ransomed by a French trader at Sandusky.

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[1] *American State Papers*, Indian Affairs, vol. I, pp. 87, 88, 91.

Before thus disposing of their captives, the Indians hung about the mouth of the Scioto for some time. They captured a pirogue going upstream, and killed all six paddlers. Soon afterward three heavily laden scows passed, drifting down with the current. Aboard these were twenty-eight men, with their women and children, together with many horses and bales of merchandise. They had but sixteen guns among them, and many were immigrants, unaccustomed to savage warfare, and therefore they made no effort to repel the attack, which could easily have been done by resolute, well-armed veterans. The Indians crowded into the craft they had captured, and paddled and rowed after the scows, whooping and firing. They nearly overtook the last scow, whereupon its people shifted to the second, and abandoned it. When further pressed the people shifted into the headmost scow, cut holes in its sides so as to work all the oars, and escaped downstream, leaving the Indians to plunder the two abandoned boats, which contained twenty-eight horses and fifteen hundred pounds' worth of goods.

The Kentuckians of the neighborhood sent word to General Harmar, begging him to break up this nest of plunderers. Accordingly, he started after them, with his regular troops. He was joined by a number of Kentucky mounted riflemen, under the command of Colonel Charles Scott, a rough Indian fighter and veteran of the Revolutionary War, who afterward became governor of the State. Scott had moved to Kentucky not long after the close of the war with England; he had lost a son at the hands of the savages,[1] and he delighted in war against them.

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[1] State Department MSS., No. 71, vol. II, p. 563.

Harmar made a circuit and came down along the Scioto, hoping to surprise the Indian camp; but he might as well have hoped to surprise a party of timber-wolves. His foes scattered and disappeared in the dense forest. Nevertheless, coming across some moccasin tracks, Scott's horsemen followed the trail, killed four Indians, and carried in the scalps to Limestone. The chastisement proved of little avail. A month later five immigrant boats, while moored to the bank a few miles from Limestone, were rushed by the Indians at night; one boat was taken, all the thirteen souls aboard being killed or captured.

Among the men who suffered about this time was the Italian Vigo; a fine, manly, generous fellow, of whom St. Clair spoke as having put the United States under heavy obligations, and as being "in truth the most disinterested person" he had ever known.[1] While taking his trading boat up the Wabash, Vigo was attacked by an Indian war-party, three of his men were killed, and he was forced to drop downstream. Meeting another trading boat manned by Americans, he again essayed to force a passage in company with it, but they were both attacked with fury. The other boat got off; but Vigo's was captured. However, the Indians, when they found the crew consisted of creoles, molested none of them, telling them that they only warred against the Americans; though they plundered the boat.

By the summer of 1790 the raids of the Indians had become unbearable. Fresh robberies and murders were committed every day in Kentucky, or along the Wabash and Ohio. Writing to the secretary of war, a prominent Kentuckian, well knowing all the facts, estimated that during the seven years which had elapsed since the close of the Revolutionary War the Indians had slain fifteen hundred people in Kentucky itself, or on the immigrant routes leading thither, and had stolen twenty thousand horses, besides destroying immense quantities of other property.[1] The Federal generals were also urgent in asserting the folly of carrying on a merely defensive war against such foes. All the efforts of the Federal authorities to make treaties with the Indians and persuade them to be peaceful had failed. The Indians themselves had renewed hostilities, and the different tribes had one by one joined in the war, behaving with a treachery only equalled by their ferocity. With great reluctance, the National Government concluded that an effort to chastise the hostile savages could no longer be delayed; and those on the Maumee, or Miami of the Lakes, and on the Wabash, whose guilt had been peculiarly heinous, were singled out as the objects of attack.

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[1] *American State Papers,* Indian Affairs, vol. I, September 19, 1790.

The expedition against the Wabash towns was led by the Federal commander at Vincennes, Major Hamtranck. No resistance was encountered; and after burning a few villages of bark huts and destroying some corn he returned to Vincennes.

The main expedition was that against the Miami Indians, and was led by General Harmar himself. It was arranged that there should be a nucleus of regular troops, but that the force should consist mainly of militia from Kentucky and Pennsylvania, the former furnishing twice as many as the latter. The troops were to gather on the 15th of September at Fort Washington, on the north bank of the Ohio, a day's journey downstream from Limestone.

At the appointed time the militia began to straggle in; the regular officers had long been busy getting their own troops, artillery, and military stores in readiness. The regulars felt the utmost disappointment at the appearance of the militia. They numbered but few of the trained Indian fighters of the frontier; many of them were hired substitutes; most of them were entirely unacquainted with Indian warfare, and were new to the life of the wilderness; and they were badly armed.[1] The Pennsylvanians were of even poorer stuff than the Kentuckians, numbering many infirm old men and many mere boys. They were undisciplined, with little regard for authority, and inclined to be disorderly and mutinous.

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[1] *American State Papers*, Indian Affairs, vol. I. Innes to Secretary of War, July 7, 1790.

By the end of September one battalion of Pennsylvania, and three battalions of Kentucky, militia, had arrived, and the troops began their march to the Miami. All told, there were one thousand four hundred and fifty-three men, three hundred and twenty being Federal troops and one thousand one hundred and thirty-three militia, many of whom were mounted; and there were three light brass field-pieces.[2] In point of numbers the force was amply sufficient for its work; but Harmar, though a gallant man, was not fitted to command even a small army against Indians, and the bulk of the militia, who composed nearly four-fifths of his force, were worthless. A difficulty immediately occurred in choosing a commander for the militia. Undoubtedly the best one among their officers was Colonel John Hardin, who (like his fellow Kentuckian, Colonel Scott) was a veteran of the Revolutionary War, and a man of experience in the innumerable deadly Indian skirmishes of the time. He had no special qualifications for the command of more than a handful of troops, but he was a brave and honorable man, who had done well in leading small parties of rangers against their red foes. Nevertheless, the militia threatened mutiny unless they were allowed to choose their own leader, and they chose a mere incompetent, a Colonel Trotter. Harmar yielded, for the home authorities had dwelt much on the necessity of his preventing friction between the regulars and the militia; and he had so little control over the latter, that he was very anxious to keep them good-humored. Moreover, the commissariat arrangements were poor. Under such circumstances, the keenest observers on the frontier foretold failure from the start.[1]

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[1] *American State Papers,* Indian Affairs, vol. I, pp. 104, 105; Military Affairs, I, 20.

[2] *American State Papers,* Indian Affairs, I, p. 104; also p. 105. For this expedition, see also "Military Affairs," I, pp. 20, 28, and Denny's *Military Journal,* pp. 343, 354.

For several days the army marched slowly forward. The regular officers had endless difficulty with the pack-horsemen, who allowed their charges to stray or be stolen, and they strove to instruct the militia in the rudiments of their duties, on the march, in camp, and in battle. A fortnight's halting progress through the wilderness brought the army to a small branch of the Miami of the Lakes. Here a horse patrol captured a Maumee Indian, who informed his captors that the Indians knew of their approach and were leaving their towns. On hearing this an effort was made to hurry forward; but when the army reached the Miami towns, on October 17th, they had been deserted. They stood at the junction of two branches of the Miami, the St. Mary and the St. Joseph, about one hundred and seventy miles from Fort Washington. The troops had marched about ten miles a day. The towns consisted of a couple of hundred wigwams, with some good log huts; and there were gardens, orchards, and immense fields of corn. All these the soldiers destroyed, and the militia loaded themselves with plunder.

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[1] *American State Papers*, Indian Affairs, I. Jno. O'Fallan to the President, Lexington, Ky., September 25, 1790.

On the 18th, Colonel Trotter was ordered out with three hundred men to spend a couple of days exploring the country, and finding out where the Indians were. After marching a few miles they came across two Indians. Both were killed by the advanced horsemen. All four of the field-officers of the militia—two colonels and two majors—joined helter-skelter in the chase, leaving their troops for half an hour without a leader. Apparently satisfied with this feat, Trotter marched home, having accomplished nothing.

Much angered, Harmar gave the command to Hardin, who left the camp next morning with two hundred men, including thirty regulars. But the militia had turned sulky. They did not wish to go and they began to desert and return to camp immediately after leaving it. At least half of them had thus left him, when he stumbled on a body of about a hundred Indians. The Indians advanced firing, and the militia fled with abject cowardice, many not even discharging their guns. The thirty regulars stood to their work, and about ten of the militia stayed with them. This small detachment fought bravely, and was cut to pieces, but six or seven men escaping. Their captain, after valiant fighting, broke through the savages, and got into a swamp near by. Here he hid, and returned to camp next day; he was so near the place of the fight that he had seen the victory-dance of the Indians over their slain and mutilated foes.

This defeat took the heart out of the militia. The army left the Miami towns, and moved back a couple of miles to the Shawnee town of Chillicothe. A few Indians began to lurk about, stealing horses, and two of the militia captains determined to try to kill one of the thieves. Accordingly, at nightfall they hobbled a horse with a bell near a hazel thicket, in which they hid. Soon an Indian stalked up to the horse, whereupon they killed him, and brought his head into camp, proclaiming that it should at least be worth the price of a wolf-scalp.

Next day was spent by the army in completing the destruction of all the corn, the huts, and the belongings of the Indians. A band of a dozen warriors tried to harass one of the burning-parties; but some of the mounted troops got on their flank, killed two and drove the others off, they themselves suffering no loss.

The following day, the 21st, the army took up the line of march for Fort Washington, having destroyed six Indian towns, and an immense quantity of corn. But Hardin was very anxious to redeem himself by trying another stroke at the Indians, who, he rightly judged, would gather at their towns as soon as the troops left. Harmar also wished to revenge his losses, and to forestall any attempt of the Indians to harass his shaken and retreating forces. Accordingly, that night he sent back against the towns a detachment of four hundred men, sixty of whom were regulars, and the rest picked militia. They were commanded by Major Wyllys, of the regulars. It was a capital mistake of Harmar's to send off a mere detachment on such a business. He should have taken a force composed of all his regulars and the best of the militia, and led it in person.

The detachment marched soon after midnight, and reached the Miami at daybreak on October 22d. It was divided into three columns, which marched a few hundred yards apart, and were supposed to keep in touch with one another. The middle column was led by Wyllys in person, and included the regulars and a few militia. The rest of the militia composed the flank columns and marched under their own officers.

Immediately after crossing the Miami and reaching the neighborhood of the town, Indians were seen. The columns were out of touch, and both of those on the flanks pressed forward against small parties of braves, whom they drove before them up the St. Joseph. Heedless of the orders they had received, the militia thus pressed forward, killing and scattering the small parties in their front and losing all connection with the middle column of regulars. Meanwhile the main body of the Indians gathered to assail this column, and overwhelmed it by numbers; whether they had led the militia away by accident or by design is not known. The regulars fought well and died hard, but they were completely cut off, and most of them, including their commander, were slain. A few escaped, and either fled back to camp or up the St. Joseph. Those who took the latter course met the militia returning and informed them of what had happened. Soon afterward the victorious Indians themselves appeared, on the opposite side of the St. Joseph, and attempted to force their way across. But the militia were flushed by the easy triumph of the morning and fought well, repulsing the Indians, and finally forcing them to withdraw. They then marched slowly back to the Miami towns, gathered their wounded, arrayed their ranks, and rejoined the main army. The Indians had suffered heavily, and were too dispirited, both by their loss and by their last repulse, to attempt further to harass either this detachment or the main army itself on its retreat.

Nevertheless, the net result was a mortifying failure. In all, the regulars had lost seventy-five men killed and three wounded, while of the militia twenty-eight had been wounded and one hundred and eight had been killed or were missing. The march back was very dreary; and the militia became nearly ungovernable, so that at one time Harmar reduced them to order only by threatening to fire on them with the artillery.

The loss of all their provisions and dwellings exposed the Miami tribes to severe suffering and want during the following winter; and they had also lost many of their warriors. But the blow was only severe enough to anger and unite them, not to cripple or crush them. All the other Western tribes made common cause with them. They banded together and warred openly; and their vengeful forays on the frontier increased in number, so that the suffering of the settlers was great. Along the Ohio people lived in hourly dread of tomahawk and scalping-knife; the attacks fell unceasingly on all the settlements, from Marietta to Louisville.

CHAPTER III

THE SOUTHWEST TERRITORY

1788–1790

During the years 1788 and 1789 there was much disquiet and restlessness throughout the southwestern territory, the land lying between Kentucky and the Southern Indians. The disturbances caused by the erection of the State of Franklin were subsiding, the authority of North Carolina was re-established over the whole territory, and by degrees a more assured and healthy feeling began to prevail among the settlers; but as yet their future was by no means certain, nor was their lot irrevocably cast in with that of their fellows in the other portions of the Union.

As already said, the sense of national unity among the frontiersmen was small. The men of the Cumberland, in writing to the Creeks, spoke of the Franklin people as if they belonged to an entirely distinct nation, and as if a war with or by one community concerned in no way the other;[1] while the leaders of Franklin were carrying on with the Spaniards negotiations quite incompatible with the continued sovereignty of the United States. Indeed it was some time before the southwestern people realized that after the Constitution went into effect they had no authority to negotiate commercial treaties on their own account. Andrew Jackson, who had recently taken up his abode in the Cumberland country, was one of the many men who endeavored to convince the Spanish agents that it would be a good thing for both parties if the Cumberland people were allowed to trade with the Spaniards; in which event the latter would of course put a stop to the Indian hostilities.[1]

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[1] Robertson MSS. Robertson to McGillivray, Nashville, 1788. "Those aggressors live in a different State and are governed by different laws, consequently we are not culpable for their misconduct."

This dangerous loosening of the Federal tie shows that it would certainly have given way entirely had the population at this time been scattered over a wider territory. The obstinate and bloody warfare waged by the Indians against the frontiersmen was in one way of great service to the nation, for it kept back the frontier and forced the settlements to remain more or less compact and in touch with the country behind them. If the red men had been as weak as, for instance, the black fellows of Australia, the settlers would have roamed hither and thither without regard to them, and would have settled, each man wherever he liked, across to the Pacific. Moreover, the Indians formed the bulwarks which defended the British and Spanish possessions from the adventurers of the border; save for the shield thus offered by the fighting tribes, it would have been impossible to bar the frontiersmen from the territory either to the north or to the south of the boundaries of the United States.

Congress had tried hard to bring about peace with the Southern Indians, both by sending commissioners to them and by trying to persuade the three Southern States to enter into mutually beneficial treaties with them. A successful effort was also made to detach the Chickasaws from the others, and keep them friendly with the United States. Congress as usual sympathized with the Indians against the intruding whites, although it was plain that only by warfare could the red men be permanently subdued.[1]

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[1] Tennessee Historical Society MSS. Andrew Jackson to D. Smith, introducing the Spanish agent, Captain Fargo, February 13, 1789.

The Cumberland people felt the full weight of the warfare, the Creeks being their special enemies. Robertson himself lost a son and a brother in the various Indian attacks. To him fell the task of trying to put a stop to the ravages. He was the leader of his people in every way, their commander in war and their spokesman when they sought peace; and early in 1788 he wrote a long letter on their behalf to the Creek chief McGillivray. After disclaiming all responsibility for or connection with the Franklin men, he said that the settlers for whom he spoke had not had the most distant idea that any Indians would object to their settling on the Cumberland, in a country that had been purchased outright at the Henderson treaty. He further stated that he had believed the Creek chief would approve of the expedition to punish the marauders at the Muscle Shell Shoals, inasmuch as the Creeks had repeatedly assured him that these marauders were refractory people who would pay no heed to their laws and commands. Robertson knew this to be a good point, for as a matter of fact the Creeks, though pretending to be peaceful, had made no effort to suppress these banditti, and had resented by force of arms the destruction of their stronghold.[2]

Robertson then came to his personal wrongs. His quaintly worded letter runs in part: "I had the mortification to see one of my children Killed and uncommonly Massacred . . . from my earliest youth I have endeavored to arm myself with a sufficient share of

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[1] State Department MSS., No. 180, p. 66; No. 151, p. 275. Also letters of Richard Winn to Knox, June 25, 1788; James White to Knox, August 1, 1788; Joseph Martin to Knox, July 25, 1788.

[2] Robertson MSS. Robertson to McGillivray. Letters already cited.

Fortitude to meet anything that Nature might have intended, but to see an innocent child so Uncommonly Massacred by people who ought to have both sense and bravery has in a measure unmanned me. . . . I have always striven to do justice to the red people; last fall, trusting in Cherokee friendship, I with utmost difficulty prevented a great army from marching against them. The return is very inadequate to the services I have rendered them as last summer they killed an affectionate brother and three days ago an innocent child." The letter concludes with an emphatic warning that the Indians must expect heavy chastisement if they do not stop their depredations.

Robertson looked on his own woes and losses with much of the stoicism for which his Indian foes were famed. He accepted the fate of his son with a kind of grim stolidity; and did not let it interfere with his efforts to bring about a peace. Writing to his friend General Martin, he said: "On my return home [from the North Carolina legislature, to which he was a delegate] I found distressing times in the country. A number of persons have been killed since; among those unfortunate persons were my third son. . . . We sent Captains Hackett and Ewing to the Creeks who have brought very favorable accounts, and we do not doubt but a lasting peace will be shortly concluded between us and that nation. The Cherokees we shall flog, if they do not behave well."[1] He wished to make peace if he could; but if that was impossible, he was ready to make war with the same stern acceptance of fate.

The letter then goes on to express the opinion that, if Congress does not take action to bring about a peace, the Creeks will undoubtedly invade Georgia with some five thousand warriors, for McGillivray has announced that he will consent to settle the boundary question with Congress, but will do nothing with Georgia. The letter shows, with rather startling clearness, how little Robertson regarded the Cumberland people and the Georgians as being both in the same nation; he saw nothing strange in one portion of the country concluding a firm peace with an enemy who was about to devastate another portion.

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[1] State Department MSS., No. 71, vol. II. Robertson to Martin, Pleasant Grove, May 7, 1788.

Robertson was anxious to encourage immigration, and for this purpose he had done his best to hurry forward the construction of a road between the Holston and the Cumberland settlements. In his letter to Martin he urged him to proclaim to possible settlers the likelihood of peace, and guaranteed that the road would be ready before winter. It was opened in the fall, and parties of settlers began to come in over it. To protect them, the district from time to time raised strong guards of mounted riflemen to patrol the road, as well as the neighborhood of the settlements, and to convoy the immigrant companies. To defray the expenses of the troops, the Cumberland court raised taxes. Exactly as the Franklin people had taken peltries as the basis for their currency, so those of the Cumberland, in arranging for payment in kind, chose the necessaries of life as the best medium of exchange. They enacted that the tax should be paid: one-quarter in corn, one-half in beef, pork, bear meat, and venison, one-eighth in salt, and one-eighth in money.[1] It was still as easy to shoot bear and deer as to raise hogs and oxen.

Robertson wrote several times to McGillivray, alone or in conjunction with another veteran frontier leader,

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[1] Ramsey, p. 504.

Colonel Anthony Bledsoe. Various other men of note on the border, both from Virginia and North Carolina, wrote likewise. To these letters McGillivray responded promptly in a style rather more polished though less frank than that of his correspondents. His tone was distinctly more warlike and less conciliatory than theirs. He avowed, without hesitation, that the Creeks and not the Americans had been the original aggressors, saying that "my nation has waged war against your people for several years past; but that we had no motive of revenge, nor did it proceed from any sense of injuries sustained from your people, but being warmly attached to the British and being under their influence our operations were directed by them against you in common with other Americans." He then acknowledged that after the close of the war the Americans had sent overtures of peace, which he had accepted—although as a matter of fact the Creeks never ceased their ravages—but complained that Robertson's expedition against the Muscle Shoals again brought on war.[1]

There was, of course, nothing in this complaint of the injustice of Robertson's expedition, for the Muscle Shoal Indians had been constantly plundering and murdering before it was planned, and it was undertaken merely to put a stop to their ravages. However, McGillivray made adroit use of it. He stated that the expedition itself, carried on, as he understood it, mainly against the French traders, "was no concern of ours and would have been entirely disregarded by us; but in the execution of it some of our people were there, who went as well from motives of curiosity as to traffic in silverware, and six of whom were rashly killed by your men";[1] and inasmuch as these slain men were prominent in different Creek towns, the deed led to retaliatory raids. But now that vengeance had been taken, McGillivray declared that a stable peace would be secured, and he expressed "considerable concern" over the "tragical end" of Robertson's slain kinsfolk. As for the Georgians, he announced that if they were wise and would agree to an honorable peace he would bury the red hatchet, and if not then he would march against them whenever he saw fit.[2] Writing again at the end of the year, he reiterated his assurances of the peaceful inclinations of the Creeks, though their troubles with Georgia were still unsettled.[3]

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[1] State Department MSS., No. 71, vol. II, p. 620. McGillivray to Bledsoe and Robertson; no date.

Nevertheless, these peaceful protestations produced absolutely no effect upon the Indian ravages, which continued with unabated fury. Many instances of revolting brutality and aggression by the whites against the Cherokees took place in Tennessee, both earlier and later than this, and in eastern Tennessee at this very time; but the Cumberland people, from the earliest days of their settlement, had not sinned against the red men, while as regards all the Tennesseeans, the Creeks throughout this period appeared always, and the Cherokees appeared sometimes, as the wrong-doers, the men who began the long and ferocious wars of reprisal.

Robertson's companion, Bledsoe, was among the many settlers who suffered death in the summer of 1788. He was roused from sleep by the sound of his cattle running across the yard in front of the twin log houses occupied by himself and his brother and their families. As he opened the door he was shot by Indians, who were lurking behind the fence, and one of his hired men was also shot down.[1] The savages fled, and Bledsoe lived through the night, while the other inmates of the house kept watch at the loopholes until day broke and the fear was passed. Under the laws of North Carolina at that time, all the lands went to the sons of a man dying intestate, and Bledsoe's wealth consisted almost exclusively in great tracts of land. As he lay dying in his cabin, his sister suggested to him that unless he made a will he would leave his seven daughters penniless; and so the will was drawn, and the old frontiersman signed it just before he drew his last breath, leaving each of his children provided with a share of his land.

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[1] *Ibid.*, p. 521. McGillivray's letter of April 17, 1788.

[2] State Department MSS., No. 71, vol. II, p. 625. McGillivray's letter of April 15, 1788.

[3] Robertson MSS. McGillivray to Robertson, December 1, 1788. This letter contains the cautious, non-committal answer to Robertson's letter in which the latter proposed that Cumberland should be put under Spanish protection; the letter itself McGillivray had forwarded to the Spaniards.

In the following year, 1789, Robertson himself had a narrow escape. He was at work with some of his field-hands in a clearing. One man was on guard and became alarmed at some sound; Robertson snatched up his gun, and, while he was peering into the woods, the Indians fired on him. He ran toward the station and escaped, but only at the cost of a bullet through the foot. Immediately sixty mounted riflemen gathered at Robertson's station, and set out after the fleeing Indians; but finding that in the thick wood they did not gain on their foes, and were hampered by their horses, twenty picked men were sent ahead. Among these twenty men was fierce, moody young Andrew Jackson. They found the Indians in camp, at daybreak, but fired from too great a distance; they killed one, wounded others, and scattered the rest, who left sixteen guns behind them in their flight.[2]

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[1] Putnam, 298.

[2] Haywood, 244.

During these two years many people were killed, both in the settlements, on the trail through the woods, and on the Tennessee River, as they drifted downstream in their boats. As always in these contests the innocent suffered with the guilty. The hideous border ruffians, the brutal men who murdered peaceful Indians in times of truce, and butchered squaws and children in time of war, fared no worse than unoffending settlers or men of mark who had been stanch friends of the Indian peoples. The legislatures of the seaboard States, and Congress itself, passed laws to punish men who committed outrages on the Indians, but they could not be executed. Often the border people themselves interfered to prevent such outrages, or expressed disapproval of them, and rescued the victims; but they never visited the criminals with the stern and ruthless punishment which alone would have availed to check the crimes. For this failure they must receive hearty condemnation, and be adjudged to have forfeited much of the respect to which they were otherwise entitled by their strong traits, and their deeds of daring. In the same way, but to an even greater degree, the peaceful Indians always failed to punish or restrain their brethren who were bent on murder and plunder; and the braves who went on the war-path made no discrimination between good and bad, strong and weak, man and woman, young and old.

One of the sufferers was General Joseph Martin, who had always been a firm friend of the red race, and had earnestly striven to secure justice for them.[1] He had gone for a few days to his plantation on the borders of Georgia, and during his visit the place was attacked by a Creek war-party. They drove away his horses and wounded his overseer; but he managed to get into his house and stood at bay, shooting one warrior and beating off the others.

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[1] *American State Papers,* Indian Affairs, vol. I, Martin to Knox, Jaunary 15, 1789.

Among many attacks on the boats that went down the Tennessee it happens that a full record has been kept of one. A North Carolinian, named Brown, had served in the Revolutionary War with the troop of Light-Horse Harry Lee, and had received in payment a land certificate. Under this certificate he entered several tracts of Western land, including some on the Cumberland; and in the spring of 1788 he started by boat down the Tennessee, to take possession of his claims. He took with him his wife and his seven children; and three or four young men also went along. When they reached the Chickamauga towns the Indians swarmed out toward them in canoes. On Brown's boat was a swivel, and with this and the rifles of the men they might have made good their defense, but as soon as the Indians saw them preparing for resistance they halted and hailed the crew, shouting that they were peaceful and that in consequence of the recent Holston treaties war had ceased between the white man and the red. Brown was not used to Indians; he was deceived, and before he made up his mind what to do the Indians were alongside, and many of them came aboard.[1] They then seized the boat and massacred the men, while the mother and children were taken ashore and hurried off in various directions by the Indians who claimed to have captured them. One of the boys, Joseph, long afterward wrote an account of his captivity. He was not treated with deliberate cruelty, though he suffered now and then from the casual barbarity of some of his captors, and toiled like an ordinary slave. Once he was doomed to death by a party of Indians, who made him undress, so as to avoid bloodying his clothes; but they abandoned this purpose through fear of his owner, a half-breed and a dreaded warrior, who had killed many whites.

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[1] "Narrative" of Colonel Joseph Brown, *Southwestern Monthly*, Nashville, 1851, I, p. 14. The story was told when Brown was a very old man, and doubtless some of the details are inaccurate.

After about a year's captivity, Joseph and his mother and sisters were all released, though at different times. Their release was brought about by Sevier. When, in the fall of 1788, a big band of Creeks and Cherokees took Gillespie's station, on Little River, a branch of the upper Tennessee, they carried off a score of women and children. The four highest chiefs, headed by one with the appropriate name of Bloody Fellow, left behind a note addressed to Sevier and Martin, in which they taunted the whites with their barbarities, and especially with the murder of the friendly Cherokee chief Tassel, and warned them to move off the Indian land.[1] In response, Sevier made one of his swift raids, destroyed an Indian town on the Coosa River, and took prisoners a large number of Indian women and children. These were well treated, but were carefully guarded, and were exchanged for the white women and children who were in captivity among the Indians. The Browns were among the fortunate people who were thus rescued from the horrors of Indian slavery. It is small wonder that the rough frontier people, whose wives and little ones, friends and neighbors, were in such manner rescued by Nolichucky Jack, should have looked with leniency on their daring leader's shortcomings, even when these shortcomings took the form of failure to prevent or punish the massacre of friendly Indians.

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[1] Ramsey, 519.

The ravages of the Indians were precisely the same in character that they had always been, and always were until peace was won. There was the usual endless succession of dwellings burned, horses driven off, settlers slain while hunting or working, and immigrant parties ambushed and destroyed; and there was the same ferocious retaliation when opportunity offered. When Robertson's hopes of peace gave out he took steps to keep the militia in constant readiness to meet the foe; for he was the military commander of the district. The county lieutenants—there were now several counties on the Cumberland—were ordered to see that their men were well mounted and ready to march at a moment's notice; and were warned that this was a duty to which they must attend themselves, and not delegate it to their subalterns. The laws were to be strictly enforced; and the subalterns were promptly to notify their men of the time and place to meet. Those who failed to attend would be fined by court martial. Frequent private musters were to be held; and each man was to keep ready a good gun, nine charges of powder and ball, and a spare flint. It was especially ordered that every marauding band should be followed; for thus some would be overtaken and signally punished, which would be a warning to the others.[1]

The wrath of the Creeks was directed chiefly against the Georgians. The Georgians were pushing steadily westward, and were grasping the Creek hunting-grounds with ferocious greed. They had repeatedly endeavored to hold treaties with the Creeks. On each occasion the chiefs and warriors of a few towns met them, and either declined to do anything, or else signed an agreement which they had no power to enforce. A sample treaty of this kind was that entered into at Galphinton in 1785. The Creeks had been solemnly summoned to meet representatives both of the Federal Congress and of Georgia; but on the appointed day only two towns out of a hundred were represented. The Federal Commissioners thereupon declined to enter into negotiations; but those from Georgia persevered. By presents and strong drink they procured, and their government eagerly accepted, a large cession of land to which the two towns in question had no more title than was vested in all the others. The treaty was fraudulent. The Georgians knew that the Creeks who signed it were giving away what they did not possess; while the Indian signers cared only to get the goods they were offered, and were perfectly willing to make all kinds of promises, inasmuch as they had no intention whatever of keeping any of them. The other Creeks immediately repudiated the transaction, and the war dragged on its course of dismal savagery, growing fiercer year by year, and being waged on nearly even terms.[1]

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[1] Robertson MSS., General Orders, April 5, 1789.

Soon after the Constitution went into effect the National Government made a vigorous effort to conclude peace on a stable basis. Commissioners were sent to the Southern Indians. Under their persuasion McGillivray and the leading kings and chiefs of the Muscogee confederacy came to New York and there entered into a solemn treaty. In this treaty the Creeks acknowledged the United States, to the exclusion of Spain, as the sole power with which they could treat; they covenanted to keep faith and friendship with the Americans; and in return for substantial payments and guaranties they agreed to cede some lands to the Georgians, though less than was claimed under the treaty of Galphinton.

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[1] *American State Papers,* Indian Affairs, vol. I, p. 15.

This treaty was solemnly entered into by the recognized chiefs and leaders of the Creeks; and the Americans fondly hoped that it would end hostilities. It did nothing of the kind. Though the terms were very favorable to the Indians, so much so as to make the frontiersmen grumble, the Creeks scornfully repudiated the promises made on their behalf by their authorized representatives. Their motive in going to war, and keeping up the war, was not so much anger at the encroachments of the whites as the eager thirst for glory, scalps, and plunder, to be won at the expense of the settlers. The war-parties raided the frontier as freely as ever.[1] The simple truth was that the Creeks could be kept quiet only when cowed by physical fear. If the white men did not break the treaties, then the red men did. It is idle to dispute about the rights or wrongs of the contests. Two peoples, in two stages of culture which were separated by untold ages, stood face to face; one or the other had to perish, and the whites went forward from sheer necessity.

Throughout these years of Indian warfare the influx of settlers into the Holston and Cumberland regions steadily continued. Men in search of homes, or seeking to acquire fortunes by the purchase of wild lands, came more and more freely to the Cumberland country as the settlers therein increased in number and became better able to cope with and repel their savage foes. The settlements on the Holston grew with great rapidity as soon as the Franklin disturbances were at an end. As the people increased in military power, they increased also in material comfort and political stability. The crude social life deepened and broadened.

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[1] Robertson MSS., Williamson to Robertson, August 2, 1789, and August 7, 1790. *American State Papers*, Indian Affairs, I, 81. Milfort, 131, 142.

Comfortable homes began to appear among the huts and hovels of the little towns. The outlying settlers still lived in wooden forts or stations; but where the population was thicker the terror of the Indians diminished, and the people lived in the ordinary style of frontier farmers.

Early in 1790, North Carolina finally ceded, and the National Government finally accepted, what is now Tennessee; and in May, Congress passed a law for the government of this Territory southwest of the River Ohio, as they chose to call it. This law followed on the general lines of the Ordinance of 1787, for the government of the Northwest; but there was one important difference. North Carolina had made her cession conditional upon the non-passage of any law tending to emancipate slaves. At that time such a condition was inevitable; but it doomed the Southwest to suffer under the curse of negro bondage.

William Blount, of North Carolina, was appointed governor of the Territory, and at once proceeded to his new home to organize the civil government.[1] He laid out Knoxville as his capital, where he built a good house with a lawn in front. On his recommendation, Sevier was appointed brigadier-general for the Eastern District and Robertson for the Western—the two districts known as Washington and Miro, respectively.

Blount was the first man of leadership in the West who was of Cavalier ancestry; for though so much is said of the Cavalier type in the Southern States it was everywhere insignificant in numbers, and comparatively few of the Southern men of mark have belonged to it. Blount was really of Cavalier blood. He was descended from a royalist baronet, who was roughly handled by the Cromwellians, and whose three sons came to America. One of them settled in North Carolina, near Albemarle Sound, and from him came the new governor of the southwestern Territory. Blount was a good-looking, well-bred man, with cultivated tastes; but he was also a man of force and energy, who knew well how to get on with the backwoodsmen, so that he soon became popular among them.

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[1] Blount MSS. Biography of Blount, in manuscript, compiled by one of his descendants from the family papers.

The West had grown with astonishing rapidity during the seven years following the close of the Revolutionary War. In 1790, there were in Kentucky nearly seventy-four thousand, and in the Southwest Territory nearly thirty-six thousand souls. In the Northwest Territory the period of rapid growth had not yet begun, and the old French inhabitants still formed the majority of the population.

The changes during these seven years had been vital. In the West, as elsewhere through the Union, the years succeeding the triumphant close of the Revolution were those which determined whether the victory was or was not worth winning. To throw off the yoke of the stranger was useless and worse than useless if we showed ourselves unable to turn to good account the freedom we had gained. Unless we could build up a great nation, and unless we possessed the power and self-restraint to frame an orderly and stable government, and to live under its laws when framed, the long years of warfare against the armies of the king were wasted and went for naught.

At the close of the Revolution the West was seething with sedition. There were three tasks before the Westerners; all three had to be accomplished, under pain of utter failure. It was their duty to invade and tame the shaggy wilderness; to drive back the Indians and their European allies, and to erect free governments which should form parts of the indissoluble Union. If the spirit of sedition, of lawlessness, and of wild individualism and separatism had conquered, then our history would merely have anticipated the dismal tale of the Spanish-American republics.

Viewed from this standpoint the history of the West during these eventful years has a special and peculiar interest. The inflow of the teeming throng of settlers was the most striking feature; but it was no more important than the half-seen struggle in which the Union party finally triumphed over the restless strivers for disunion. The extent and reality of the danger are shown by the numerous separatist movements. The intrigues in which so many of the leaders engaged with Spain, for the purpose of setting up barrier States, in some degree feudatory to the Spaniards; the movement in Kentucky for violent separation from Virginia, and the more secret movement for separation from the United States; the turbulent career of the commonwealth of Franklin; the attitude of isolation of interest from all their neighbors assumed by the Cumberland settlers—all these various movements and attitudes were significant of the looseness of the Federal tie, and were ominous of the anarchic violence, weakness, and misrule which would have followed the breaking of that tie.

The career of Franklin gave the clearest glimpse of what might have been; for it showed the gradual breaking down of law and order, the rise of factions ready to appeal to arms for success, the bitter broils with neighboring States, the reckless readiness to provoke war with the Indians, unheeding their rights or the woes such wars caused other frontier communities, and finally the entire willingness of the leaders to seek foreign aid when their cause was declining. Had not the Constitution been adopted, and a more perfect union been thus called into being, the history of the State of Franklin would have been repeated in fifty communities from the Alleghanies to the Pacific coast; only these little States, instead of dying in the bud, would have gone through a rank flowering period of bloody and aimless revolutions, of silly and ferocious warfare against their neighbors, and of degrading alliance with the foreigner. From these and a hundred other woes the West no less than the East was saved by the knitting together of the States into a nation.

This knitting process passed through its first and most critical stage, in the West, during the period intervening between the close of the war for independence, and the year which saw the organization of the Southwest into a Territory ruled under the laws, and by the agent, of the National Government. During this time no step was taken toward settling the question of boundary-lines with our British and Spanish neighbors; that remained as it had been, the Americans never abandoning claims which they had not yet the power to enforce, and which their antagonists declined to yield. Neither were the Indian wars settled; on the contrary, they had become steadily more serious, though for the first time a definite solution was promised by the active interference of the National Government. But a vast change had been made by the inflow of population; and an even vaster by the growing solidarity of the Western settlements with one another, and with the Central Government. The settlement of the Northwest, so different in some of its characteristics from the settlement of the

Southwest, had begun. Kentucky was about to become a State of the Union. The Territories north and south of it were organized as part of the domain of the United States. The West was no longer a mere wilderness dotted with cabins and hamlets, whose backwoods builders were held by but the loosest tie of allegiance to any government, even their own. It had become an integral part of the mighty American Republic.

CHAPTER IV

ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT

1791

THE backwoods folk, the stark hunters and tree-fellers, and the war-worn regulars who fought beside them in the forest, pushed ever westward the frontier of the Republic. Year after year each group of rough settlers and rough soldiers wrought its part in the great epic of wilderness conquest.

The people that for one or more generations finds its allotted task in the conquest of a continent has before it the possibility of splendid victory, and the certainty of incredible toil, suffering, and hardship. The opportunity is great indeed; but the chance of disaster is even greater. Success is for a mighty race, in its vigorous and masterful prime. It is an opportunity such as is offered to an army by a struggle against a powerful foe; only by great effort can defeat be avoided, but triumph means lasting honor and renown.

As it is in the battle, so it is in the infinitely greater contests where the fields of fight are continents, and the ages form the measure of time. In actual life the victors win in spite of brutal blunders and repeated checks. Watched near by, while the fight stamps to and fro, the doers and the deeds stand out naked and ugly. We see all too clearly the blood and sweat, the craft and cunning and blind luck, the raw cruelty and stupidity, the shortcomings of heart and hand, the mad abuse of victory. Strands of meanness and cowardice are everywhere shot through the warp of lofty and generous daring. There are failures bitter and shameful side by side with feats of triumphant prowess. Of those who venture in the contest some achieve success; others strive feebly and fail ignobly.

If a race is weak, if it is lacking in the physical and moral traits which go to the make-up of a conquering people, it cannot succeed. For three hundred years the Portuguese possessed footholds in South Africa; but they left to the English and Dutch the task of building free communities able to hold in fact as well as in name the country south of the Zambesi. Temperate South America is as fertile and healthy for the white man as temperate North America, and is so much less in extent as to offer a far simpler problem of conquest and settlement; yet the Spaniard, who came to the Plata two centuries before the American backwoodsman reached the Mississippi, scarcely made as much progress in a decade as his Northern rival did in a year.

The task must be given the race just at the time when it is ready for the undertaking. The whole future of the world would have been changed had the period of transoceanic expansion among the nations of Europe begun at a time when the Scandinavians or Germans were foremost in sea-trade and sea-war—if it had begun when the fleets of the Norsemen threatened all coasts, or when the Hanseatic league was in its prime. But in the actual event the days of Scandinavian supremacy at sea resulted in no spread of the Scandinavian tongue or culture; and the temporary maritime prosperity of the North German cities bore no permanent fruit of conquest for the German people. The only nations that profited by the expansion beyond the seas, and that built up in alien continents vast commonwealths, with the law, the language, the creed, and the culture, no less than the blood, of the parent stocks, were those that during the centuries of expansion, possessed power on the ocean—Spain, Portugal, France, Holland, and, above all, England.

Even a strong race, in its prime, and given the task at the right moment, usually fails to perform it; for at the moment the immense importance of the opportunity is hardly ever understood, while the selfish interests of the individual and the generation are opposed to the interest of the race as a whole. Only the most far-seeing and high-minded statesmen can grasp the real weight, from the race standpoint, of the possibilities which to the men of their day seem so trivial. The conquest and settlement rarely take place save under seldom-occurring conditions, which happen to bring about identity of interest between the individual and the race. Dutch seamen knew the coasts of Australia and New Zealand generations before they were settled by the English, and had the people of Holland willed to take possession of them, the Dutch would now be one of the leading races of mankind; but they preferred the immediate gains to be derived from the ownership of the trade with the Spice Islands; and so, for the unimportant overlordship of a few patches of tropical soil, they bartered the chance of building a giant Dutch Republic in the South Seas. Had the Swedish successors of Gustavus Adolphus devoted their energies to colonization in America, instead of squabbling with Slavs and Germans for one or two wretched Baltic provinces, they could undoubtedly have built up in the New World a Sweden tenfold greater than that in the Old. If France had sent to her possessions in America as many colonists as she sent soldiers to war for petty townships in Germany and Italy, the French would now be masters of half the territory north of the Rio Grande. England alone, because of a combination of causes, was able to use aright the chances given her for the conquest and settlement of the world's waste spaces; and in consequence the English-speaking peoples now have before them a future more important than that of all the Continental European peoples combined.

It is natural that most nations should be thus blind to the possibilities of the future. Few indeed are the men who can look a score of years into the future, and fewer still those who will make great sacrifices for the real, not the fancied, good of their children's children; but in questions of race supremacy the look-ahead should be for centuries rather than decades, and the self-sacrifice of the individual must be for the good not of the next generation but perchance of the fourth or fifth in line of descent. The Frenchman and the Hollander of the seventeenth century could not even dimly see the possibilities that loomed vast and vague in the colonization of America and Australia; they did not have, and it was hardly possible that they should have, the remotest idea that it would be well for them to surrender, one the glory gained by his German conquests, the other the riches reaped from his East Indian trade, in order that three hundred years later huge unknown continents should be filled with French and Dutch commonwealths. No nation, taken as a whole, can ever see so far into the future; no nation, even if it could see such a future, would ever sacrifice so much to win it. Hitherto each race in turn has expanded only because the interests of a certain number of individuals of many succeeding generations have made them active and vigorous agents in the work of expansion.

This indifference on the part of individuals to the growth of the race is often nearly as marked in new as in old communities, although the very existence of these new communities depends upon that growth. It is strange to see how the new settlers in the new land tend to turn their faces, not toward the world before them, but toward the world they have left behind. Many of them, perhaps most, wish rather to take parts in the struggles of the old civilized powers, than to do their share in laying the obscure but gigantic foundations of the empires of the future. The New Englander who was not personally interested in the lands beyond the Alleghanies often felt indifferent or hostile to the growth of the transmontane America; and in their turn these over-mountain men, these Kentuckians and Tennesseeans, were concerned to obtain a port at the mouth of the Mississippi rather than the right to move westward to the Pacific. There were more men in the new communities than in the old who saw, however imperfectly, the grandeur of the opportunity and of the race-destiny; but there were always very many who did their share in working out their destiny grudgingly and under protest. The race as a whole, in its old homes and its new, learns the lesson with such difficulty that it can scarcely be said to be learnt at all until success or failure has done away with the need of learning it. But in the case of our own people, it has fortunately happened that the concurrence of the interests of the individual and of the whole organism has been normal throughout most of its history.

The attitude of the United States and Great Britain, as they faced one another in the Western wilderness at the beginning of the year 1791, is but another illustration of the truth of this fact. The British held the lake posts, and more or less actively supported the Indians in their efforts to bar the Americans from the Northwest. Nominally, they held the posts because the Americans had themselves left unfulfilled some of the conditions of the treaty of peace; but this was felt not to be the real reason, and the Americans loudly protested that their conduct was due to sheer hatred of the young Republic. The explanation was simpler. The British had no far-reaching design to prevent the spread and growth of the English-speaking people on the American continent. They cared nothing, one way or the other, for that spread and growth, and it is unlikely that they wasted a moment's thought on the ultimate future of the race. All that they desired was to preserve the very valuable fur trade of the region round the Great Lakes for their own benefit. They were acting from the motives of self-interest that usually control nations; and it never entered their heads to balance against these immediate interests the future of a nation many of whose members were to them mere foreigners.

The majority of the Americans, on their side, were exceedingly loath to enter into aggressive war with the Indians; but were reluctantly forced into the contest by the necessity of supporting the backwoodsmen. The frontier was pushed westward, not because the leading statesmen of America, or the bulk of the American people, foresaw the continental greatness of this country or strove for such greatness; but because the bordermen of the West, and the adventurous land speculators of the East, were personally interested in acquiring new territory, and because, against their will, the governmental representatives of the nation were finally forced to make the interests of the Westerners their own. The people of the seaboard, the leaders of opinion in the coast towns and old-settled districts, were inclined to look eastward, rather than westward. They were interested in the quarrels of the Old World nations; they were immediately concerned in the rights of the fisheries they jealously shared with England, or the trade they sought to secure with Spain. They did not covet the Indian lands. They had never heard of the Rocky Mountains—nobody had as yet—they cared as little for the Missouri as for the Congo, and they thought of the Pacific slope as a savage country, only to be reached by an ocean voyage longer than the voyage to India. They believed that they were entitled, under the treaty, to the country between the Alleghanies and the Great Lakes; but they were quite content to see the Indians remain in actual occupancy, and they had no desire to spend men and money in driving them out. Nevertheless, they were even less disposed to proceed to extremities against their own people, who in very fact were driving out the Indians; and this was the only alternative, for in the end they had to side with one or the other set of combatants.

The governmental authorities of the newly created Republic shared these feelings. They felt no hunger for the Indian lands, they felt no desire to stretch their boundaries and thereby add to their already heavy burdens and responsibilities. They wished to do strict justice to the Indians; the treaties they held with them were carried on with scrupulous fairness and were honorably lived up to by the United States officials. They strove to keep peace, and made many efforts to persuade the frontiersmen to observe the Indian boundary-lines, and not to intrude on the territory in dispute; and they were quite unable to foresee the rapidity of the nation's westward growth. Like the people of the Eastern seaboard, the men high in governmental authority were apt to look upon the frontiersmen with feelings dangerously akin to dislike and suspicion. Nor were these feelings wholly unjustifiable. The men who settle in a new country, and begin subduing the wilderness, plunge back into the very conditions from which the race has raised itself by the slow toil of ages. The conditions cannot but tell upon them. Inevitably, and for more than one lifetime—perhaps for several generations—they tend to retrograde, instead of advancing. They drop away from the standard which highly civilized nations have reached. As with harsh and dangerous labor they bring the new land up toward the level of the old, they themselves partly revert to their ancestral conditions; they sink back toward the state of their ages-dead barbarian forefathers. Few observers can see beyond this temporary retrogression into the future for which it is a preparation. There is small cause for wonder in the fact that so many of the leaders of Eastern thought looked with coldness upon the effort of the Westerners to push north of the Ohio.

Yet it was these Western frontiersmen who were the real and vital factors in the solution of the problems which so annoyed the British Monarchy and the American Republic. They eagerly craved the Indian lands; they would not be denied entrance to the thinly peopled territory wherein they intended to make homes for themselves and their children. Rough, masterful, lawless, they were neither daunted by the prowess of the red warriors whose wrath they braved, nor awed by the displeasure of the government whose solemn engagements they violated. The enormous extent of the frontier dividing the white settler from the savage, and the tangled inaccessibility of the country in which it everywhere lay, rendered it as difficult for the national authorities to control the frontiersmen as it was to chastise the Indians.

If the separation of interests between the thickly settled East and the sparsely settled West had been complete it may be that the East would have refused outright to support the West, in which case the advance would have been very slow and halting. But the separation was not complete. The frontiersmen were numerically important in some of the States, as in Virginia, Georgia, and even Pennsylvania and New York; and under a democratic system of government this meant that these States were more or less responsive to their demands. It was greatly to the interest of the frontiersmen that their demands should be gratified, while other citizens had no very concrete concern in the matter one way or the other. In addition to this, and even more important was the fact that there were large classes of the population everywhere who felt much sense of identity with the frontiersmen, and sympathized with them. The fathers or grandfathers of these peoples had themselves been frontiersmen, and they were still under the influences of the traditions which told of a constant march westward through the vast forests, and a no less constant warfare with a hostile savagery. Moreover, in many of the communities there were people whose kinsmen or friends had gone to the border; and the welfare of these adventurers was a matter of more or less interest to those who had stayed behind. Finally, and most important of all, though the nation might be lukewarm originally, and might wish to prevent the settlers from trespassing on the Indian lands or entering into an Indian war, yet when the war had become of real moment and when victory was doubtful, the national power was sure to be used in favor of the hard-pressed pioneers. At first the authorities at the national capital would blame the whites, and try to temporize and make new treaties, or even threaten to drive back the settlers with a strong hand; but when the ravages of the Indians had become serious, when the bloody details were sent to homes in every part of the Union by letter after letter from the border, when the little newspapers began to publish accounts of the worst atrocities, when the county lieutenants of the frontier counties were clamoring for help, when the congressmen from the frontier districts were appealing to Congress, and the governors of the States whose frontiers were molested were appealing to the President—then the feeling of race and national kinship rose, and the government no longer hesitated to support in every way the hard-pressed wilderness vanguard of the American people.

The situation had reached this point by the year 1791. For seven years the Federal authorities had been vainly endeavoring to make some final settlement of the question by entering into treaties with the northwestern and southwestern tribes. In the earlier treaties the delegates from the Continental Congress asserted that the United States were invested with the fee of all the land claimed by the Indians. In the later treaties the Indian proprietorship of the lands was conceded.[1] This concession at the time seemed important to the whites; but the Indians probably never understood that there had been any change of attitude; nor did it make any practical difference, for, whatever the theory might be, the lands had eventually to be won, partly by whipping the savages in fight, partly by making it better worth their while to remain at peace than to go to war.

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[1] *American State Papers,* vol. IV, Indian Affairs, I, p. 13. Letter of H. Knox, June 15, 1789. This is the lettering on the back of the volume, and for convenience it will be used in referring to it.

The Federal officials under whose authority these treaties were made had no idea of the complexity of the problem. In 1789 the secretary of war, the New Englander Knox, solemnly reported to the President that, if the treaties were only observed and the Indians conciliated, they would become attached to the United States, and the expense of managing them, for the next half-century, would be only some fifteen thousand dollars a year.[1] He probably represented, not unfairly, the ordinary Eastern view of the matter. He had not the slightest idea of the rate at which the settlements were increasing, though he expected that tracts of Indian territory would from time to time be acquired. He made no allowance for a growth so rapid that within the half-century six or eight populous States were to stand within the Indian-owned wilderness of his day. He utterly failed to grasp the central features of the situation, which were that the settlers needed the land, and were bound to have it, within a few years; and that the Indians would not give it up, under no matter what treaty, without an appeal to arms.

In the South the United States Commissioners, in endeavoring to conclude treaties with the Creeks and Cherokees, had been continually hampered by the attitude of Georgia and the Franklin frontiersmen. The Franklin men made war and peace with the Cherokees just as they chose, and utterly refused to be bound by the treaties concluded on behalf of the United States. Georgia played the same part with regard to the Creeks.

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[1] *American State Papers*, vol. IV, Indian Affairs, I, p. 12.

The Georgian authorities paid no heed whatever to the desires of Congress, and negotiated on their own account a series of treaties with the Creeks at Augusta, Galphinton, and Shoulderbone, in 1783, 1785, and 1786. But these treaties amounted to nothing, for nobody could tell exactly which towns or tribes owned a given tract of land, or what individuals were competent to speak for the Indians as a whole; the Creeks and Cherokees went through the form of surrendering the same territory on the Oconee.[1] The Georgians knew that the Indians with whom they treated had no power to surrender the lands; but all they wished was some shadowy color of title, that might serve as an excuse for their seizing the coveted territory. On the other hand, the Creeks, loudly though they declaimed against the methods of the Georgian treaty-makers, themselves shamelessly disregarded the solemn engagements which their authorized representatives made with the United States. Moreover, their murderous forays on the Georgian settlers were often as unprovoked as were the aggressions of the brutal Georgia borderers.

The Creeks were prompt to seize every advantage given by the impossibility of defining the rights of the various component parts of their loosely knit confederacy. They claimed or disclaimed responsibility, as best suited their plans for the moment. When, at Galphinton, two of the Creek towns signed away a large tract of territory, McGillivray, the famous half-breed, and the other chiefs loudly protested that the land belonged to the whole confederacy, and that the separate towns could do nothing save by consent of all. But in May, 1787, a party of Creeks from the upper towns made an unprovoked foray into Georgia, killed two settlers, and carried off a negro and fourteen horses; the militia who followed them attacked the first Indians they fell in with—who happened to be from the lower towns—and killed twelve; whereupon the same chiefs disavowed all responsibility for the deeds of the upper-town warriors, and demanded the immediate surrender of the militia who had killed the lower-town people—to the huge indignation of the governor of Georgia.[1]

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, 15. Letter of Knox, July 6, 1789.

The United States Commissioners were angered by the lawless greed with which the Georgians grasped at the Indian lands; and they soon found that though the Georgians were always ready to clamor for help from the United States against the Indians, in the event of hostilities, they were equally prompt to defy the United States authorities if the latter strove to obtain justice for the Indians, or if the treaties concluded by the Federal and the State authorities seemed likely to conflict.[2] The commissioners were at first much impressed by the letters sent them by McGillivray, and the "talks" they received through the Scotch, French, and English half-breed interpreters[3] from the outlandishly named Muscogee chiefs—the Hallowing King of the War Towns, the Fat King of the White or Peace Towns, the White Bird King, the Mad Dog King, and many more. But they soon found that the Creeks were quite as much to blame as the Georgians, and were playing fast and loose with the United States, promising to enter into treaties, and then refusing to attend; their flagrant and unprovoked breaches of faith causing intense anger and mortification to the commissioners, whose patient efforts to serve them were so ill rewarded.[1] Moreover, to offset the Indian complaints of lands taken from them under fraudulent treaties, the Georgians submitted lists[2] of hundreds of whites and blacks killed, wounded, or captured, and of thousands of horses, horned cattle, and hogs butchered or driven off by Indian war-parties. The puzzled commissioners having at first been inclined to place the blame of the failure of peace negotiations on the Georgians, next shifted the responsibility to McGillivray, reporting that the Creeks were strongly in favor of peace. The event proved that they were in error; for after McGillivray and his fellow chiefs had come to New York, in the summer of 1790, and concluded a solemn treaty of peace, the Indians whom they nominally represented refused to be bound by it in any way, and continued without a change their war of rapine and murder.

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, 31, 32, 33. Letter of Governor Matthews, August 4, 1787; etc.

[2] *Ibid.*, 49. Letter of Benjamin Hawkins and Andrew Pickens, December 30, 1785.

[3] *Ibid.*, *e. g.*, the letter of Galphin and Douzeazeaux, June 14, 1787.

In truth, the red men were as little disposed as the white to accept a peace on any terms that were possible. The secretary of war, who knew nothing of Indians by actual contact, wrote that it would be indeed pleasing "to a philosophic mind to reflect that, instead of exterminating a part of the human race by our modes of population . . . we had imparted our knowledge of cultivation and the arts to the aboriginals of the country," thus preserving and civilizing them;[3] and the public men who represented districts remote from the frontier shared these views of large, though vague, beneficence. But neither the white frontiersmen nor their red antagonists possessed "philosophic minds." They represented two stages of progress, ages apart; and it would have needed many centuries to bring the lower to the level of the higher. Both sides recognized the fact that their interests were incompatible; and that the question of their clashing rights had to be settled by the strong hand.

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, 74, September 26, 1789.

[2] *Ibid.*, 77, October 5, 1789.

[3] *Ibid.*, 53, 57, 60, 77, 79, 81, etc.

In the Northwest matters culminated sooner than in the Southwest. The Georgians, and the settlers along the Tennessee and Cumberland, were harassed rather than seriously menaced by the Creek war-parties; but in the North the more dangerous Indians of the Miami, the Wabash, and the lakes gathered in bodies so large as fairly to deserve the name of armies. Moreover, the pressure of the white advance was far heavier in the North. The pioneers who settled in the Ohio basin were many times as numerous as those who settled on the lands west of the Oconee and north of the Cumberland, and were fed from States much more populous. The advance was stronger, the resistance more desperate; naturally, the open break occurred where the strain was most intense.

There was fierce border warfare in the South. In the North there were regular campaigns carried on, and pitched battles fought, between Federal armies as large as those commanded by Washington at Trenton or Greene at Eutaw Springs, and bodies of Indian warriors more numerous than had ever yet appeared on any single field.

The newly created government of the United States was very reluctant to make formal war on the northwestern Indians. Not only were President Washington and the National Congress honorably desirous of peace, but they were hampered for funds, and dreaded any extra expense. Nevertheless, they were forced into war. Throughout the years 1789 and 1790 an increasing volume of appeals for help came from the frontier countries. The governor of the Northwestern Territory, the brigadier-general of the troops on the Ohio, the members of the Kentucky Convention, and all the county lieutenants of Kentucky, the lieutenants of the frontier counties of Virginia proper, the representatives from the counties, the field-officers of the different districts, the General Assembly of Virginia, all sent bitter complaints and long catalogues of injuries to the President, the secretary of war, and the two houses of Congress—complaints which were redoubled after Harmar's failure. With heavy hearts the national authorities prepared for war.[1]

Their decision was justified by the redoubled fury of the Indian raids during the early part of 1791. Among others, the settlements near Marietta were attacked, a day or two after the new year began, in bitter winter weather. A dozen persons, including a woman and two children, were killed, and five men were taken prisoners. The New England settlers, though brave and hardy, were unused to Indian warfare. They were taken completely by surprise, and made no effective resistance; the only Indian hurt was wounded with a hatchet by the wife of a frontier hunter in the employ of the company.[2] There were some twenty-five Indians in the attacking-party; they were Wyandots and Delawares, who had been mixing on friendly terms with the settlers throughout the preceding summer, and so knew how best to deliver the assault. The settlers had not only treated these Indians with much kindness, but had never wronged any of the red race; and had been lulled into a foolish feeling of security by the apparent good-will of the treacherous foes. The assault was made in the twilight, on the 2d of January, the Indians crossing the frozen Muskingum and stealthily approaching a blockhouse and two or three cabins. The inmates were frying meat for supper, and did not suspect harm, offering food to the Indians; but the latter, once they were within doors, dropped the garb of friendliness and shot or tomahawked all save a couple of men who escaped and the five who were made prisoners. The captives were all taken to the Miami, or Detroit, and as usual were treated with much kindness and humanity by the British officers and traders with whom they came in contact. McKee, the British Indian agent, who was always ready to incite the savages to war against the Americans as a nation, but who was quite as ready to treat them kindly as individuals, ransomed one prisoner; the latter went to his Massachusetts home to raise the amount of his ransom, and returned to Detroit to refund it to his generous rescuer. Another prisoner was ransomed by a Detroit trader, and worked out his ransom in Detroit itself. Yet another was redeemed from captivity by the famous Iroquois chief Brant, who was ever a terrible and implacable foe, but a great-hearted and kindly victor. The fourth prisoner died; while the Indians took so great a liking to the fifth that they would not let him go, but adopted him into the tribe, made him dress as they did, and, in a spirit of pure friendliness, pierced his ears and nose. After Wayne's treaty he was released, and returned to Marietta to work at his trade as a stone-mason, his bored nose and slit ears serving as mementos of his captivity.

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[1] *American State Papers,* IV, 83, 94, 109, 111.

[2] "The American Pioneer," II, 110. *American State Papers,* IV, 122.

The squalid little town of Cincinnati also suffered from the Indian war-parties in the spring of this year,[1] several of the townspeople being killed by the savages, who grew so bold that they lurked through the streets at nights, and lay in ambush in the gardens where the garrison of Fort Washington raised their vegetables. One of the Indian attacks, made upon a little palisaded "station," which had been founded by a man named Dunlop, some seventeen miles from Cincinnati, was noteworthy because of an act of not uncommon cruelty by the Indians. In the station there were some regulars. Aided by the settlers, they beat back their foes; whereupon the enraged savages brought one of their prisoners within earshot of the walls and tortured him to death. The torture began at midnight, and the screams of the wretched victim were heard until daylight.[1]

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[1] "American Pioneer," II, 149.

Until this year the war was not general. One of the most bewildering problems to be solved by the Federal officers on the Ohio was to find out which tribes were friendly and which hostile. Many of the inveterate enemies of the Americans were as forward in professions of friendship as the peaceful Indians, and were just as apt to be found at the treaties, or lounging about the settlements; and this wide-spread treachery and deceit made the task of the army officers puzzling to a degree. As for the frontiersmen, who had no means whatever of telling a hostile from a friendly tribe, they followed their usual custom and lumped all the Indians, good and bad, together; for which they could hardly be blamed. Even St. Clair, who had small sympathy with the backwoodsmen, acknowledged [2] that they could not and ought not to submit patiently to the cruelties and depredations of the savages; "they are in the habit of retaliation, perhaps without attending precisely to the nations from which the injuries are received," said he. A long course of such aggressions and retaliations resulted, by the year 1791, in all the northwestern Indians going on the war-path. The hostile tribes had murdered and plundered the frontiersmen; the vengeance of the latter, as often as not, had fallen on friendly tribes; and these justly angered friendly tribes usually signalized their taking the red hatchet by some act of treacherous hostility directed against the settlers who had not molested them.

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[1] McBride, I, 88.

[2] *American State Papers*, IV, 58.

In the late winter of 1791, the hitherto friendly Delawares who hunted or traded along the Western frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia proper took this manner of showing that they had joined the open foes of the Americans. A big band of warriors spread up and down the Alleghany for about forty miles, and on the 9th of February attacked all the outlying settlements. The Indians who delivered this attack had long been on intimate terms with the Alleghany settlers, who were accustomed to see them in and about their houses; and as the savages acted with seeming friendship to the last moment, they were able to take the settlers completely unawares, so that no effective resistance was made.[1] Some settlers were killed and some captured. Among the captives was a lad named John Brickell, who, though at first maltreated and forced to run the gantlet, was afterward adopted into the tribe, and was not released until after Wayne's victory. After his adoption, he was treated with the utmost kindness and conceived a great liking for his captors, admiring their many good qualities, especially their courage and their kindness to their children. Long afterward he wrote down his experiences, which possess a certain value as giving, from the

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[1] "American Pioneer," I, 44; "Narrative" of John Brickell.

Indian standpoint, an account of some of the incidents of the forest warfare of the day.

The warriors who had engaged in this raid on their former friends, the settlers along the Alleghany, retreated two or three days' journey into the wilderness to an appointed place, where they found their families. One of the Girtys was with the Indians. No sooner had the last of the warriors come in, with their scalps and prisoners, including the boy Brickell, than ten of their number deliberately started back to Pittsburgh, to pass themselves as friendly Indians, and trade. In a fortnight they returned, laden with goods of various kinds, including whiskey. Some of the inhabitants, sore from disaster, suspected that these Indians were only masquerading as friendly, and prepared to attack them; but one of the citizens warned them of their danger and they escaped. Their effrontery was as remarkable as their treachery and duplicity. They had suddenly attacked and massacred settlers by whom they had never been harmed, and with whom they preserved an appearance of entire friendship up to the very moment of the assault. Then, their hands red with the blood of their murdered friends, they came boldly into Pittsburgh, among the near neighbors of these same murdered men, and stayed there several days to trade, pretending to be peaceful allies of the whites. With savages so treacherous and so ferocious it was a mere impossibility for the borderers to distinguish the hostile from the friendly, as they hit out blindly to revenge the blows that fell upon them from unknown hands. Brutal though the frontiersmen often were, they never employed the systematic and deliberate bad faith which was a favorite weapon with even the best of the red tribes.

The people who were out of reach of the Indian tomahawk, and especially the Federal officers, were often unduly severe in judging the borderers for their deeds of retaliation. Brickell's narrative shows that the parties of seemingly friendly Indians who came in to trade were sometimes—and indeed in this year, 1791, it was probable they were generally—composed of Indians who were engaged in active hostilities against the settlers, and who were always watching for a chance to murder and plunder. On March 9th, a month after the Delawares had begun their attacks, the grim backwoods captain, Brady, with some of his Virginian rangers, fell on a party of them who had come to a blockhouse to trade, and killed four. The Indians asserted that they were friendly, and both the Federal secretary of war and the governor of Pennsylvania denounced the deed, and threatened the offenders; but the frontiersmen stood by them.[1] Soon afterward a delegation of chiefs from the Seneca tribe of the Iroquois arrived at Fort Pitt, and sent a message to the President, complaining of the murder of these alleged friendly Indians.[2] On the very day these Seneca chiefs started on their journey home another Delaware war-party killed nine settlers, men, women, and children, within twenty miles of Fort Pitt; which so enraged the people of the neighborhood that the lives of the Senecas were jeopardized. The United States authorities were particularly anxious to keep at peace with the Six Nations, and made repeated efforts to treat with them; but the Six Nations stood sullenly aloof, afraid to enter openly into the struggle, and yet reluctant to make a firm peace or cede any of their lands.[1]

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[1] State Department MSS., *Washington Papers*, Ex. C., p. 11, etc. Presly Neville to Richard Butler, March 19, 1791; Isaac Craig to Secretary of War, March 16, 1791; Secretary of War to President, March 31, 1791.

[2] *American State Papers*, IV, 145, Cornplanter and others to the President, March 17, 1791.

The intimate relations between the Indians and the British at the lake posts continued to perplex and anger the Americans. While the frontiers were being mercilessly ravaged, the same Indians who were committing the ravages met in council with the British agent, Alexander McKee, at the Miami Rapids—the council being held in this neighborhood for the special benefit of the very towns which were most hostile to the Americans, and which had been partially destroyed by Harmar the preceding fall. The Indian war was at its height, and the murderous forays never ceased throughout the spring and summer. McKee came to Miami in April, and was forced to wait nearly three months, because of the absence of the Indian war-parties, before the principal chiefs and head men gathered to meet him. At last, on July 1st, they were all assembled; not only the Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots, Ottawas, Pottawatomies, and others who had openly taken the hatchet against the Americans, but also representatives of the Six Nations, and tribes of savages from lands so remote that they carried no guns, but warred with bows, spears, and tomahawks, and were clad in buffalo-robes instead of blankets. McKee, in his speech to them, did not incite them to war. On the contrary, he advised them, in guarded language, to make peace with the United States; but only upon terms consistent with their "honor and interest." He assured them that, whatever they did, he wished to know what they desired; and that the sole purpose of the British was to promote the welfare of the confederated Indians. Such very cautious advice was not of a kind to promote peace; and the goods furnished the savages at the council included not only cattle, corn, and tobacco, but also quantities of powder and balls.[1]

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[1] State Department MSS., *Washington Papers*, Knox to the President, April 10, 1791; *American State Papers*, IV, 139–170, 225–233, 477–482, etc.

The chief interest of the British was to preserve the fur trade for their merchants, and it was mainly for this reason that they clung so tenaciously to the lake posts. For their purposes, it was essential that the Indians should remain lords of the soil. They preferred to see the savages at peace with the Americans, provided that in this way they could keep their lands; but, whether through peace or war, they wished the lands to remain Indian, and the Americans to be barred from them. While they did not at the moment advise war, their advice to make peace was so faintly uttered, and so hedged round with conditions as to be of no weight; and they furnished the Indians not only with provisions but with munitions of war. While McKee and other British officers were at the Miami Rapids, holding councils with the Indians, and issuing to them goods and weapons, bands of braves were continually returning from forays against the American frontier, bringing in scalps and prisoners; and the wilder subjects of the British king, like the Girtys, and some of the French from Detroit, went off with the war-parties on their forays.[2] The authorities at the capital of the new Republic were deceived by the warmth with which the British insisted that they were striving to bring about a peace; but the frontiersmen were not deceived, and they were right in their belief that the British were really the mainstay and support of the Indians in their warfare.

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[1] "Canadian Archives," McKee's speech to the Indians, July 1, 1791; and Francis Lafontaine's account of sundries to Indians.

[2] *American State Papers*, IV, 196. "Narrative" of Thomas Rhea, July 2, 1791. This narrative was distrusted; but it is fully borne out by McKee's letter and the "Narrative" of Brickell. He saw Brickell, whom he calls "Brittle," at the Miami.

Peace could only be won by the unsheathed sword. Even the National Government was reluctantly driven to this view. As all the northwestern tribes were banded in open war, it was useless to let the conflict remain a succession of raids and counter-raids. Only a severe stroke, delivered by a formidable army, could cow the tribes. It was hopeless to try to deliver such a crippling blow with militia alone, and it was very difficult for the infant government to find enough money or men to equip an army composed exclusively of regulars. Accordingly, preparations were made for a campaign with a mixed force of regulars, special levies, and militia; and St. Clair, already governor of the Northwestern Territory, was put in command of the army as major-general.

Before the army was ready the Federal Government was obliged to take other measures for the defense of the border. Small bodies of rangers were raised from among the frontier militia, being paid at the usual rate for soldiers in the army, a net sum of about two dollars a month while in service. In addition, on the repeated and urgent request of the frontiersmen, a few of the most active hunters and best woodsmen, men like Brady, were enlisted as scouts, being paid six or eight times the ordinary rate. These men, because of their skill in woodcraft and their thorough knowledge of Indian fighting, were beyond comparison more valuable than ordinary militia or regulars, and were prized very highly by the frontiersmen.[1]

Besides thus organizing the local militia for defense, the President authorized the Kentuckians to undertake two offensive expeditions against the Wabash Indians so as to prevent them from giving aid to the Miami tribes, whom St. Clair was to attack. Both expeditions were carried on by bands of mounted volunteers, such as had followed Clark on his various raids. The first was commanded by Brigadier-General Charles Scott; Colonel John Hardin led his advance-guard, and Wilkinson was second in command. Toward the end of May, Scott crossed the Ohio, at the head of eight hundred horse-riflemen, and marched rapidly and secretly toward the Wabash towns. A mounted Indian discovered the advance of the Americans and gave the alarm; and so most of the Indians escaped just as the Kentucky riders fell on the town. But little resistance was offered by the surprised and outnumbered savages. Only five Americans were wounded, while of the Indians thirty-two were slain, as they fought or fled, and forty-one prisoners, chiefly women and children, were brought in, either by Scott himself or by his detachments under Hardin and Wilkinson. Several towns were destroyed, and the growing corn cut down. There were not a few French living in the town, in well-finished log houses, which were burned with the wigwams.[1] The second expedition was under the command of Wilkinson, and consisted of over five hundred men. He marched in August, and repeated Scott's feats, again burning down two or three of the towns, and destroying the goods and the crops. He lost three or four men, killed or wounded, but killed ten Indians and captured some thirty.[2] In both expeditions the volunteers behaved well and committed no barbarous act, except that in the confusion of the actual onslaught two or three non-combatants were slain. The Wabash Indians were cowed and disheartened by their punishment, and in consequence gave no aid to the Miami tribes; but beyond this the raids accomplished nothing, and brought no nearer the wished-for time of peace.

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, 107, January 5, 1791.

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, 131, Scott's Report, June 28, 1791.

[2] *Ibid.*, Wilkinson's letter, August 24, 1791.

Meanwhile, St. Clair was striving vainly to hasten the preparations for his own far more formidable task. There was much delay in forwarding him the men and the provisions and munitions. Congress hesitated and debated; the secretary of war, hampered by a newly created office and insufficient means, did not show to advantage in organizing the campaign, and was slow in carrying out his plans; while there was positive dereliction of duty on the part of the quartermaster, and the contractors proved both corrupt and inefficient. The army was often on short commons, lacking alike food for the men and fodder for the horses; the powder was poor, the axes useless, the tents and clothing nearly worthless; while the delays were so extraordinary that the troops did not make the final move from Fort Washington until mid-September.[1]

St. Clair himself was broken in health; he was a sick, weak, elderly man, high-minded and zealous to do his duty, but totally unfit for the terrible responsibilities of such an expedition against such foes. The troops were of wretched stuff. There were two small regiments of regular infantry, the rest of the army being composed of six months' levies and of militia ordered out for this particular campaign. The pay was contemptible. Each private was given three dollars a month, from which ninety cents was deducted, leaving a net payment of two dollars and ten cents a month.[2] Sergeants netted three dollars and sixty cents; while the lieutenants received twenty-two, the captains thirty, and the colonels sixty dollars. The mean parsimony of the nation in paying such low wages to men about to be sent on duties at once very arduous and very dangerous met its fit and natural reward. Men of good bodily powers, and in the prime of life, and especially men able to do the rough work of frontier farmers, could not be hired to fight Indians in unknown forests for two dollars a month. Most of the recruits were from the streets and prisons of the seaboard cities. They were hurried into a campaign against peculiarly formidable foes before they had acquired the rudiments of a soldier's training, and, of course, they never even understood what woodcraft meant.[1] The officers were men of courage, as in the end most of them showed by dying bravely on the field of battle; but they were utterly untrained themselves, and had no time in which to train their men. Under such conditions it did not need keen vision to foretell disaster. Harmar had learned a bitter lesson the preceding year; he knew well what Indians could do, and what raw troops could not; and he insisted with emphasis that the only possible outcome to St. Clair's expedition was defeat.

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[1] *St. Clair Papers*, II, 286, Report of Special Committee of Congress, March 27, 1792.

[2] *American State Papers*, IV, 118, Report of Secretary of War, January 22, 1791.

As the raw troops straggled to Pittsburgh they were shipped down the Ohio to Fort Washington; and St. Clair made the headquarters of his army at a new fort some twenty-five miles northward, which he christened Fort Hamilton. During September the army slowly assembled: two small regiments of regulars, two of six months' levies, a number of Kentucky militia, a few cavalry, and a couple of small batteries of light guns. After wearisome delays, due mainly to the utter inefficiency of the quartermaster and contractor, the start for the Indian towns was made on October the 4th.

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[1] Denny's *Journal*, 374.

The army trudged slowly through the deep woods and across the wet prairies, cutting out its own road, and making but five or six miles a day. It was in a wilderness which abounded with game; both deer and bear frequently ran into the very camps; and venison was a common food.[1] On October 13th, a halt was made to build another little fort, christened in honor of Jefferson. There were further delays, caused by the wretched management of the commissariat department, and the march was not resumed until the 24th, the numerous sick being left in Fort Jefferson. Then the army once more stumbled northward through the wilderness. The regulars, though mostly raw recruits, had been reduced to some kind of discipline; but the six months' levies were almost worse than the militia.[2] Owing to the long delays, and to the fact that they had been enlisted at various times, their terms of service were expiring day by day; and they wished to go home, and tried to, while the militia deserted in squads and bands. Those that remained were very disorderly. Two who attempted to desert were hung; and another, who shot a comrade, was hung also; but even this severity in punishment failed to stop the demoralization.

With such soldiers there would have been grave risk of disaster under any commander; but St. Clair's leadership made the risk a certainty. There was Indian sign, old and new, all through the woods; and the scouts and stragglers occasionally interchanged shots with small parties of braves, and now and then lost a man, killed or captured. It was, therefore, certain that the savages knew every movement of the army, which, as it slowly neared the Miami towns, was putting itself within easy striking range of the most formidable Indian confederacy in the Northwest. The density of the forest was such that only the utmost watchfulness could prevent the foe from approaching within arm's length unperceived. It behooved St. Clair to be on his guard, and he had been warned by Washington, who had never forgotten the scenes of Braddock's defeat, of the danger of a surprise. But St. Clair was broken down by the worry and by continued sickness; time and again it was doubtful whether he could so much as stay with the army. The second in command, Major-General Richard Butler, was also sick most of the time; and, like St. Clair, he possessed none of the qualities of leadership save courage. The whole burden fell on the adjutant-general, Colonel Winthrop Sargent, an old Revolutionary officer; without him the expedition would probably have failed in ignominy even before the Indians were reached, and he showed not only cool courage but ability of a good order; yet in the actual arrangements for battle he was, of course, unable to remedy the blunders of his superiors.

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[1] Bradley MSS. The *Journal and Letters* of Captain Daniel Bradley; shown me by the courtesy of his descendants, Mr. Daniel B. Bradley, of Southport, Conn., and Mr. Arthur W. Bradley, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

[2] Denny, October 29, 1791, etc.

St. Clair should have covered his front and flanks for miles around with scouting-parties; but he rarely sent any out, and, thanks to letting the management of those that did go devolve on his subordinates, and to not having their reports made to him in person, he derived no benefit from what they saw. He had twenty Chickasaws with him; but he sent these off on an extended trip, lost touch of them entirely, and never saw them again until after the battle. He did not seem to realize that he was himself in danger of attack. When some fifty miles or so from the Miami towns, on the last day of October, sixty of the militia deserted; and he actually sent back after them one of his two regular regiments, thus weakening by one-half the only trustworthy portion of his force.[1]

On November 3d, the doomed army, now reduced to a total of about fourteen hundred men, camped on the eastern fork of the Wabash, high up, where it was but twenty yards wide. There was snow on the ground and the little pools were skimmed with ice. The camp was on a narrow rise of ground, where the troops were cramped together, the artillery and most of the horse in the middle. On both flanks, and along most of the rear, the ground was low and wet. All around, the wintry woods lay in frozen silence. In front the militia were thrown across the creek, and nearly a quarter of a mile beyond the rest of the troops.[2] Parties of Indians were seen during the afternoon, and they skulked around the lines at night, so that the sentinels frequently fired at them; yet neither St. Clair nor Butler took any adequate measures to ward off the impending blow. It is improbable that, as things actually were at this time, they could have won a victory over their terrible foes; but they might have avoided overwhelming disaster.

On November 4th, the men were under arms, as usual, by dawn, St. Clair intending to throw up intrenchments and then make a forced march in light order against the Indian towns. But he was forestalled. Soon after sunrise, just as the men were dismissed from

[1] Bradley MSS. In his *Journal*, Captain Bradley expresses his astonishment at seeing the regiment and his inability to understand the object in sending it back. Captain Bradley was not overpleased with his life at the fort; as one of the minor ills, he mentions in one of his letters to Ebenezer Banks: "Please deliver the enclosed letter to my wife. Not a drop of cider have I drinked this twelve month."

[2] St. Clair's letter to the Secretary of War, November 9, 1791.

parade, a sudden assault was made upon the militia, who lay unprotected beyond the creek. The unexpectedness and fury of the onset, the heavy firing, and the appalling whoops and yells of the throngs of painted savages threw the militia into disorder. After a few moments' resistance, they broke and fled in wild panic to the camp of the regulars, among whom they drove in a frightened herd, spreading dismay and confusion.

The drums beat, and the troops sprang to arms, as soon as they heard the heavy firing at the front; and their volleys for a moment checked the onrush of the plumed woodland warriors. But the check availed nothing. The braves filed off to one side and the other, completely surrounded the camp, killed or drove in the guards and pickets, and then advanced close to the main lines.[1]

A furious battle followed. After the first onset the Indians fought in silence, no sound coming from them save the incessant rattle of their fire, as they crept from log to log, from tree to tree, ever closer and closer. The soldiers stood in close order, in the open; their musketry and artillery fire made a tremendous noise, but did little damage to a foe they could hardly see. Now and then, through the hanging smoke terrible figures flitted, painted black and red, the feathers of the hawk and eagle braided in their long scalp-locks; but save for these glimpses, the soldiers knew the presence of their sombre enemy only from the fearful rapidity with which their comrades fell dead and wounded in the ranks. They never even knew the numbers or leaders of the Indians. At the time it was supposed that they outnumbered the whites; but it is probable that the reverse was the case, and it may even be that they were not more than half as numerous. It is said that the chief who led them, both in council and battle, was Little Turtle, the Miami. At any rate, there were present all the chiefs and picked warriors of the Delawares, Shawnees, Wyandots, and Miamis, and all the most reckless and adventurous young braves from among the Iroquois and the Indians of the upper lakes, as well as many of the ferocious whites and half-breeds who dwelt in the Indian villages.

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[1] Denny, November 4th; also p. 221.

The Indians fought with the utmost boldness and ferocity, and with the utmost skill and caution. Under cover of the smoke of the heavy but harmless fire from the army, they came up so close that they shot the troops down as hunters slaughter a herd of standing buffalo. Watching their chance, they charged again and again with the tomahawk, gliding into close quarters while their bewildered foes were still blindly firing into the smoke-shrouded woods. The men saw no enemy as they stood in the ranks to load and shoot; in a moment, without warning, dark faces frowned through the haze, the war-axes gleamed, and on the frozen ground the weapons clattered as the soldiers fell. As the comrades of the fallen sprang forward to avenge them, the lithe warriors vanished as rapidly as they had appeared; and once more the soldiers saw before them only the dim forest and the shifting smoke-wreaths, with vague half-glimpses of the hidden foe, while the steady singing of the Indian bullets never ceased, and on every hand the bravest and steadiest fell, one by one.

At first the army as a whole fought firmly; indeed, there was no choice, for it was ringed by a wall of flame. The officers behaved very well, cheering and encouraging their men; but they were the special targets of the

Indians, and fell rapidly. St. Clair and Butler, by their cool fearlessness in the hour of extreme peril, made some amends for their shortcomings as commanders. They walked up and down the lines, from flank to flank, passing and repassing one another; for the two lines of battle were facing outward, and each general was busy trying to keep his wing from falling back. St. Clair's clothes were pierced by eight bullets, but he was himself untouched. He wore a blanket coat with a hood; he had a long queue, and his thick gray hair flowed from under his three-cornered hat; a lock of his hair was carried off by a bullet.[1] Several times he headed the charges, sword in hand. General Butler had his arm broken early in the fight, but he continued to walk to and fro along the line, his coat off and the wounded arm in a sling. Another bullet struck him in the side, inflicting a mortal wound; and he was carried to the middle of the camp, where he sat propped up by knapsacks. Men and horses were falling around him at every moment. St. Clair sent an aide, Lieutenant Ebenezer Denny, to ask how he was; he displayed no anxiety, and answered that he felt well. While speaking, a young cadet, who stood near by, was hit on the kneecap by a spent ball, and at the shock cried aloud; whereat the general laughed so that his wounded side shook. The aide left him; and there is no further certain record of his fate except that he was slain; but it is said that in one of the Indian rushes a warrior bounded toward him and sunk the tomahawk in his brain before any one could interfere.

Instead of being awed by the bellowing artillery, the

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[1] McBride's "Pioneer Biography," I, 165. "Narrative" of Thomas Irwin, a packer, who was in the fight. There are, of course, discrepancies between the various accounts; in the confusion of such a battle even the most honest eye-witnesses could not see all things alike.

Indians made the gunners a special object of attack. Man after man was picked off, until every officer was killed but one, who was wounded; and most of the privates also were slain or disabled. The artillery was thus almost silenced, and the Indians, emboldened by success, swarmed forward and seized the guns, while at the same time a part of the left wing of the army began to shrink back. But the Indians were now on comparatively open ground, where the regulars could see them and get at them; and under St. Clair's own leadership the troops rushed fiercely at the savages, with fixed bayonets, and drove them back to cover. By this time the confusion and disorder were great; while from every hollow and grass patch, from behind every stump and tree and fallen log, the Indians continued their fire. Again and again the officers led forward the troops in bayonet charges; and at first the men followed them with a will. Each charge seemed for a moment to be successful, the Indians rising in swarms and running in headlong flight from the bayonets. In one of the earliest, in which Colonel Darke led his battalion, the Indians were driven several hundred yards, across the branch of the Wabash; but when the colonel halted and rallied his men, he found the savages had closed in behind him, and he had to fight his way back, while the foe he had been driving at once turned and harassed his rear. He was himself wounded, and lost most of his command. On re-entering camp he found the Indians again in possession of the artillery and baggage, from which they were again driven; they had already scalped the slain who lay about the guns. Major Thomas Butler had his thigh broken by a bullet; but he continued on horseback, in command of his battalion, until the end of the fight, and led his men in one of the momentarily successful bayonet charges. The only regular regiment present lost every officer, killed or wounded. The commander of the Kentucky militia, Colonel Oldham, was killed early in the action, while trying to rally his men and damning them for cowards.

The charging troops could accomplish nothing permanent. The men were too clumsy and ill-trained in forest warfare to overtake their fleet, half-naked antagonists. The latter never received the shock; but though they fled they were nothing daunted, for they turned the instant the battalion did and followed, firing. They skipped out of reach of the bayonets, and came back as they pleased; and they were only visible when raised by a charge.

Among the pack-horsemen were some who were accustomed to the use of the rifle and to life in the woods; and these fought well. One, named Benjamin Van Cleve, kept a journal, in which he described what he saw of the fight.[1] He had no gun, but five minutes after the firing began he saw a soldier near him with his arm swinging useless, and he borrowed the wounded man's musket and cartridges. The smoke had settled to within three feet of the ground, so he knelt, covering himself behind a tree, and only fired when he saw an Indian's head, or noticed one running from cover to cover. He fired away all his ammunition, and the bands of his musket flew off; he picked up another just as two levy officers ordered a charge, and followed the charging-party at a run. By this time the battalions were broken, and only some thirty men followed the officers. The Indians fled before the bayonets until they reached a ravine filled with down timber; whereupon they halted behind the impenetrable tangle of fallen logs. The soldiers also halted, and were speedily swept away by the fire of the Indians, whom they could not reach; but Van Cleve, showing his skill as a woodsman, covered himself behind a small tree, and gave back shot for shot until all his ammunition was gone. Before this happened his less skilful companions had been slain or driven off, and he ran at full speed back to camp. Here he found that the artillery had been taken and retaken again and again. Stricken men lay in heaps everywhere, and the charging troops were once more driving the Indians across the creek in front of the camp. Van Cleve noticed that the dead officers and soldiers who were lying about the guns had all been scalped and that "the Indians had not been in a hurry, for their hair was all skinned off." Another of the packers who took part in the fight, one Thomas Irwin, was struck with the spectacle offered by the slaughtered artillerymen, and with gruesome homeliness compared the reeking heads to pumpkins in a December corn-field.

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[1] "American Pioneer," II, 150; Van Cleve's memoranda.

As the officers fell the soldiers, who at first stood up bravely enough, gradually grew disheartened. No words can paint the hopelessness and horror of such a struggle as that in which they were engaged. They were hemmed in by foes who showed no mercy and whose blows they could in no way return. If they charged they could not overtake the Indians; and the instant the charge stopped the Indians came back. If they stood they were shot down by an unseen enemy; and there was no stronghold, no refuge to which to flee. The Indian attack was relentless, and could neither be avoided, parried, nor met by counter-assault. For two hours or so the troops kept up a slowly lessening resistance; but by degrees their hearts failed. The wounded had been brought toward the middle of the lines, where the baggage and tents were, and an ever-growing proportion of unwounded men joined them. In vain the officers tried, by encouragement, by jeers, by blows, to drive them back to the fight. They were unnerved. As in all cases where large bodies of men are put in imminent peril of death, whether by shipwreck, plague, fire, or violence, numbers were swayed by a mad panic of utterly selfish fear, and others became numbed and callous, or snatched at any animal gratification during their last moments. Many soldiers crowded round the fires and stood stunned and confounded by the awful calamity; many broke into the officers' marquees and sought for drink, or devoured the food which the rightful owners had left when the drums beat to arms.

There was but one thing to do. If possible, the remnant of the army must be saved, and it could only be saved by instant flight, even at the cost of abandoning the wounded. The broad road by which the army had advanced was the only line of retreat. The artillery had already been spiked and abandoned. Most of the horses had been killed, but a few were still left, and on one of these St. Clair mounted. He gathered together those fragments of the different battalions which contained the few men who still kept heart and head, and ordered them to charge and regain the road from which the savages had cut them off. Repeated orders were necessary before some of the men could be roused from their stupor sufficiently to follow the charging-party; and they were only induced to move when told that it was to retreat.

Colonel Darke and a few officers placed themselves at the head of the column, the coolest and boldest men drew up behind them, and they fell on the Indians with such fury as to force them back well beyond the road. This made an opening through which, said Van Cleve the packer, the rest of the troops "pressed like a drove of bullocks." The Indians were surprised by the vigor of the charge, and puzzled as to its object. They opened out on both sides and half the men had gone through before they fired more than a chance shot or two. They then fell on the rear, and began a hot pursuit. St. Clair sent his aide, Denny, to the front to try to keep order, but neither he nor any one else could check the flight. Major Clark tried to rally his battalion to cover the retreat, but he was killed and the effort abandoned.

There never was a wilder rout. As soon as the men began to run, and realized that in flight there lay some hope of safety, they broke into a stampede which soon became uncontrollable. Horses, soldiers, and the few camp followers and women who had accompanied the army were all mixed together. Neither command nor example had the slightest weight; the men were abandoned to the terrible selfishness of utter fear. They threw away their weapons as they ran. They thought of nothing but escape, and fled in a huddle, the stronger and the few who had horses trampling their way to the front through the old, the weak, and the wounded; while behind them raged the Indian tomahawk. Fortunately, the attraction of plundering the camp was so overpowering that the savages only followed the army about four miles; otherwise, hardly a man would have escaped.

St. Clair was himself in much danger, for he tried to stay behind and stem the torrent of fugitives; but he failed, being swept forward by the crowd, and when he attempted to ride to the front to rally them, he failed again, for his horse could not be pricked out of a walk.

The packer, Van Cleve, in his journal, gives a picture of the flight. He was himself one of the few who lost neither courage nor generosity in the rout.

Among his fellow packers were his uncle and a young man named Bonham, who was his close and dear friend. The uncle was shot in the wrist, the ball lodging near his shoulder; but he escaped. Bonham, just before the retreat began, was shot through both hips, so that he could not walk. Young Van Cleve got him a horse, on which he was with difficulty mounted; then, as the flight began, Bonham bade Van Cleve look to his safety, as he was on foot, and the two separated. Bonham rode until the pursuit had almost ceased; then, weak and crippled, he was thrown off his horse and slain. Meanwhile, Van Cleve ran steadily on foot. By the time he had gone two miles most of the mounted men had passed him. A boy, on the point of falling from exhaustion, now begged his help; and the kind-hearted backwoodsman seized the lad and pulled him along nearly two miles farther, when he himself became so worn out that he nearly fell. There were still two horses in the rear, one carrying three men, and one two; and behind the latter Van Cleve, summoning his strength, threw the boy, who escaped. Nor did Van Cleve's pity for his fellows cease with this; for he stopped to tie his handkerchief around the knee of a wounded man. His violent exertions gave him a cramp in both thighs, so that he could barely walk; and in consequence the strong and active passed him until he was within a hundred yards of the rear, where the Indians were tomahawking the old and wounded men. So close were they that for a moment his heart sank in despair; but he threw off his shoes, the touch of the cold ground seemed to revive him, and he again began to trot forward. He got around a bend in the road, passing half a dozen other fugitives; and long afterward he told how well he remembered thinking that it would be some time before they would all be massacred and his own turn came. However, at this point the pursuit ceased, and a few miles farther on he had gained the middle of the flying troops, and, like them, came to a walk. He fell in with a queer group, consisting of the sole remaining officer of the artillery, an infantry corporal, and a woman called Red-headed Nance. Both of the latter were crying, the corporal for the loss of his wife, the woman for the loss of her child. The worn-out officer hung on the corporal's arm, while Van Cleve "carried his fusee and accoutrements and led Nance; and in this sociable way arrived at Fort Jefferson a little after sunset."

Before reaching Fort Jefferson the wretched army encountered the regular regiment which had been so unfortunately detached a couple of days before the battle. The most severely wounded were left in the fort;[1] and then the flight was renewed, until the disorganized and half-armed rabble reached Fort Washington, and the mean log huts of Cincinnati. Six hundred and thirty men had been killed and over two hundred and eighty wounded; less than five hundred, only about a third of the whole number engaged in the battle, remained unhurt. But one or two were taken prisoners, for the Indians butchered everybody, wounded or unwounded, who fell into their hands. There is no record of the torture of any of the captives, but there was one singular instance of cannibalism. The savage Chippewas, from the far-off North, devoured one of the slain soldiers, probably in a spirit of ferocious bravado; the other tribes expressed horror at the deed.[1] The Indians were rich with the spoil. They got horses, tents, guns, axes, powder, clothing, and blankets—in short, everything their hearts prized. Their loss was comparatively slight; it may not have been one-twentieth that of the whites. They did not at the moment follow up their victory, each band going off with its own share of the booty. But the triumph was so overwhelming, and the reward so great, that the war spirit received a great impetus in all the tribes. The bands of warriors that marched against the frontier were more numerous, more formidable, and bolder than ever.

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[1] Bradley MSS. The addition of two hundred sick and wounded brought the garrison to such short commons that they had to slaughter the pack-horses for food.

In the following January, Wilkinson, with a hundred and fifty mounted volunteers, marched to the battlefield to bury the slain. The weather was bitterly cold, snow lay deep on the ground, and some of the volunteers were frost-bitten.[2] Four miles from the scene of the battle, where the pursuit had ended, they began to find the bodies on the road, and close alongside in the woods, whither some of the hunted creatures had turned at the last, to snatch one more moment of life. Many had been dragged from under the snow and devoured by wolves. Others lay where they had fallen, showing as mounds through the smooth white mantle that covered them. On the battle-field itself the slain lay thick —scalped, and stripped of all their clothing which the conquerors deemed worth taking. The bodies, blackened by frost and exposure, could not be identified; and they were buried in a shallow trench in the frozen ground. The volunteers then marched home.

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[1] Brickell's "Narrative."

[2] McBride's "Pioneer Biography," John Reily's "Narrative." This expedition, in which not a single hostile Indian was encountered, has been transmuted by Withers and one or two other border historians into a purely fictitious expedition of revenge in which hundreds of Indians were slain on the field of St. Clair's disaster.

When the remnant of the defeated army reached the banks of the Ohio, St. Clair sent his aide, Denny, to carry the news to Philadelphia, at that time the national capital. The river was swollen, there were incessant snow-storms, and ice formed heavily, so that it took twenty days of toil and cold before Denny reached Wheeling and got horses. For ten days more he rode over the bad winter roads, reaching Philadelphia with the evil tidings on the evening of December 19th. It was thus six weeks after the defeat of the army before the news was brought to the anxious Federal authorities.

The young officer called first on the secretary of war; but as soon as the secretary realized the importance of the information he had it conveyed to the President. Washington was at dinner, with some guests, and was called from the table to listen to the tidings of ill fortune. He returned with unmoved face, and at the dinner, and at the reception which followed, he behaved with his usual stately courtesy to those whom he was entertaining, not so much as hinting at what he had heard. But when the last guest had gone, his pent-up wrath broke forth in one of those fits of volcanic fury which sometimes shattered his iron outward calm. Walking up and down the room he burst out in wild regret for the rout and disaster, and bitter invective against St. Clair, reciting how, in that very room, he had wished the unfortunate commander success and honor and had bidden him above all things beware of a surprise.[1] "He went off with that last solemn warning thrown into his ears," spoke Washington, as he strode to and fro, "and yet to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked, by a surprise, the very thing I guarded him against! O God, O God, he's worse than a murderer! How can he answer it to his country!" Then, calming himself by a mighty effort: "General St. Clair shall have justice . . . he shall have full justice." And St. Clair did receive full justice, and mercy too, from both Washington and Congress. For the sake of his courage and honorable character, they held him guiltless of the disaster for which his lack of capacity as a general was so largely accountable.

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[1] Tobias Lear, Washington's private secretary, as quoted by both Custis and Rush. The report of an eye-witness. See also Lodge's "Washington," p. 94. Denny, in his *Journal*, merely mentions that he went at once to the Secretary of War's office on the evening of the 19th, and does not speak of seeing Washington until the following morning. On the strength of this omission one or two of St. Clair's

Washington and his administration were not free from blame. It was foolish to attempt the campaign against the northwestern Indians with men who had only been trained for six months, and who were enlisted at the absurd price of two dollars a month. Moreover, there were needless delays in forwarding the troops to Fort Washington; and the commissary department was badly managed. Washington was not directly responsible for any of these shortcomings; he very wisely left to the secretary of war, Knox, the immediate control of the whole matter, seeking to avoid all interference with him, so that there might be no clashing or conflict of authority;[1] but he was, of course, ultimately responsible for the little evil, no less than for the great good, done by his administration.

apologists have striven to represent the whole account of Washington's wrath as apocryphal; but the attempt is puerile; the relation comes from an eye-witness who had no possible motive to distort the facts. The Secretary of War, Knox, was certain to inform Washington of the disaster the very evening he heard of it; and whether he sent Denny or another messenger, or went himself, is unimportant. Lear might very well have been mistaken as to the messenger who brought the news; but he could not have been mistaken about Washington's speech.

[1] State Department MSS., *Washington Papers.* War Department Ex. C., Washington to Knox, April 1, 1791.

The chief blunder was the selection of St. Clair. As a commander, he erred in many ways. He did not, or could not, train his troops; and he had no business to challenge a death fight with raw levies. It was unpardonable of him to send back one of his two regular regiments, the only trustworthy portion of his force, on the eve of the battle. He should never have posted the militia, his poorest troops, in the most exposed situation. Above all, he should have seen that the patrols and pickets were so numerous, and performed their duty so faithfully, as to preclude the possibility of surprise. With the kind of army furnished him, he could hardly have won a victory under any circumstances; but the overwhelming nature of the defeat was mainly due to his incompetence.

CHAPTER V

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE AND THE FIGHT OF THE FALLEN TIMBERS

1792–1795

The United States Government was almost as much demoralized by St. Clair's defeat as was St. Clair's own army. The loosely knit nation was very poor, and very loath to undertake any work which involved sustained effort and pecuniary sacrifice, while each section was jealous of every other and was unwilling to embark in any enterprise unlikely to inure to its own immediate benefit. There was little national glory or reputation to be won by even a successful Indian war; while another defeat might prove a serious disaster to a government which was as yet far from firm in its seat. The Eastern people were lukewarm about a war in which they had no direct interest; and the foolish frontiersmen, instead of backing up the administration, railed at it and persistently supported the party which desired so to limit the powers and energies of the National Government as to produce mere paralysis. Under such conditions the national administration, instead of at once redoubling its efforts to insure success by shock of arms, was driven to the ignoble necessity of yet again striving for a hopeless peace.

It would be impossible to paint in too vivid colors the extreme reluctance of the government to enter into, or to carry on, war with the Indians. It was only after every other shift had been vainly tried that resort was had to the edge of the sword. The United States would gladly have made a stable peace on honorable terms, and strove with weary patience to bring about a friendly understanding. But all such efforts were rendered abortive, partly by the treachery and truculence of the savages, who could only be cowed by a thorough beating, and partly by the desire of the settlers for lands which the red men claimed as their hunting-grounds.

In pursuance of their timidly futile policy of friendliness, the representatives of the National Government, in the spring of 1792, sent peace envoys, with a flag of truce, to the hostile tribes. The unfortunate ambassadors thus chosen for sacrifice were Colonel John Hardin, the gallant but ill-starred leader of Kentucky horse, who had so often and with such various success encountered the Indians on the field of battle; and a Federal officer, Major Alexander Trueman. In June they started toward the hostile towns, with one or two companions, and soon fell in with some Indians, who on being shown the white flag, and informed of the object of their visit, received them with every appearance of good-will. But this was merely a mask. A few hours later the treacherous savages suddenly fell upon and slew the messengers of peace.[1] It was never learned whether the deed was the mere wanton outrage of some bloodthirsty young braves, or the result of orders given by one of the Indian councils. At any rate, the Indians never punished the treachery; and when the chiefs wrote to Washington they mentioned with cool indifference that "you sent us at different times different speeches, the bearers whereof our foolish young men killed on their way";[2] not even expressing regret for the occurrence.

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, 238, 239, etc.; also Marshall.

[2] "Canadian Archives," Indian Affairs, M. 2, p. 224. The Michigan and Wisconsin historical societies have performed a great service by publishing so many of these papers.

The truculent violence and bad faith of the savages merited severe chastisement; but the United States Government was long-suffering and forbearing to a degree. There was no attempt to avenge the murder of the flag-of-truce men. On the contrary, renewed efforts were made to secure a peace by treaty. In the fall of 1792, Rufus Putnam, on behalf of the United States, succeeded in concluding a treaty with the Wabash and Illinois tribes,[1] which at least served to keep many of their young braves out of actual hostilities. In the following spring, three commissioners—Benjamin Lincoln, Beverly Randolph, and Timothy Pickering, all men of note—were sent to persuade the Miami tribes and their allies to agree to a peace. In his letter of instructions the secretary of war impressed upon them the desire of the people of the United States for peace in terms that were almost humiliating, and even directed them, if necessary, to cede some of the lands already granted by the Indians at previous treaties.

In May, 1793, the commissioners went to Niagara, where they held meetings with various Iroquois chiefs and exchanged friendly letters with the British officers of the posts, who assured them that they would help in the effort to conclude a peace. Captain Brant, the Iroquois chief, acted as spokesman for a deputation of the hostile Indians from the Miami, where a great council was being held, at which not only the northwestern tribes but the Five Nations were in attendance. The commissioners then sailed to the Detroit River, having first sent home a strong remonstrance against the activity displayed by the new commander on the Ohio, Wayne, whose vigorous measures, they said, had angered the Indians and were considered by the British

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, 338.

"unfair and unwarrantable." This was a preposterous complaint; throughout our history, whether in dealing with Indians or with other foes, our peace commissioners have invariably shown to disadvantage when compared with the military commandants, for whom they always betray such jealousy. Wayne's conduct was eminently proper; and it is difficult to understand the mental attitude of the commissioners who criticised it because the British considered it "unwarrantable." However, a few weeks later they learned to take a more just view of Wayne, and to thank him for the care with which he had kept the peace while they were vainly trying to treat; for at the Detroit they found they could do nothing. Brant and the Iroquois urged the northwestern tribes not to yield any point, and promised them help, telling the British agent, McKee, evidently to his satisfaction, "we came here not only to assist with our advice, but other ways, . . . we came here with arms in our hands"; and they insisted that the country belonged to the confederated tribes in common, and so could not be surrendered save by all.[1] Brant was the inveterate foe of the Americans, and the pensioner of the British; and his advice to the tribes was sound, and was adopted by them—though he misled them by his never-fulfilled promise of support. They refused to consider any proposition which did not acknowledge the Ohio as the boundary between them and the United States; and so, toward the end of August, the commissioners returned to report their failure.[2] The final solution of the problem was thus left to the sword of Wayne.

The attitude of the British gradually changed from passive to active hostility. In 1792 and 1793 they still wished the Indians to make peace with the Americans, provided always there were no such concessions made to the latter as would endanger the British control of the fur trade. But by the beginning of 1794 the relations between Great Britain and the United States had become so strained that open war was threatened; for the advisers of the king, relying on the weakness of the young Federal Republic, had begun to adopt that tone of brutal insolence which reflected well the general attitude of the British people toward the Americans, and which finally brought on the second war between the two nations.

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[1] Draper MSS., Brant to McKee, August 4, 1793.

[2] *American State Papers*, IV, 340–360.

The British officials in Canada were quick to reflect the tone of the home government, and, as always in such cases, the more zealous and belligerent went a little farther than they were authorized. On February 10th, Lord Dorchester, governor of Canada, in an address of welcome to some of the chiefs from the tribes of the North and West said, speaking of the boundary: "Children, since my return I find no appearance of a line remains; and from the manner in which the people of the United States push on and act and talk . . . I shall not be surprised if we are at war with them in the course of the present year; and if so a line must then be drawn by the warriors . . . we have acted in the most peaceable manner and borne the language and conduct of the people of the United States with patience; but I believe our patience is almost exhausted."[1] Of course such a speech, delivered to such an audience, was more than a mere incitement to war; it was a direct appeal to arms. Nor did the encouragement given the

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[1] Rives's "Life and Times of James Madison," III, 418. A verified copy of the speech from the archives of the London foreign office. The authenticity of the speech was admitted at the time by the British Minister; yet, extraordinary to say, not only British but American historians have spoken of it as spurious.

Indians end with words; for in April, Simcoe, the lieutenant-governor, himself built a fort at the Miami Rapids, in the very heart of the hostile tribes, and garrisoned it with British regulars, infantry, and artillery; which, wrote one of the British officials to another, had "put all the Indians here in great spirits"[1] to resist the Americans.

The same official further reported that the Spaniards also were exciting the Indians to war, and were in communication with Simcoe, their messengers coming to him at his post on the Miami. At this time the Spanish governor, Carondelet, was alarmed over Clark's threatened invasion of Louisiana on behalf of the French Republic. He wrote to Simcoe asking for English help in the event of such invasion. Simcoe, in return, wrote, expressing his good-will, and enclosing a copy of Dorchester's speech to the Northern Indians; which, Carondelet reported to the Court of Spain, showed that the English were following the same system adopted by the Spaniards in reference to the Indians, whom they were employing with great success against the Americans.[2] Moreover, the Spaniards, besides communicating with the British, sent messages to the Indians at the Miami, urging them to attack the Americans, and promising help;[3] a promise which they never fulfilled, save that in a covert way they furnished the savages with arms and munitions of war.

The Canadians themselves were excited and alarmed by Dorchester's speech,[4] copies of which were distributed broadcast, for the general feeling was that it meant that war was about to be declared between Great Britain and the United States. The Indians took the same view, as to what the speech meant; but to them it gave unmixed pleasure and encouragement. The British officials circulated it everywhere among the tribes, reading it aloud to the gathered chiefs and fighting men. "His Excellency Governor Simcoe has just now left my house on his way to Detroit with Lord Dorchester's speech to the Seven Nations," wrote Brant the Iroquois chief to the secretary of Indian affairs for Canada, "and I have every reason to believe when it is delivered that matters will take an immediate change to the Westward, as it will undoubtedly give those Nations high spirits and enable them by a perfect union to check General Wayne."[1] In April, Lieutenant-Colonel John Butler, of the British army, addressed a great council of chiefs near Buffalo, beginning: "I have now a speech to deliver to you from your father Lord Dorchester, which is of the utmost consequence, therefore desire you will pay strict attention to it."[2] He then delivered the speech, to the delight of the Indians, and continued: "You have heard the great talk of our going to war with the United States, and by the speech of your Father just now delivered to you, you cannot help seeing there is a great prospect of it, I have therefore to recommend you to be all unanimous as one man, and to call in all your people that may be scattered about the Territories of the United States." McKee, the British Indian agent among the northwestern tribes who were at war with the Americans, reported with joy the rapid growth of warlike spirit among the savages in consequence of

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[1] "Canadian Archives," Thomas Duggan to Joseph Chew, Detroit, April 16, 1794.

[2] Draper MSS., Spanish Documents, letter of Carondelet, July 9, 1794.

[3] "Canadian Archives," letter of McKee, May 7, 1794.

[4] *Ibid.*, Joseph Chew to Thomas Aston Coffin, Montreal, February 27, 1794.

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[1] "Canadian Archives," Brant to Chew, April 21, 1794.

[2] *Ibid.*, Butler to Chew, April 27, 1794.

Dorchester's speech, and of the building of the British fort on the Miami. He wrote: "The face of the Indian affairs in this country, I have the greatest satisfaction in informing you, seems considerably altered for the better. His Excellency Lord Dorchester's speech and the arrival here of speeches from the Spaniards induce me to believe that a very extensive union of the Indian Nations will be the immediate consequence. The Lieutenant Governor has ordered a strong detachment of the 24th Regt. to take post a mile & a half below this place, this step has given great spirits to the Indians and impressed them with a hope of our ultimately acting with them and affording a security for their families, should the enemy penetrate to their villages." [1]

Nor did the British confine their encouragement to words. The Canadian authorities forwarded to the Miami tribes, through the agent McKee, quantities of guns, rifles, and gunlocks, besides vermilion paint and tobacco.[2] McKee was careful to get from the home authorities the best firearms he could, explaining that his red *protégés* preferred the long to the short rifles, and considered the common trade guns makeshifts, to be used only until they could get better ones.

The Indians made good use of the weapons thus furnished them by the "neutral" British. A party of Delawares and Shawnees, after a successful skirmish with the Americans, brought to McKee six of the scalps they had taken; and part of the speech of presentation at the solemn council where they were received by McKee ran: "We had two actions with [some of Wayne's troops who were guarding convoys] in which a great many of our enemies were killed. Part of their flesh

[1] "Canadian Archives," McKee to Chew, May 8, 1794.

[2] *Ibid.*, Chew to Coffin, June 23, 1794.

we have brought here with us to convince our friend of the truth of their being now in great force on their march against us; therefore, Father [addressing McKee], we desire you to be strong and bid your children make haste to our assistance as was promised by them." The speaker, a Delaware chief, afterward handed the six scalps to a Huron chief, that he might distribute them among the tribes. McKee sent to the home authorities a full account of this council, where he had assisted at the reception and distribution of the scalps the savages had taken from the soldiers of a nation with which the British still pretended to be at peace; and a few days later he reported that the Lake Indians were at last gathering, and that when the fighting men of the various tribes joined forces, as he had reason to believe they shortly would, the British posts would be tolerably secure from any attacks by Wayne.[1]

The Indians served the British, not only as a barrier against the Americans, but as a police for their own soldiers, to prevent their deserting. An Englishman who visited the lake posts at this time recorded with a good deal of horror the fate that befell one of a party of deserters from the British garrison at Detroit. The commander, on discovering that they had gone, ordered the Indians to bring them back, dead or alive. When overtaken one resisted, and was killed and scalped. The Indians brought in his scalp and hung it outside the fort, where it was suffered to remain, that the ominous sight might strike horror to other discontented soldiers.[2]

The publication of Lord Dorchester's speech caused angry excitement in the United States. Many thought it spurious; but Washington, then President, with his usual clear-sightedness, at once recognized that it was genuine, and accepted it as proof of Great Britain's hostile feeling toward his country. Through the secretary of state he wrote to the British minister, calling him to sharp account, not only for Dorchester's speech but for the act of building a fort on the Miami, and for the double-dealing of his government, which protested friendship, with smooth duplicity, while their agents urged the savages to war. "At the very moment when the British Ministry were forwarding assurances of good-will, does Lord Dorchester foster and encourage in the Indians hostile dispositions toward the United States," ran the letter, "but this speech only forebodes hostility; the intelligence which has been received this morning is, if true, hostility itself . . . governor Simcoe has gone to the foot of the Rapids of the Miami, followed by three companies of a British regiment, in order to build a fort there." The British minister, Hammond, in his answer, said he was "willing to admit the authenticity of the speech," and even the building of the fort; but sought to excuse both by recrimination, asserting that the Americans had themselves in various ways shown hostility to Great Britain.[1] In spite of this explicit admission, however, the British statesmen generally, both in the House of Lords and the House of Commons, disavowed the speech, though in guarded terms;[2] and many Americans were actually convinced by their denials.

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[1] "Canadian Archives," McKee's letters, May 25 and May 30, 1794.

[2] Draper MSS. From Parliament Library in Canada, MS. "Canadian Letters," descriptive of a tour in Canada in 1792–93.

Throughout this period, whatever the negotiators might say or do, the ravages of the Indian war-parties never ceased. In the spring following St. Clair's defeat, the frontiers of Pennsylvania suffered as severely as those of Virginia from bands of savages who were seeking for scalps, prisoners, and horses. Boats were waylaid and attacked as they descended the Ohio; and the remote settlements were mercilessly scourged. The spies or scouts, the trained Indian fighters, were out all the while, watching for the war bands; and when they discovered one, a strong party of rangers or militia was immediately gathered to assail it, if it could be overtaken. Every variety of good and bad fortune attended these expeditions. Thus, in August, 1792, the spies discovered an Indian party in the lower settlements of Kentucky. Thirty militia gathered, followed the trail, and overtook the marauders at Rolling Fork, killing four, while the others scattered; of the whites, one was killed and two wounded. About the same time Kenton found a strong Indian camp, which he attacked at dawn, killing three warriors; but when they turned out in force, and one of his own scouts was killed, he promptly drew back out of danger. Neither the Indians nor the wild white Indian fighters made any point of honor about retreating. They wished to do as much damage as possible to their foes, and if the fight seemed doubtful they at once withdrew to await a more favorable opportunity. As for the individual adventures, their name was legion. All the old annalists, all the old frontiersmen who in after-life recorded their memories of the Indian wars, tell, with interminable repetition, stories, gruesome in their bloodthirstiness, and as monotonous in theme as they are varied in detail—how such-and-such a settler was captured by two Indians, and, watching his chance, fell on his captors when they sat down to dinner and slew them "with a squaw-axe"; how another man was treacherously attacked by two Indians who had pretended to be peaceful traders, and how, though wounded, he killed them both; how two or three cabins were surprised by the savages and all the inhabitants slain; or how a flotilla of flatboats was taken and destroyed while moored to the bank of the Ohio; and so on, without end.[1]

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[1] Wait's *State Papers and Publick Documents*, I, 449, 451. Letters of Randolph, May 20, 1794, and Hammond, May 22, 1794.

[2] *American State Papers*, Foreign Relations, I, Randolph to Jay, August 18, 1794.

The United States authorities vainly sought peace, while the British instigated the tribes to war, and the savages themselves never thought of ceasing their hostilities. The frontiersmen also wished war, and regarded the British and Indians with an equal hatred. They knew that the presence of the British in the lake posts meant Indian war; they knew that the Indians would war on them, whether they behaved well or ill, until the tribes suffered some signal overthrow; and they coveted the Indian lands with a desire as simple as it was brutal. Nor were land hunger and revenge the only motives that stirred them to aggression; meaner feelings were mixed with the greed for untilled prairie and unfelled forest, and the fierce longing for blood. Throughout our history as a nation, as long as we had a frontier, there was always a class of frontiersmen for whom an Indian war meant the chance to acquire wealth at the expense of the government, and on the Ohio in 1792 and '93 there were plenty of men who, in the event of a campaign, hoped to make profit out of the goods, horses, and cattle they supplied the soldiers. One of Madison's Kentucky friends wrote him, with rather startling frankness, that the welfare of the new

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[1] Draper MSS., Major McCully to Captain Biddle, Pittsburgh, May 5, 1792; B. Netherland to Evan Shelby, July 5, 1793, etc. Also Kentucky *Gazette*, September 1, 1792; Charleston *Gazette*, July 22, 1791, etc.

State hinged on the advent of an army to assail the Indians: first, because of the defense it would give the settlers; and, secondly, because it would be the chief means of introducing into the country a sufficient quantity of money for circulation.[1] Madison himself evidently saw nothing out of the way in this twofold motive of the frontiersmen for wishing the presence of an army. In all the border communities there was a lack of circulating medium, and an earnest desire to obtain more by any expedient.

Like many other frontiersmen, Madison's correspondent indulged almost equally in complaints of the Indian ravages and in denunciations of the regular army, which alone could put an end to them, and of the national party which sustained the army.[2]

Major-General Anthony Wayne, a Pennsylvanian, had been chosen to succeed St. Clair in the command of the army; and on him devolved the task of wresting victory from the formidable forest tribes, fighting as the latter were in the almost impenetrable wilderness of their own country. The tribes were aided by the support covertly, and often openly, yielded them by the British. They had even more effective allies in the suspicion with which the backwoodsmen regarded the regular army, and the supine indifference of the people at large, which forced the administration to try every means to obtain peace before adopting the only manly and honorable course, a vigorous war.

Of all men, Wayne was the best fitted for the work. In the Revolutionary War no other general, American, British, or French, won such a reputation for hard fighting, and for daring energy and dogged courage. He felt very keenly that delight in the actual shock of battle which the most famous fighting generals have possessed. He gloried in the excitement and danger, and shone at his best when the stress was sorest; and because of his magnificent courage his soldiers had affectionately christened him "Mad Anthony." But his head was as cool as his heart was stout. He was taught in a rough school; for the early campaigns in which he took part were waged against the gallant generals and splendid soldiery of the British King. By experience he had grown to add caution to his dauntless energy. Once, after the battle of Brandywine, when he had pushed close to the enemy, with his usual fearless self-confidence, he was surprised in a night attack by the equally daring British general Grey, and his brigade was severely punished with the bayonet. It was a lesson he never forgot; it did not in any way abate his self-reliance or his fiery ardor, but it taught him the necessity of forethought, of thorough preparation, and of ceaseless watchfulness. A few days later he led the assault at Germantown, driving the Hessians before him with the bayonet. This was always his favorite weapon; he had the utmost faith in coming to close quarters, and he trained his soldiers to trust the steel. At Monmouth he turned the fortunes of the day by his stubborn and successful resistance to the repeated bayonet charges of the Guards and Grenadiers. His greatest stroke was the storming of Stony Point, where in person he led the midnight rush of his troops over the walls of the British fort. He fought with his usual hardihood against Cornwallis; and at the close of the Revolutionary War he made a successful campaign against the Creeks in Georgia. During this campaign the Creeks one night tried to surprise his camp, and attacked with resolute ferocity, putting to flight some of the troops; but Wayne rallied them and, sword in hand, he led them against the savages, who were overthrown and driven from the field. In one of the charges he cut down an Indian chief; and the dying man, as he fell, killed Wayne's horse with a pistol-shot.

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[1] State Department MSS., *Madison Papers*, Hubbard Taylor to Madison, January 3, 1792.

[2] *Ibid.*, Taylor to Madison, April 16, 1792; May 8 and 17, 1792; May 23, 1793, etc.

As soon as Wayne reached the Ohio, in June, 1792, he set about reorganizing the army. He had as a nucleus the remnant of St. Clair's beaten forces; and to this were speedily added hundreds of recruits enlisted under new legislation by Congress, and shipped to him as fast as the recruiting officers could send them. The men were of precisely the same general character as those who had failed so dismally under St. Clair, and it was even more difficult to turn them into good soldiers, for the repeated disasters, crowned by the final crushing horror, had unnerved them and made them feel that their task was hopeless, and that they were foredoomed to defeat.[1] The mortality among the officers had been great, and the new officers, though full of zeal, needed careful training. Among the men desertions were very common; and on the occasion of a sudden alarm Wayne found that many of his sentries left their posts and fled.[2] Only rigorous and long-continued discipline and exercise under a commander both stern and capable, could turn such men into soldiers fit for the work Wayne had before him. He saw this at once, and realized that a premature movement meant nothing but another defeat; and he began by careful and patient labor to turn his horde of raw recruits into a compact and efficient army, which he might use with his customary energy and decision. When he took command of the army—or "Legion," as he preferred to call it—the one stipulation he made was that the campaign should not begin until his ranks were full and his men thoroughly disciplined.

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[1] Bradley MSS. *Journal and Letters* of Captain Daniel Bradley; see entry of May 7, 1793, etc.

[2] "Major-General Anthony Wayne," by Charles J. Stillé, p. 323.

Toward the end of the summer of '92 he established his camp on the Ohio, about twenty-seven miles below Pittsburgh. He drilled both officers and men with unwearied patience, and gradually the officers became able to do the drilling themselves, while the men acquired the soldierly self-confidence of veterans. As the new recruits came in they found themselves with an army which was rapidly learning how to manœuvre with precision, to obey orders unhesitatingly, and to look forward eagerly to a battle with the foe. Throughout the winter Wayne kept at work, and by the spring he had under him twenty-five hundred regular soldiers who were already worthy to be trusted in a campaign. He never relaxed his efforts to improve them; though a man of weaker stuff might well have been discouraged by the timid and hesitating policy of the National Government. The secretary of war, in writing to him, laid stress chiefly on the fact that the American people desired at every hazard to avert an Indian war, and that on no account should offensive operations be undertaken against the tribes. Such orders tied Wayne's hands, for offensive operations offered the only means of ending the war; but he patiently bided his time, and made ready his army against the day when his superiors should allow him to use the weapon he had tempered.

In May, 1793, he brought his army down the Ohio to Fort Washington, and near it established a camp which he christened Hobson's Choice. Here he was forced to wait the results of the fruitless negotiations carried on by the United States Peace Commissioners, and it was not until about the 1st of October that he was given permission to begin the campaign. Even when he was allowed to move his army forward he was fettered by injunctions not to run any risks—and of course a really good fighting general ought to be prepared to run risks. The secretary of war wrote him that above all things he was to remember to hazard nothing, for a defeat would be fraught with ruinous consequences to the country. Wayne knew very well that if such was the temper of the country and the government, it behooved him to be cautious, and he answered that, though he would at once advance toward the Indian towns, to threaten the tribes, he would not run the least unnecessary risk. Accordingly, he shifted his army to a place some eighty miles north of Cincinnati, where he encamped for the winter, building a place of strength which he named Greeneville, in honor of his old comrade-in-arms, General Greene. He sent forward a strong detachment of troops to the site of St. Clair's defeat, where they built a post which was named Fort Recovery. The discipline of the army steadily improved, though now and then a soldier deserted, usually fleeing to Kentucky, but in one or two cases striking through the woods to Detroit. The bands of auxiliary militia that served now and then for short periods with the regulars, were of course much less well trained and less dependable.

The Indians were always lurking about the forts, and threatening the convoys of provisions and munitions as they marched slowly from one to the other. Any party that left a fort was in imminent danger. On one occasion the commander of Fort Jefferson and his orderly were killed and scalped but three hundred yards from the fort. A previous commander of this fort, while hunting in this neighborhood had been attacked in similar fashion, and, though he escaped, his son and a soldier were slain. On another occasion a dozen men, near the same fort, were surprised while haying; four were killed and the other eight captured, four of whom were burned at the stake.[1] Before Wayne moved down the Ohio a band of Kentucky mounted riflemen, under Major John Adair, were attacked under the walls of one of the log forts—Fort St. Clair—as they were convoying a large number of pack-horses. The riflemen were in camp at the time, the Indians making the assault at dawn. Most of the horses were driven off or killed, and the men fled to the fort, which, Adair dryly remarked, proved "a place of safety for the bashful"; but he rallied fifty, who drove off the Indians, killing two and wounding others. Of his own men, six were killed and five wounded.[2]

Wayne's own detachments occasionally fared as badly. In the fall of 1793, just after he had advanced to Greeneville, a party of ninety regulars, who were escorting twenty heavily laden wagons, were surprised and scattered, a few miles from the scene of Adair's misadventure.[3] The lieutenant and ensign who were in command and five or six of their men were slain, fighting bravely; half a dozen were captured; the rest were panic-struck and fled without resistance. The Indians took off about seventy horses, leaving the wagons standing in the middle of the road, with their contents uninjured; and a rescue-party brought them safely to Wayne. The victors were a party of Wyandots and Ottawas under the chief Little Otter. On October 24th, the British agent at the Miami towns met in solemn council with these Indians and with another successful war-party. The Indians had with them ten scalps and two prisoners. Seven of the scalps they sent off, by an Indian runner, a special ally friend of the British agent, to be distributed among the different lake Indians, to rouse them to war. One of their prisoners, an Irishman, they refused to surrender; but the other they gave to the agent. He proved to be a German, a mercenary who had originally been in Burgoyne's army.[1] Later, one of the remaining captives made his escape, killing his two Indian owners, a man and a woman, both of whom had been leaders of war-parties.

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[1] Bradley MSS., *Journal*, entries of February 11, February 24, June 24, July 12, 1792.

[2] *American State Papers*, IV, 335. Adair to Wilkinson, November 6, 1792.

[3] Bradley MSS., *Journal*, entry of October 17, 1793.

In the spring of 1794, as soon as the ground was dry, Wayne prepared to advance toward the hostile towns and force a decisive battle. He was delayed for a long time by lack of provisions, the soldiers being on such short rations that they could not move. The mounted riflemen of Kentucky, who had been sent home at the beginning of winter, again joined him. Among the regulars in the rifle company was a young Kentuckian, Captain William Clark, brother of George Rogers Clark, and afterward one of the two famous explorers who first crossed the continent to the Pacific. In his letters home Clark dwelt much on the laborious nature of his duties, and mentioned that he was "like to have starved," and had to depend on his rifle for subsistence.[1] In May, he was sent from Fort Washington with twenty dragoons and sixty infantry to escort seven hundred pack-horses to Greeneville. When eighteen miles from Fort Washington, Indians attacked his van, driving off a few pack-horses; but Clark brought up his men from the rear and after a smart skirmish put the savages to flight. They left behind one of their number dead, two wounded, and seven rifles; Clark lost two men killed and two wounded.[2]

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[1] "Canadian Archives," Duggan to Chew, February 3, 1794, enclosing his journal for the fall of 1793. *American State Papers*, IV, 361, Wayne to Knox, October 23, 1793. The Americans lost thirteen men; the Indian reports, of course, exaggerated this.

On the last day of June, a determined assault was made by the Indians on Fort Recovery, which was garrisoned by about two hundred men. Thanks to the efforts of the British agents, and of the runners from the allied tribes of the lower lakes, the Chippewas and all the tribes of the upper lakes had taken the tomahawk, and in June they gathered at the Miami. Over two thousand warriors, all told,[3] assembled; a larger body than had ever before marched against the Americans.[4] They were eager for war, and wished to make a stroke of note against their foes; and they resolved to try to carry Fort Recovery, built on the scene of their victory over St. Clair. They streamed down through the woods in long columns, and silently neared the fort. With them went a number of English and

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[1] Draper MSS., William Clark to Jonathan Clark, May 25, 1794.

[2] *Ibid.* Also "Canadian Archives," Duggan to Chew, May 30, 1794. As an instance of the utter untrustworthiness of these Indian or British accounts of the American losses, it may be mentioned that Duggan says the Indians brought off forty scalps, and killed an unknown number of Americans in addition; whereas in reality only two were slain. Even Duggan admits that the Indians were beaten off.

[3] "Canadian Archives," McKee to Chew, July 7, 1794.

[4] *American State Papers*, IV, 488, Wayne to the Secretary of War, 1794.
He says they probably numbered from 1,500 to 2,000 men, which was apparently about the truth. Throughout this campaign the estimates of the Americans as to the Indian forces and losses were usually close to the facts, and were often under rather than over statements.

French rangers, most of whom were painted and dressed like the Indians.

When they reached the fort they found camped close to the walls a party of fifty dragoons and ninety riflemen. These dragoons and riflemen had escorted a brigade of pack-horses from Greeneville the day before, and having left the supplies in the fort were about to return with the unladen pack-horses. But soon after daybreak the Indians rushed their camp. Against such overwhelming numbers no effective resistance could be made. After a few moments' fight the men broke and ran to the fort. The officers, as usual, showed no fear, and were the last to retreat, half of them being killed or wounded: one of the honorably noteworthy features of all these Indian fights was the large relative loss among the officers. Most of the dragoons and riflemen reached the fort, including nineteen who were wounded; nineteen officers and privates were killed, and two of the pack-horsemen were killed and three captured. Two hundred pack-horses were captured. The Indians, flushed with success and rendered overconfident by their immense superiority in numbers, made a rush at the fort, hoping to carry it by storm. They were beaten back at once with severe loss; for in such work they were no match for their foes. They then surrounded the fort, kept up a harmless fire all day, and renewed it the following morning. In the night they bore off their dead, finding them with the help of torches; eight or ten of those nearest the fort they could not get. They then drew off and marched back to the Miami towns. At least twenty-five[1] of them had been killed, and a great number wounded; whereas they had only succeeded in killing one and wounding eleven of the garrison. They were much disheartened at the check, and the upper-lake Indians began to go home. The savages were as fickle as they were ferocious; and though terrible antagonists when fighting on their own ground and in their own manner, they lacked the stability necessary for undertaking a formidable offensive movement in mass. This army of two thousand warriors, the largest they had ever assembled, was repulsed with loss in an attack on a wooden fort with a garrison not one-sixth their strength, and then dissolved without accomplishing anything at all.

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[1] "Canadian Archives," G. Lamothe to Joseph Chew, Michilimackinac, July 19, 1794. McKee says, "17 men killed"; evidently he either wilfully understated the truth, or else referred only to the particular tribes with which he was associated. Lamothe says, "they have lost twenty-five people amongst different nations," but

Three weeks after the successful defense of Fort Recovery, Wayne was joined by a large force of mounted volunteers from Kentucky, under General Scott; and, on July 27th, he set out toward the Miami towns. The Indians who watched his march brought word to the British that his army went twice as far in a day as St. Clair's, that he kept his scouts well out and his troops always in open order and ready for battle; that he exercised the greatest precaution to avoid an ambush or surprise, and that every night the camps of the different regiments were surrounded by breastworks of fallen trees, so as to render a sudden assault hopeless. Wayne was determined to avoid the fates of Braddock and St. Clair. His "Legion" of regular troops was over two thousand strong. His discipline was very severe, yet he kept the loyal affection of his men. He had made the officers devote much of their time to training the

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as he was only speaking of the upper-lake Indians, it may be that the total Indian loss was 25 plus 17, or 42. McKee always understates the British force and loss, and greatly overstates the loss and force of the Americans. In this letter he says that the Americans had 50 men killed, instead of 22; and that 60 "drivers" (pack-horsemen) were taken and killed; whereas in reality 3 were taken and 2 killed.

infantry in marksmanship and the use of the bayonet, and the cavalry in the use of the sabre. He pressed upon the cavalry and infantry alike that their safety lay in charging home with the utmost resolution. By steady drill he had turned his force, which was originally not of a promising character, into as fine an army, for its size, as a general could wish to command.

The perfection of fighting capacity to which he had brought his forces caused much talk among the frontiersmen themselves. One of the contingent of Tennessee militia wrote home in the highest praise of the horsemanship and swordsmanship of the cavalry, who galloped their horses at speed over any ground, and leaped them over formidable obstacles, and of the bayonet practice, and especially of the marksmanship, of the infantry. He remarked that hunters were apt to undervalue the soldiers as marksmen, but that Wayne's riflemen were as good shots as any hunters he had ever seen at any of the many matches he had attended in the backwoods.[1]

Wayne showed his capacity as a commander by the use he made of his spies or scouts. A few of these were Chickasaw or Choctaw Indians; the rest, twenty or thirty in number, were drawn from the ranks of the wild white Indian fighters, the men who plied their trade of warfare and the chase right on the hunting-grounds of the hostile tribes. They were far more dangerous to the Indians, and far more useful to the army, than the like number of regular soldiers or ordinary rangers.

It was on these fierce backwoods riflemen that Wayne chiefly relied for news of the Indians, and they served him well. In small parties, or singly, they threaded the forest scores of miles in advance or to one side of the marching army, and kept close watch on the Indians' movements. As skilful and hardy as the red warriors, much better marksmen, and even more daring, they took many scalps, harrying the hunting-parties, and hanging on the outskirts of the big wigwam villages. They captured and brought in Indian after Indian; from whom Wayne got valuable information. The use of scouts, and the consequent knowledge gained by the examination of Indian prisoners, emphasized the difference between St. Clair and Wayne. Wayne's reports are accompanied by many examinations of Indian captives.[1]

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[1] Knoxville *Gazette*, August 27, 1793.

Among these wilderness warriors who served under Wayne were some who became known far and wide along the border for their feats of reckless personal prowess and their strange adventures. They were of course all men of remarkable bodily strength and agility, with almost unlimited power of endurance, and the keenest eyesight; and they were masters in the use of their weapons. Several had been captured by the Indians when children, and had lived for years with them before rejoining the whites; so that they knew well the speech and customs of the different tribes.

One of these men was the captain of the spies, William Wells. When a boy of twelve he had been captured by the Miamis, and had grown to manhood among them, living like any other young warrior; his Indian name was Black Snake, and he married a sister of the great war chief, Little Turtle. He fought with the rest of the Miamis, and by the side of Little Turtle, in the victories the northwestern Indians gained over Harmar and St. Clair, and during the last battle he killed several soldiers with his own hand. Afterward, by some wayward freak of mind, he became harassed by the thought that perhaps he had slain some of his own kinsmen; dim memories of his childhood came back to him; and he resolved to leave his Indian wife and half-breed children and rejoin the people of his own color. Tradition relates that on the eve of his departure he made his purpose known to Little Turtle, and added: "We have long been friends; we are friends yet, until the sun stands so high [indicating the place] in the heavens; from that time we are enemies and may kill one another." Be this as it may, he came to Wayne, was taken into high favor, and made chief of scouts, and served loyally and with signal success until the end of the campaign. After the campaign he was joined by his Indian wife and his children; the latter grew up and married well in the community, so that their blood now flows in the veins of many of the descendants of the old pioneers. Wells himself was slain by the Indians long afterward, in 1812, at the Chicago massacre.

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[1] *American State Papers,* IV, 94, 489. Examination of two Pottawatomies captured on the 5th of June; of two Shawnees captured on the 22d of June; of a Shawnee captured on August 11th, etc.

One of Wells's fellow spies was William Miller. Miller, like Wells, had been captured by the Indians when a boy, together with his brother Christopher. When he grew to manhood he longed to rejoin his own people, and finally did so, but he could not persuade his brother to come with him, for Christopher had become an Indian at heart. In June, 1794, Wells, Miller, and a third spy, Robert McClellan, were sent out by Wayne with special instructions to bring in a live Indian. McClellan, who a number of years afterward became a famous plainsman and Rocky Mountain man, was remarkably swift of foot. Near the Glaize River they found three Indians roasting venison by a fire, on a high open piece of ground, clear of brushwood. By taking advantage of the cover yielded by a fallen tree-top the three scouts crawled within seventy yards of the camp-fire; and Wells and Miller agreed to fire at the two outermost Indians, while McClellan, as soon as they had fired, was to dash in and run down the third. As the rifles cracked, the two doomed warriors fell dead in their tracks; while McClellan bounded forward at full speed, tomahawk in hand. The Indian had no time to pick up his gun; fleeing for his life he reached the bank of the river, where the bluffs were twenty feet high, and sprang over into the stream-bed. He struck a miry place, and while he was floundering McClellan came to the top of the bluff and instantly sprang down full on him, and overpowered him. The others came up and secured the prisoner, whom they found to be a white man; and to Miller's astonishment it proved to be his brother Christopher. The scouts brought their prisoner, and the scalps of the two slain warriors, back to Wayne. At first, Christopher was sulky and refused to join the whites; so at Greeneville he was put in the guard-house. After a few days he grew more cheerful, and said he had changed his mind. Wayne set him at liberty, and he not only served valiantly as a scout through the campaign, but acted as Wayne's interpreter. Early in July he showed his good faith by assisting McClellan in the capture of a Pottawatomie chief.

On one of Wells's scouts he and his companions came across a family of Indians in a canoe by the river-bank. The white wood-rangers were as ruthless as their red foes, sparing neither sex nor age; and the scouts were cocking their rifles when Wells recognized the Indians as being the family into which he had been adopted, and by which he had been treated as a son and brother. Springing forward he swore immediate death to the first man who fired; and then told his companions who the Indians were. The scouts at once dropped their weapons, shook hands with the Miamis, and sent them off unharmed.

Wells's last scouting trip was made just before the final battle of the campaign. As it was the eve of the decisive struggle, Wayne was anxious to get a prisoner. Wells went off with three companions—McClellan, a man named Mahaffy, and a man named May. May, like Wells and Miller, had lived long with the Indians, first as a prisoner, and afterward as an adopted member of their tribe, but had finally made his escape. The four scouts succeeded in capturing an Indian man and woman, whom they bound securely. Instead of returning at once with their captives, the companions, in sheer daredevil, ferocious love of adventure, determined, as it was already nightfall, to leave the two bound Indians where they could find them again, and go into one of the Indian camps to do some killing. The camp they selected was but a couple of miles from the British fort. They were dressed and painted like Indians, and spoke the Indian tongues; so, riding boldly forward, they came right among the warriors who stood grouped around the camp-fires. They were at arm's length before their disguise was discovered. Immediately each of them, choosing his man, fired into an Indian, and then they fled, pursued by a hail of bullets. May's horse slipped and fell in the bed of a stream, and he was captured. The other three, spurring hard and leaning forward in their saddles to avoid the bullets, escaped, though both Wells and McClellan were wounded; and they brought their Indian prisoners into Wayne's camp that night.

May was recognized by the Indians as their former prisoner; and next day they tied him up, made a mark on his breast for a target, and shot him to death.[1]

With his advance effectually covered by his scouts, and his army guarded by his own ceaseless vigilance, Wayne marched without opposition to the confluence of the Glaize and the Maumee, where the hostile Indian villages began, and whence they stretched to below the British fort. The savages were taken by surprise and fled without offering opposition, while Wayne halted, on August 8th, and spent a week in building a strong log stockade, with four good blockhouses as bastions; he christened the work Fort Defiance.[2] The Indians had cleared and tilled immense fields, and the troops revelled in the fresh vegetables and ears of roasted corn, and enjoyed the rest;[3] for during the march the labor of cutting a road through the thick forest had been very severe, while the water was bad and the mosquitoes were exceedingly troublesome. At one place a tree fell on Wayne and nearly killed him; but though somewhat crippled, he continued as active and vigilant as ever.[4]

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[1] McBride collects or reprints a number of narratives dealing with these border heroes; some of them are by contemporaries who took part in their deeds. Brickell's narrative corroborates these stories; the differences are such as would naturally be explained by the fact that different observers were writing of the same facts from memory after a lapse of several years. In their essentials the narratives are undoubtedly trustworthy. In the Draper collection there are scores of MS. narratives of similar kind, written down from what the pioneers said in their old age; unfortunately, it is difficult to sift out the true from the false, unless the stories are corroborated from outside sources; and most of the tales in the Draper MSS. are evidently hopelessly distorted. Wells's daring attack on the Indian camp is alluded to in the Bradley MSS.; the journal, under date of August 12th, recites how four white spies went down almost to Lake Erie, captured two Indians, and then attacked the Indians in their tents, three of the spies being wounded.

[2] *American State Papers,* IV, 490, Wayne to Secretary of War, August 14, 1794.

[3] Bradley MSS. Letter of Captain Daniel Bradley to Ebenezer Banks, Grand Glaize, August 28, 1794.

[4] "American Pioneer," I, 317, *Daily Journal of Wayne's Campaign.* By Lieutenant Boyer. Reprinted separately in Cincinnati in 1866.

From Fort Defiance Wayne sent a final offer of peace to the Indians, summoning them at once to send deputies to meet him. The letter was carried by Christopher Miller, and a Shawnee prisoner; and in it Wayne explained that Miller was a Shawnee by adoption, whom the soldiers had captured "six months since," while the Shawnee warrior had been taken but a couple of days before; and he warned the Indians that he had seven Indian prisoners, who had been well treated, but who would be put to death if Miller was harmed. The Indians did not molest Miller, but sought to obtain delay, and would give no definite answer; whereupon Wayne advanced against them, having laid waste and destroyed all their villages and fields.

His army marched on the 15th, and on the 18th reached Roche du Bout, by the Maumee Rapids, only a few miles from the British fort. Next day was spent in building a rough breastwork to protect the stores and baggage, and in reconnoitring the Indian position.[1]

The Indians—Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots, Ottawas, Miamis, Pottawatomies, Chippewas, and Iroquois—were camped close to the British. There were between fifteen hundred and two thousand warriors; and in addition there were seventy rangers from Detroit, French, English, and refugee Americans, under Captain Caldwell, who fought with them in the battle. The British agent McKee was with them; and so was Simon Girty, the "white renegade," and another partisan leader, Elliott. But McKee, Girty, and Elliott did not actually fight in the battle.[2]

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[1] *American State Papers*, 491, Wayne's Report to Secretary of War, August 28, 1794.

[2] "Canadian Archives," McKee to Chew, August 27, 1794. McKee says there were 1,300 Indians, and omits all allusion to Caldwell's rangers. He always underestimates the Indian numbers and loss. In the battle one of Caldwell's rangers,

On August 20, 1794, Wayne marched to battle against the Indians.[1] They lay about six miles down the river, near the British fort, in a place known as the Fallen Timbers, because there the thick forest had been overturned by a whirlwind, and the dead trees lay piled across one another in rows. All the baggage was left behind in the breastwork, with a sufficient guard. The army numbered about three thousand men; two thousand were regulars, and there were a thousand mounted volunteers from Kentucky under General Scott.

The army marched down the left or north branch of the Maumee. A small force of mounted volunteers—Kentucky militia—were in front. On the right flank the squadron of dragoons, the regular cavalry, marched next to the river. The infantry, armed with musket and bayonet, were formed in two long lines, the second some little distance behind the first; the left of the first line being continued by the companies of regular riflemen and light troops. Scott, with the body of the mounted volunteers, was thrown out on the left with instructions to turn the flank of the Indians, thus effectually preventing them from performing a similar feat at the expense of the Americans. There could be no greater contrast than that between Wayne's carefully trained troops, marching in open order to the attack, and St. Clair's huddled mass of raw soldiers, receiving an assault they were powerless to repel.

Antoine Lasselle, was captured. He gave in detail the numbers of the Indians engaged; they footed up to over 1,500. A deserter from the fort, a British drummer of the 24th Regiment, named John Bevin, testified that he had heard both McKee and Elliott report the number of Indians as 2,000, in talking to Major Campbell, the commandant of the fort, after the battle. He and Lasselle agree as to Caldwell's rangers. See their depositions, *American State Papers*, IV, 494.

[1] Draper MSS., William Clark to Jonathan Clark, August 28, 1794. McBride, II, 129; "Life of Paxton." Many of the regulars and volunteers were left in Fort Defiance and the breastworks on the Maumee as garrisons.

The Indians stretched in a line nearly two miles long at right angles to the river, and began the battle confidently enough. They attacked and drove in the volunteers who were in advance, and the firing then began along the entire front. But their success was momentary. Wayne ordered the first line of infantry to advance with trailed arms, so as to rouse the savages from their cover, then to fire into their backs at close range, and to follow them hard with the bayonet, so as to give them no time to load. The regular cavalry were directed to charge the left flank of the enemy; for Wayne had determined "to put the horse hoof on the moccasin." Both orders were executed with spirit and vigor.

It would have been difficult to find more unfavorable ground for cavalry; nevertheless, the dragoons rode against their foes at a gallop, with broadswords swinging, the horses dodging in and out among the trees and jumping the fallen logs. They received a fire at close quarters which emptied a dozen saddles, both captains being shot down. One, the commander of the squadron, Captain Mis Campbell,[1] was killed; the other, Captain Van Rensselaer, a representative of one of the old Knickerbocker families of New York, who had joined the army from pure love of adventure, was wounded. The command devolved on Lieutenant Covington, who led forward the troopers, with Lieutenant Webb alongside him; and the dragoons burst among the savages at full speed, and routed them in a moment. Covington cut down two of the Indians with his own hand, and Webb one.

At the same time the first line of the infantry charged with equal impetuosity and success. The Indians delivered one volley and were then roused from their hiding-places with the bayonet; as they fled they were shot down, and if they attempted to halt they were at once assailed and again driven with the bayonet. They could make no stand at all, and the battle was won with ease. So complete was the success that only the first line of regulars was able to take part in the fighting; the second line, and Scott's horse-riflemen, on the left, in spite of their exertions, were unable to reach the battle-field until the Indians were driven from it; "there not being a sufficiency of the enemy for the Legion to play on," wrote Clark. The entire action lasted under forty minutes.[1] Less than a thousand of the Americans were actually engaged. They pursued the beaten and fleeing Indians for two miles, the cavalry halting only when under the walls of the British fort.

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[1] A curious name, but so given in all the reports.

Thirty-three of the Americans were killed and one hundred wounded.[2] It was an easy victory. The Indians suffered much more heavily than the Americans; in killed, they probably lost two or three times as many. Among the dead were white men from Caldwell's company; and one white ranger was captured. It was the most complete and important victory ever gained over the northwestern Indians during the forty years' warfare to which it put an end; and it was the only considerable pitched battle in which they lost more than their foes. They suffered heavily among their leaders; no less than eight Wyandot chiefs were slain.

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[1] Bradley MSS., entry in the journal for August 20th.

[2] Wayne's report; of the wounded, 11 afterward died. He gives an itemized statement. Clark, in his letter, makes the dead 34 (including 8 militia instead of 7) and the wounded only 70. Wayne reports the Indian loss as twice as great as that of the whites; and says the woods were strewn with their dead bodies and those of their white auxiliaries. Clark says 100 Indians were killed. The Englishman, Thomas Duggan, writing from Detroit to Joseph Chew, Secretary of the Indian Office, says officially that "great numbers" of the Indians were slain. The journal of Wayne's campaign says 40 dead were left on the field, and that there was considerable additional, but unascertained, loss in the rapid two miles' pursuit. The member of Caldwell's company who was captured was a French-Canadian; his deposition is given by Wayne. McKee says the Indians lost but 19 men, and that but 400 were engaged, specifying the Wyandots and Ottawas as being those who did the fighting and suffered the loss; and he puts the loss of the Americans, al-

From the fort the British had seen, with shame and anger, the rout of their Indian allies. Their commander wrote to Wayne to demand his intentions; Wayne responded that he thought they were made sufficiently evident by his successful battle with the savages. The Englishman wrote in resentment of this curt reply, complaining that Wayne's soldiers had approached within pistol-shot of the fort, and threatened to fire upon them if the offense was repeated. Wayne responded by summoning him to abandon the fort; a summons which he of course refused to heed. Wayne then gave orders to destroy everything up to the very walls of the fort, and his commands were carried out to the letter; not only were the Indian villages burned and their crops cut down, but all the houses and buildings of the British agents and traders, including McKee's, were levelled to the ground. The British commander did not dare to interfere or make good his threats; nor, on the other hand, did Wayne dare to storm the fort, which was well built and heavily armed.

After completing his work of destruction, Wayne

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though he admits that they won, at between 300 and 400. He was furious at the defeat, and was endeavoring to minimize it in every way. He does not mention the presence of Caldwell's white company; he makes the mistake of putting the American cavalry on the wrong wing, in trying to show that only the Ottawas and Wyandots were engaged; and if his figures, 19 dead, have any value at all, they refer only to those two tribes; above I have repeatedly shown that he invariably underestimated the Indian losses, usually giving the losses suffered by the band he was with as being the entire loss. In this case he speaks of the fighting and loss as being confined to the Ottawas and Wyandots; but Brickell, who was with the Delawares, states that "many of the Delawares were killed and wounded." All the Indians were engaged; and doubtless all the tribes suffered proportionately; and much more than the Americans. Captain Daniel Bradley, in his above-quoted letter of August 28th to Ebenezer Banks (Bradley MSS.), says that between 50 and 100 Indians were killed.

marched his army back to Fort Defiance. Here he was obliged to halt for over a fortnight while he sent back to Fort Recovery for provisions. He employed the time in work on the fort, which he strengthened so that it would stand an attack by a regular army. The mounted volunteers were turned to account in a new manner, being employed not only to escort the pack-animals but themselves to transport the flour on their horses. There was much sickness among the soldiers, especially from fever and ague, and but for the corn and vegetables they obtained from the Indian towns which were scattered thickly along the Maumee they would have suffered from hunger. They were especially disturbed because all the whiskey was used up.[1]

On September 14th the Legion started westward toward the Miami towns at the junction of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph's rivers, the scene of Harmar's disaster. In four days the towns were reached, the Indians being too cowed to offer resistance. Here the army spent six weeks, burned the towns and destroyed the fields and stores of the hostile tribes, and built a fort which was christened Fort Wayne. British deserters came in from time to time; some of the Canadian traders made overtures to the army and agreed to furnish provisions at a moderate price; and of the savages, only straggling parties were seen. The mounted volunteers grew mutinous, but were kept in order by their commander, Scott, a rough, capable backwoods soldier. Their term of service at length expired and they were sent home; and the regulars of the Legion, leaving a garrison at Fort Wayne, marched back to Greeneville, and reached it on November 2d, just three months and six days after they started from it on their

[1] *Daily Journal of Wayne's Campaign*, "American Pioneer," I, 351.

memorable and successful expedition. Wayne had shown himself the best general ever sent to war with the northwestern Indians; and his victorious campaign was the most noteworthy ever carried on against them, for it brought about the first lasting peace on the border, and put an end to the bloody turmoil of forty years' fighting. It was one of the most striking and weighty feats in the winning of the West.

The army went into winter quarters at Greeneville. There was sickness among the troops, and there were occasional desertions; the discipline was severe, and the work so hard and dangerous that the men generally refused to re-enlist.[1] The officers were uneasy lest there should be need of a further campaign. But their fears were groundless. Before winter set in heralds arrived from the hostile tribes to say that they wished peace.

The Indians were utterly downcast over their defeat.[2] The destruction of their crops, homes, and stores of provisions was complete, and they were put to sore shifts to live through the winter. Their few cattle, and many even of their dogs, died; they could not get much food from the British; and as winter wore on they sent envoy after envoy to the Americans, exchanged prisoners, and agreed to make a permanent peace in the spring. They were exasperated with the British, who, they said, had not fulfilled a single promise they had made.[3]

The anger of the Indians against the British was as just as it was general. They had been lured and goaded into war by direct material aid, and by indirect promises of armed assistance; and they were abandoned as soon as the fortune of war went against them. Brant, the Iroquois chief, was sorely angered by the action of the British in deserting the Indians whom they had encouraged by such delusive hopes; and in his letter to the British officials[1] he reminded them of the fact that but for their interference the Indians would have concluded "an equitable and honorable peace in June, 1793"—thus offering conclusive proof that the American Commissioners, in their efforts to make peace with the Indians in that year, had been foiled by the secret machinations of the British agents, as Wayne had always thought. Brant blamed the British agent McKee for ever having interfered in the Indian councils, and misled the tribes to their hurt; and in writing to the secretary of the Indian office for Canada he reminded him in plain terms of the treachery with which the British had behaved to the Indians at the close of the Revolutionary War, and expressed the hope that it would not be repeated, saying:[2] "If there is a treaty between Great Britain and the Yankees I hope our Father the King will not forget the Indians as he did in the year '83." When his forebodings came true and the British, in assenting to Jay's treaty, abandoned their Indian allies, Brant again wrote to the secretary of the Indian office, in repressed but bitter anger at the conduct of the king's agents in preventing the Indians from making peace with the Americans while they could have made it on advantageous terms, and then in deserting them. He wrote: "This is the second time the poor Indians have been left in the lurch & I cannot avoid lamenting that they were prevented at a time when they had it in their power to make an Honorable and Advantageous Peace."[1]

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[1] Draper MSS., William Clark to Jonathan Clark, November 23, 1794.

[2] "Canadian Archives," William Johnson Chew to Joseph Chew, December 7, 1794.

[3] Brickell's "Narrative."

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[1] "Canadian Archives," Joseph Brant to Joseph Chew, October 22, 1794; William J. Chew to J. Chew, October 24, 1794.

[2] *Ibid.*, Brant to Joseph Chew, February 24 and March 17, 1795.

McKee, the British Indian agent, was nearly as frank as Brant in expressing his views of the conduct of the British toward their allies; he doubtless felt peculiar bitterness as he had been made the active instrument in carrying out the policy of his chiefs, and had then seen that policy abandoned and even disavowed. In fact, he suffered the usual fate of those who are chosen to do some piece of work which unscrupulous men in power wish to have done, but wish also to avoid the responsibility of doing. He foretold evil results from the policy adopted, a policy under which, as he put it, "the distressed situation of the poor Indians who have long fought for us and bled farely for us [is] no bar to a Peaceable accommodation with America and . . . they [are] left to shift for themselves."[2] That a sentence of this kind could be truthfully written by one British official to another, was a sufficiently biting comment on the conduct of the British Government.

The battle of the Fallen Timbers opened the eyes of the Indians to more facts than one. They saw that they could not stand against the Americans unassisted. Furthermore, they saw that though the British would urge them to fight, and would secretly aid them, yet that in the last resort the king's troops would not come to their help by proceeding to actual war. All their leaders recognized that it was time to make peace. The Americans found an active ally in the French-Canadian, Antoine Lasselle, whom they had captured in the battle. He worked hard to bring about a peace, inducing the Canadian traders to come over to the

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[1] "Canadian Archives," Brant to Chew, January 19, 1796.

[2] *Ibid.*, McKee to Chew, March 27, 1795.

American side, and making every effort to get the Indians to agree to terms. Being a thrifty soul, he drove a good trade with the savages at the councils, selling them quantities of liquor.

In November, the Wyandots from Sandusky sent ambassadors to Wayne at Greeneville. Wayne spoke to them with his usual force and frankness. He told them he pitied them for their folly in listening to the British, who were very glad to urge them to fight and to give them ammunition, but who had neither the power nor the inclination to help them when the time of trial came; that hitherto the Indians had felt only the weight of his little finger, but that he would surely destroy all the tribes in the near future if they did not make peace.[1]

The Hurons went away much surprised, and resolved on peace; and the other tribes followed their example. In January, 1795, the Miamis, Chippewas, Sacs, Delawares, Pottawatomies, and Ottawas sent ambassadors to Greeneville and agreed to treat.[2] The Shawnees were bent on continuing the war; but when their allies deserted them they too sent to Greeneville and asked to be included in the peace.[3] On February 11th the Shawnees, Delawares, and Miamis formally entered into a preliminary treaty.

This was followed in the summer of 1795 by the formal treaty of Greeneville, at which Wayne, on behalf of the United States, made a definite peace with all the northwestern tribes. The sachems, war-chiefs, and warriors of the different tribes began to gather early in June; and formal proceedings for a treaty were opened on June 17th. But many of the tribes were slow in coming to the treaty ground, others vacillated in their course, and unforeseen delays arose; so that it was not until August 7th that it was possible to come to a unanimous agreement and ratify the treaty. No less than eleven hundred and thirty Indians were present at the treaty grounds, including a full delegation from every hostile tribe. All solemnly covenanted to keep the peace; and they agreed to surrender to the whites all of what is now southern Ohio and southeastern Indiana, and various reservations elsewhere, as at Fort Wayne, Fort Defiance, Detroit, and Michilimackinac, the lands around the French towns, and the hundred and fifty thousand acres near the Falls of the Ohio which had been allotted to Clark and his soldiers. The government, in its turn, acknowledged the Indian title to the remaining territory, and agreed to pay the tribes annuities aggregating nine thousand five hundred dollars. All prisoners on both sides were restored. There were interminable harangues and councils while the treaty was pending, the Indians invariably addressing Wayne as Elder Brother, and Wayne in response styling them Younger Brothers. In one speech a Chippewa chief put into terse form the reasons for making the treaty, and for giving the Americans title to the land, saying: "Elder Brother, you asked who were the true owners of the land now ceded to the United States. In answer I tell you, if any nations should call themselves the owners of it they would be guilty of falsehood; our claim to it is equal; our Elder Brother has conquered it."[1]

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[1] "Canadian Archives," George Ironside to McKee, December 13, 1794.

[2] *Ibid.*, Antoine Lasselle to Jacques Lasselle, January 31, 1795.

[3] *Ibid.*, letter of Lieutenant-Colonel England, January 30, 1795; also copy of treaty of peace of February 11th.

Wayne had brought peace by the sword. It was the first time the border had been quiet for over a generation; and for fifteen years the quiet lasted unbroken. The credit belongs to Wayne and his army, and to the government which stood behind both. Because it thus finally stood behind them, we can forgive its manifold shortcomings and vacillations, its futile efforts to beg a peace, and its reluctance to go to war. We can forgive all this; but we should not forget it. Americans need to keep in mind the fact that as a nation they have erred far more often in not being willing enough to fight than in being too willing. Once roused, they have always been dangerous and hard-fighting foes; but they have been overdifficult to rouse. Their educated classes, in particular, need to be perpetually reminded that, though it is an evil thing to brave a conflict needlessly, or to bully and bluster, it is an even worse thing to flinch from a fight for which there is legitimate provocation, or to live in supine, slothful, unprepared ease, helpless to avenge an injury.

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[1] *American State Papers,* IV, 562–583.

The conduct of the Americans in the years which closed with Wayne's treaty did not shine very brightly; but the conduct of the British was black, indeed. On the northwestern frontier they behaved in a way which can scarcely be too harshly stigmatized. This does not apply to the British civil and military officers at the lake posts; for they were merely doing their duty as they saw it, and were fronting their foes bravely, while with loyal zeal they strove to carry out what they understood to be the policy of their superiors. The ultimate responsibility rested with these superiors, the Crown's high advisers, and the King and Parliament they represented. Their treatment, both of the Indians, whom they professed to protect, and of the Americans, with whom they professed to be friendly, forms one of the darkest pages in the annals of the British in America. Yet they have been much less severely blamed for their behavior in this matter, than for far more excusable offenses. American historians, for example, usually condemn them without stint because, in 1814, the army of Ross and Cockburn burned and looted the public buildings of Washington; but by right they should keep all their condemnation for their own country, so far as the taking of Washington is concerned; for the sin of burning a few public buildings is as nothing compared with the cowardly infamy of which the politicians of the stripe of Jefferson and Madison, and the people whom they represented, were guilty in not making ready, by sea and land, to protect their Capital and in not exacting full revenge for its destruction. These facts may with advantage be pondered by those men of the present day who are either so ignorant or of such lukewarm patriotism that they do not wish to see the United States keep prepared for war and show herself willing and able to adopt a vigorous foreign policy whenever there is need of furthering American interests or upholding the honor of the American flag. America is bound scrupulously to respect the rights of the weak; but she is no less bound to make stalwart insistence on her own rights as against the strong.

The count against the British on the northwestern frontier is, not that they insisted on their rights, but that they were guilty of treachery to both friend and foe. The success of the British was incompatible with the good of mankind in general, and of the English-speaking races in particular; for they strove to prop up savagery and to bar the westward march of the settler-folk whose destiny it was to make ready the continent for civilization. But the British cannot be seriously blamed because they failed to see this. Their fault lay in their aiding and encouraging savages in a warfare which was necessarily horrible, and still more in their repeated breaches of faith. The horror and the treachery were the inevitable outcome of the policy on which they had embarked; it can never be otherwise when a civilized government endeavors to use, as allies in war, savages whose acts it cannot control and for whose welfare it has no real concern.

Doubtless the statesmen who shaped the policy of Great Britain never deliberately intended to break faith, and never fully realized the awful nature of the Indian warfare for which they were in part responsible; they thought very little of the matter at all in the years which saw the beginning of their stupendous struggle with France. But the acts of their obscure agents on the far interior frontier were rendered necessary and inevitable by their policy. To encourage the Indians to hold their own against the Americans, and to keep back the settlers, meant to encourage a war of savagery against the border vanguard of white civilization; and such a war was sure to teem with fearful deeds. Moreover, where the interests of the British Crown were so manifold it was idle to expect that the Crown's advisers would treat as of much weight the welfare of the scarcely known tribes whom their agents had urged to enter a contest which was hopeless, except for British assistance. The British statesmen were engaged in gigantic schemes of warfare and diplomacy; and to them the Indians and the frontiersmen alike were pawns on a great chessboard, to be sacrificed whenever necessary. When the British authorities deemed it likely that there would be war with America, the tribes were incited to take up the hatchet; when there seemed a chance of peace with America the deeds of the tribes were disowned; and peace was finally assured by a cynical abandonment of their red allies. In short, the British, while professing peace with the Americans, treacherously incited the Indians to war against them; and, when it suited their own interests, they treacherously abandoned their Indian allies to the impending ruin.[1]

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[1] The ordinary American histories, often so absurdly unjust to England, are right in their treatment of the British actions on the frontier in 1793–94. The ordinary British historians simply ignore the whole affair. As a type of their class, Mr. Percy Gregg may be instanced. His "History of the United States" is a silly book; he is often intentionally untruthful, but his chief fault is his complete ignorance of the facts about which he is writing. It is, of course, needless to criticise such writers as Mr. Gregg and his fellows. But it is worth while calling attention to Mr. Goldwin Smith's "The United States," for Mr. Goldwin Smith is a student and must be taken seriously. He says: "That the British government or anybody by its authority was intriguing with the Indians against the Americans is an assertion for which there seems to be no proof." If he will examine the "Canadian Archives," from which I have quoted, and the authorities which I cite, he will find the proof ready to hand. Prof. A. C. McLaughlin has made a capital study of this question in his pamphlet on "The Western Posts and the British Debts." What he says cannot well be controverted.

CHAPTER VI

TENNESSEE BECOMES A STATE

1791–1796

"The Territory of the United States of America South of the River Ohio" was the official title of the tract of land which had been ceded by North Carolina to the United States, and which a few years later became the State of Tennessee. William Blount, the newly appointed governor, took charge late in 1790. He made a tour of the various counties, as laid out under authority of the State of North Carolina, rechristening them as counties of the Territory, and summoning before him the persons in each county holding commissions from North Carolina, at the respective court-houses, where he formally notified them of the change. He read to them the act of Congress accepting the cessions of the claims of North Carolina; then he read his own commission from President Washington; and informed them of the provision by North Carolina that Congress should assume and execute the government of the new Territory "in a manner similar to that which they support northwest of the River Ohio." Following this he formally read the ordinance for the government of the Northwestern Territory. He commented upon and explained this proclamation, stating that under it the President had appointed the governor, the judges, and the secretary of the new Territory, and that he himself, as governor, would now appoint the necessary county officers.

The remarkable feature of this address was that he read to the assembled officers in each county, as part of the law apparently binding upon them, Article 6 of the Ordinance of 1787, which provided that there should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the Northwestern Territory.[1] It had been expressly stipulated that this particular provision as regards slavery should not apply to the Southwestern Territory, and of course Blount's omission to mention this fact did not in any way alter the case; but it is a singular thing that he should without comment have read, and his listeners without comment have heard, a recital that slavery was abolished in their Territory. It emphasizes the fact that at this time there was throughout the West no very strong feeling on the subject of slavery, and what feeling there was, was if anything, hostile. The adventurous backwoods farmers who composed the great mass of the population in Tennessee, as elsewhere among and west of the Alleghanies, were not a slave-owning people, in the sense that the planters of the seaboard were. They were pre-eminently folk who did their work with their own hands. Master and man chopped and ploughed and reaped and builded side by side, and even the leaders of the community, the militia generals, the legislators, and the judges, often did their share of farm work, and prided themselves upon their capacity to do it well. They had none of that feeling which makes slave-owners look upon manual labor as a badge of servitude. They were often lazy and shiftless, but they never deified laziness and shiftlessness or made them into a cult. The one thing they prized beyond all others was their personal freedom, the right of the individual to do whatsoever he saw fit. Indeed, they often carried this feeling so far as to make them condone gross excesses, rather than insist upon the exercise of even needful authority. They were by no means entirely logical, but they did see and feel that slavery was abhorrent, and that it was utterly inconsistent with the theories of their own social and governmental life. As yet there was no thought of treating slavery as a sacred institution, the righteousness of which must not be questioned. At the Fourth of July celebrations toasts such as "The total abolition of slavery" were not uncommon.[1] It was this feeling which prevented any manifestation of surprise at Blount's apparent acquiescence in a section of the ordinance for the government of the Territory which prohibited slavery.

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[1] Blount MSS., *Journal of Proceedings of William Blount, Esq.,* Governor in and over the Territory of the United States of America South of the River Ohio, in his executive department, October 23, 1790.

Nevertheless, though slaves were not numerous, they were far from uncommon, and the moral conscience of the community was not really roused upon the subject. It was hardly possible that it should be roused, for no civilized people who owned African slaves had as yet abolished slavery, and it was too much to hope that the path toward abolition would be pointed out by poor frontiersmen engaged in a life-and-death struggle with hostile savages. The slaveholders were not interfered with until they gradually grew numerous enough and powerful enough to set the tone of thought, and make it impossible to root out slavery save by outside action.

Blount recommended the appointment of Sevier and Robertson as brigadier-generals of militia of the eastern and western districts of the Territory, and issued a large number of commissions to the justices of the peace, militia officers, sheriffs, and clerks of the county courts in the different counties.[1] In his appointments he shrewdly and properly identified himself with the natural leaders of the frontiersmen. He made Sevier and Robertson his right-hand men, and strove always to act in harmony with them, while for the minor military and civil officers he chose the persons whom the frontiersmen themselves desired. In consequence he speedily became a man of great influence for good. The secretary of the Territory reported to the Federal Government that the effect of Blount's character on the frontiersmen was far greater than was the case with any other man, and that he was able to get them to adhere to the principles of order and to support the laws by his influence in a way which it was hopeless to expect from their own respect for governmental authority. Blount was felt by the frontiersmen to be thoroughly in sympathy with them, to understand and appreciate them, and to be heartily anxious for their welfare; and yet at the same time his influence could be counted upon on the side of order, while the majority of the frontier officials in any time of commotion were apt to remain silent and inactive or even to express their sympathy with the disorderly element.[2]

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[1] Knoxville *Gazette*, July 17, 1795, etc. See also issue January 28, 1792.

No one but a man of great tact and firmness could have preserved as much order among the frontiersmen as Blount preserved. He was always under fire from both sides. The settlers were continually complaining that they were deserted by the Federal authorities, who favored the Indians, and that Blount himself did not take sufficiently active steps to subdue the savages;

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[1] Blount MSS., *Journal of the Proceedings, etc.*

[2] *American State Papers,* IV; Daniel Smith to the Secretary of War, Knoxville, July 19, 1793.

while on the other hand the National Administration was continually upbraiding him for being too active against the Indians, and for not keeping the frontiersmen sufficiently peaceable. Under many temptations, and in a situation that would have bewildered any one, Blount steadfastly followed his course of, on the one hand, striving his best to protect the people over whom he was placed as governor and to repel the savages, while, on the other hand, he suppressed, so far as lay in his power, any outbreak against the authorities, and tried to inculcate a feeling of loyalty and respect for the National Government.[1] He did much in creating a strong feeling of attachment to the Union among the rough backwoodsmen with whom he had thrown in his lot.

Early in 1791, Blount entered into negotiations with the Cherokees, and when the weather grew warm he summoned them to a treaty. They met on the Holston, all of the noted Cherokee chiefs and hundreds of their warriors being present, and concluded the treaty of Holston, by which, in consideration of numerous gifts and of an annuity of a thousand (afterward increased to fifteen hundred) dollars, the Cherokees at last definitely abandoned their disputed claims to the various tracts of land which the whites claimed under various former treaties. By this treaty with the Cherokees, and by the treaty with the Creeks entered into at New York the previous summer, the Indian title to most of the present State of Tennessee was fairly and legally extinguished. However, the westernmost part was still held by the Chickasaws, and certain tracts in the Southeast, by the Cherokees; while the Indian hunting-grounds in the middle of the Territory were thrust in between the groups of settlements on the Cumberland and the Holston.

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[1] Robertson MSS., Blount to Robertson, February 13, 1793.

On the ground where the treaty was held Blount proceeded to build a little town, which he made the capital of the Territory, and christened Knoxville, in honor of Washington's secretary of war. At this town there was started, in 1791, under his own supervision, the first newspaper of Tennessee, known as the Knoxville *Gazette*. It was four or five years younger than the only other newspaper of the then far West, the Kentucky *Gazette*. The paper gives an interesting glimpse of many of the social and political conditions of the day. In political tone it showed Blount's influence very strongly, and was markedly in advance of most of the similar papers of the time, including the Kentucky *Gazette;* for it took a firm stand in favor of the National Government, and against every form of disorder, of separatism, or of mob law. As with all of the American papers of the day, even in the backwoods, there was much interest taken in European news, and a prominent position was given to long letters, or extracts from seaboard papers, containing accounts of the operations of the English fleets and the French armies, or of the attitude of the European governments. Like most Americans, the editorial writers of the paper originally sympathized strongly with the French Revolution; but the news of the beheading of Marie Antoinette, and the recital of the atrocities committed in Paris, worked a reaction among those who loved order, and the Knoxville *Gazette* ranged itself with them, taking for the time being strong grounds against the French, and even incidentally alluding to the Indians as being more bloodthirsty than any man "not a Jacobin." [1] The people largely shared these sentiments. In 1793, at the Fourth of July celebration at Jonesboro there was a public dinner and ball, as there was also at Knoxville; Federal troops were paraded and toasts were drunk to the President, to the judges of the Supreme Court, to Blount, to General Wayne, to the friendly Chickasaw Indians, to Sevier, to the ladies of the Southwestern Territory, to the American arms, and, finally, "to the true liberties of France and a speedy and just punishment of the murderers of Louis XVI." The word "Jacobin" was used as a term of reproach for some time.

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[1] Knoxville *Gazette*, March 27, 1794.

The paper was at first decidedly Federalist in sentiment. No sympathy was expressed with Genet or with the efforts undertaken by the Western allies of the French minister to organize a force for the conquest of Louisiana; and the Tennessee settlers generally took the side of law and order in the earlier disturbances in which the Federal Government was concerned. At the Fourth of July celebration in Knoxville in 1795, one of the toasts was: "The four western counties of Pennsylvania—may they repent their folly and sin no more"; the Tennesseeans sympathizing as little with the Pennsylvania whiskey revolutionists as four years later they sympathized with the Kentuckians and Virginians in their nullification agitation against the alien and sedition laws. Gradually, however, the tone of the paper changed, as did the tone of the community, at least to the extent of becoming Democratic and anti-Federal; for the people felt that the Easterners did not sympathize with them either in their contests with the Indians or in their desire to control the Mississippi and the farther West. They grew to regard with particular vindictiveness the Federalists—the aristocrats, as they styled them—of the Southern seaboard States, notably of Virginia and South Carolina.

One pathetic feature of the paper was the recurrence of advertisements by persons whose friends and kinsfolk had been carried off by the Indians, and who anxiously sought any trace of them.

But the *Gazette* was used for the expression of opinions not only by the whites, but occasionally even by an Indian. One of the Cherokee chiefs, the Red Bird, put into the *Gazette*, for two buckskins, a talk to the Cherokee chief of the upper towns, in which he especially warned him to leave alone one William Cocke, "the white man who lived among the mulberry-trees," for, said Red Bird, "the mulberry man talks very strong and runs very fast"; this same Cocke being afterward one of the first two senators from Tennessee. The Red Bird ended his letter by the expression of the rather quaint wish, "that all the bad people on both sides were laid in the ground, for then there would not be so many mush men trying to make people to believe they were warriors." [1]

Blount brought his family to Tennessee at once, and took the lead in trying to build up institutions for higher education. After a good deal of difficulty an academy was organized under the title of Blount College, and was opened as soon as a sufficient number of pupils could be gotten together; there were already two other colleges in the Territory, Greeneville and Washington, the latter being the academy founded by Doak. Like almost all other institutions of learning of the day, these three were under clerical control; but Blount College was chartered as a non-denomination institution, the first of its kind in the United States.[2] The clergyman and the lawyer, with the schoolmaster, were still the typical men of letters in all the frontier communities. The doctor was not yet a prominent feature of life in the backwoods, though there is in the *Gazette* an advertisement of one who announces that he intends to come to practice "with a large stock of genuine medicines."[1]

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[1] Knoxville *Gazette*, November 3, 1792.

[2] See Edward T. Sanford's "Blount College and the University of Tennessee," p. 13.

The ordinary books were still school-books, books of law, and sermons or theological writings. The first books, or pamphlets, published in eastern Tennessee were brought out about this time at the *Gazette* office, and bore such titles as: "A Sermon on Psalmody," by Reverend Hezekiah Balch; "A Discourse," by the Reverend Samuel Carrick; and a legal essay called "Western Justice."[2] There was also a slight effort, now and then, at literature of a lighter kind. The little Western papers, like those in the East, had their poets' corners, often with the heading of "Sacred to the Muses," the poems ranging from "Lines to Myra" and "An Epitaph on John Topham" to "The Pernicious Consequences of Smoking Cigars." In an issue of the Knoxville *Gazette* there is advertised for sale a new song by a "gentleman of Col. McPherson's Blues, on a late expedition against the Pennsylvania Insurgents"; and also, in rather incongruous juxtaposition, "Toplady's Translation of Zanchi on Predestination."

Settlers were thronging into east Tennessee, and many penetrated even to the Indian-harassed western district. In travelling to the western parts the immigrants generally banded together in large parties, led by some man of note. Among those who arrived in 1792 was the old North Carolina Indian fighter, General Griffith Rutherford. He wished to settle on the Cumberland, and to take thither all his company, with a large number of wagons, and he sent to Blount begging that a road might be cut through the wilderness for the wagons; or, if this could not be done, that some man would blaze the route, "in which case," said he, "there would be hands of our own that could cut as fast as wagons could march."[1]

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[1] Knoxville *Gazette*, June 19, 1794.

[2] *Ibid.*, January 30 and May 8, 1794.

In 1794, there being five thousand free male inhabitants, as provided by law, Tennessee became entitled to a Territorial legislature, and the governor summoned the Assembly to meet at Knoxville on August 17th. So great was the danger from the Indians that a military company had to accompany the Cumberland legislators to and from the seat of government. For the same reason the judges on their circuits had to go accompanied by a military guard.

Among the first acts of this Territorial legislature was that to establish higher institutions of learning; John Sevier was made a trustee in both Blount and Greeneville colleges. A lottery was established for the purpose of building the Cumberland Road to Nashville, and another one to build a jail and stocks in Nashville. A pension act was passed for disabled soldiers and for widows and orphans, who were to be given an adequate allowance at the discretion of the county court. A poll-tax of twenty-five cents on all taxable white polls was laid, and on every taxable negro poll fifty cents. Land was taxed at the rate of twenty-five cents a hundred acres, town lots one dollar; while a stud-horse was taxed four dollars. Thus, taxes were laid exclusively upon free males, upon slaves, lands, town lots, and stud-horses—a rather queer combination.[2]

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[1] Blount MSS., Rutherford to Blount, May 25, 1792.

[2] "Laws of Tennessee," Knoxville, 1803. First session of Territorial legislature, 1794.

Various industries were started, as the people began to demand not only the necessaries of life, but the comforts and even occasionally the luxuries. There were plenty of blacksmith-shops; and a goldsmith and jeweller set up his establishment. In his advertisement he shows that he was prepared to do some work which would be alien to his modern representative, for he notifies the citizens that he makes "rifle guns in the neatest and most approved fashion." [1]

Ferries were established at the important crossings, and taverns in the county-seats and small towns. One of the Knoxville taverns advertises its rates, which were one shilling for breakfast, one shilling for supper, and one-and-sixpence for dinner; board and lodging for a week costing two dollars, and board only for the same space of time nine shillings. Ferriage was threepence for a man and horse and two shillings for a wagon and team.

Various stores were established in the towns, the merchants obtaining most of their goods in the great trade centres of Philadelphia and Baltimore, and thence hauling them by wagon to the frontier. Most of the trade was carried on by barter. There was very little coin in the country, and but few bank-notes. Often the advertisement specified the kind of goods that would be taken and the different values at which they would be received. Thus, the salt-works at Washington, Va., in advertising their salt, stated that they would sell it per bushel for seven shillings and sixpence, if paid in cash or prime furs; at ten shillings, if paid in bear or deer skins, beeswax, hemp, bacon, butter, or beef-cattle; and at twelve shillings if in other trade and country produce, as was usual.[2] The prime furs were mink, coon, muskrat, wildcat, and beaver. Besides this, the stores advertised that they would take for their articles cash, beeswax, and country produce or tallow, hogs' lard in white walnut kegs, butter, pork, new feathers, good horses, and also corn, rye, oats, flax, and "old Congress money," the old Congress money being that issued by the Continental Congress and which had depreciated wonderfully in value. They also took certificates of indebtedness either from the State or the nation because of services performed against the Indians, and certificates of land claimed under various rights. The value of some of these commodities was evidently mainly speculative. The storekeepers often felt that where they had to accept such dubious substitutes for cash they desired to give no credit, and some of the advertisements run, "Cheap, ready money store, where no credit whatever will be given," and then proceed to describe what ready money was—cash, furs, bacon, etc. The stores sold salt, ironmongery, pewter-ware, corduroys, rum, brandy, whiskey, wine, ribbons, linen, calamancos, and in fact generally what would be found at that day in any store in the smaller towns of the older States. The best eight-by-ten crown glass "was regularly imported," and also "beautiful assortments of fashionable coat and vest buttons," as well as "brown and loaf sugar, coffee, chocolate, tea, and spices." In the towns the families had ceased to kill their own meat, and beef markets were established where fresh meat could be had twice a week.

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[1] Knoxville *Gazette*, October 20, 1792.

[2] *Ibid.*, June 1, 1793.

Houses and lots were advertised for sale, and one result of the method of allowing the branded stock to range at large in the woods was that there were numerous advertisements for strayed horses, and even cattle, with descriptions of the brands and earmarks. The people were already beginning to pay attention to the breeding of their horses, and fine stallions with pedigrees were advertised, though some of the advertisements show a certain indifference to purity of strain; one stallion being quoted as of "mixed fox-hunting and dray" breed. Rather curiously, the Chickasaw horses were continually mentioned as of special merit, together with those of imported stock. Attention was paid both to pacers and trotters.

The lottery was still a recognized method of raising money for every purpose, including the advancement of education and religion. One of the advertisements gives as one of the prizes a negro, valued at one hundred and thirty pounds, a horse at ten pounds, and five hundred acres of fine land without improvements at one thousand two hundred pounds.

Journeying to the long-settled districts of the East, persons went as they wished, in their own wagons or on their own horses; but to go from east Tennessee either to Kentucky or to the Cumberland district or to New Orleans, was a serious matter, because of the Indians. The Territorial authorities provided annually an escort for immigrants from the Holston country to the Cumberland, a distance of one hundred and ten miles through the wilderness, and the departure of this annual escort was advertised for weeks in advance.

Sometimes the escort was thus provided by the authorities. More often adventurers simply banded together; or else some enterprising man advertised that on a given date he should start and would provide protection for those who chose to accompany him. Thus, in the Knoxville *Gazette* for February 6, 1795, a boat captain gives public notice to all persons who wish to sail from the Holston country to New Orleans, that on

March 1st, if the waters answer, his two boats will start, the *Mary* of twenty-five tons, and the *Little Polly* of fifteen tons. Those who had contracted for freight and passage are desired to attend previous to that period.

There was, of course, a good deal of lawlessness and a strong tendency to settle assault and battery cases, in particular, out of court. The officers of justice at times had to subdue criminals by open force. Andrew Jackson, who was district attorney for the Western District, early acquired fame by the energy and success with which he put down any criminal who resisted the law. The worst offenders fled to the Mississippi Territory, there to live among Spaniards, creoles, Indians, and lawless Americans. Lawyers drove a thriving business; but they had their own difficulties, to judge by one advertisement, which appears in the issue of the *Gazette* for March 23, 1793, where six of them give notice that thereafter they will give no legal advice unless it is legally paid for.

All the settlers, or at least all the settlers who had any ambition to rise in the world, were absorbed in land speculations—Blount, Robertson, and the other leaders as much so as anybody. They were continually in correspondence with one another about the purchase of land-warrants, and about laying them out in the best localities. Of course, there was much jealousy and rivalry in the effort to get the best sites. Robertson, being farthest on the frontier, where there was most wild land, had peculiar advantages. Very soon after he settled in the Cumberland district at the close of the Revolutionary War, Blount had entered into an agreement with him for a joint land speculation. Blount was to purchase land claims from both officers and soldiers amounting in all to fifty thousand acres and enter them for the Western Territory, while Robertson was to survey and locate the claims, receiving one-fourth of the whole for his reward.[1] Their connection continued during Blount's term as governor, and Blount's letters to Robertson contain much advice as to how the warrants shall be laid out. Wherever possible they were of course laid outside the Indian boundaries; but, like every one else, Blount and Robertson knew that eventually the Indian lands would come into the possession of the United States, and in view of the utter confusion of the titles, and especially in view of the way the Indians as well as the whites continually broke the treaties and rendered it necessary to make new ones, both Blount and Robertson were willing to place claims on the Indian lands and trust to luck to make the claims good if ever a cession was made. The lands thus located were not lands upon which any Indian village stood. Generally, they were tracts of wilderness through which the Indians occasionally hunted, but as to which there was a question whether they had yet been formally ceded to the government.[2]

Blount also corresponded with many other men on the question of these land speculations, and it is amusing to read the expressions of horror of his correspondents when they read that Tennessee had imposed a land tax.[3] By his activity he became a very large landed proprietor, and when Tennessee was made a State he was taxed on seventy-three thousand two hundred and fifty-two acres in all. The tax was not excessive, being but one hundred and seventy-nine dollars and seventy-two cents.[1] It was, of course, entirely proper for Blount to get possession of the land in this way. The theory of government on the frontier was that each man should be paid a small salary, and be allowed to exercise his private business just as long as it did not interfere with his public duties. Blount's land speculations were similar to those in which almost every other prominent American, in public or private life, was engaged. Neither Congress nor the States had as yet seen the wisdom of allowing the land to be sold only in small parcels to actual occupants, and the favorite kind of speculation was the organization of land companies. Of course, there were other kinds of business in which prominent men took part. Sevier was interested not only in land, but in various mercantile ventures of a more or less speculative kind; he acted as an intermediary with the big importers, who were willing to furnish some of the stores with six months' credit if they could be guaranteed a settlement at the end of that time.[2]

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[1] Blount MSS., agreement between William Blount and James Robertson, October 30, 1783.

[2] Robertson MSS., Blount to Robertson, April 29, 1792.

[3] Blount MSS., Thomas Hart to Blount, Lexington, Ky., March 29, 1795.

One of the characteristics of all the leading frontiersmen was not only the way in which they combined business enterprises with their work as government officials and as Indian fighters, but the readiness with which they turned from one business enterprise to another. One of Blount's Kentucky correspondents, Thomas Hart, the grandfather of Benton, in his letter to Blount, shows these traits in typical fashion. He was engaged in various land speculations with Blount,[3] and was always writing to him about locating land-warrants, advertising the same as required by law, and the like.

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[1] *Ibid.*, return of taxable property of Blount, Nashville, September 9, 1796.

[2] Blount MSS., David Allison to Blount, October 16, 1791.

[3] Clay MSS., Blount to Hart, Knoxville, February 9, 1794. This was just as Hart was moving to Kentucky.

He and Blount held some tens of thousands of acres of the Henderson claim, and Hart proposed that they should lay it out in five-hundred-acre tracts, to be rented to farmers, with the idea that each farmer should receive ten cows and calves to start with—a proposition which was, of course, hopeless, as the pioneers would not lease lands when it was so easy to obtain freeholds. In his letters, Hart mentioned cheerfully that though he was sixty-three years old he was just as well able to carry on his manufacturing business, and on occasion to leave it and play pioneer, as he ever had been, remarking that he "never would be satisfied in the world while new countries could be found," and that his intention, now that he had moved to Kentucky, was to push the mercantile business as long as the Indian war continued and money was plenty, and when that failed, to turn his attention to farming and to divide up those of his lands he could not till himself, to be rented by others.[1]

This letter to Blount shows, by the way, as was shown by Madison's correspondent from Kentucky, that the Indian war, scourge though it was to the frontiersmen as a whole, brought some attendant benefits in its wake by putting a stimulus on the trade of the merchants and bringing ready money into the country. It must not be forgotten, however, that men like Hart and Blount, though in some ways they were benefited by the war, were in other ways very much injured, and that, moreover, they consistently strove to do justice to the Indians and to put a stop to hostilities.

In his letters Colonel Hart betrays a hearty, healthy love of life, and capacity to enjoy it, and make the best of it, which fortunately exist in many Kentucky and

[1] Blount MSS., Thomas Hart to Blount, December 23, 1793.

Tennessee families to this day. He wanted money, but the reason he wanted it was to use it in having a good time for himself and his friends, writing: "I feel all the ardor and spirit for business I did forty years ago, and see myself more capable to conduct it. Oh, if my old friend Uncle Jacob was but living in this country, what pleasure we should have in raking up money and spending it with our friends!" and he closed by earnestly entreating Blount and his family to come to Kentucky, which he assured him was the finest country in the world, with, moreover, "a very pleasant society, for," said he, "I can say with truth that the society of this place is equal, if not superior, to any that can be found in any inland town in the United States, for there is not a day that passes over our heads but I can have half a dozen strange gentlemen to dine with us, and they are from all parts of the Union." [1]

The one overshadowing fact in the history of Tennessee during Blount's term as governor was the Indian warfare. Hostilities with the Indians were never-ceasing, and, so far as Tennessee was concerned, during these six years it was the Indians, and not the whites, who were habitually the aggressors and wrong-doers. The Indian warfare in the Territory during these years deserves some study because it was typical of what occurred elsewhere. It illustrates forcibly the fact that under the actual conditions of settlement wars were inevitable; for if it is admitted that the land of the Indians had to be taken and that the continent had to be settled by white men, it must be further admitted that the settlement could not have taken place save after war. The whites might be to blame in some cases, and the Indians in others; but under no combination of circumstances was it possible to obtain possession of the country save as the result of war, or of a peace obtained by the fear of war. Any peace which did not surrender the land was sure in the end to be broken by the whites; and a peace which did surrender the land would be broken by the Indians. The history of Tennessee during the dozen years from 1785 to 1796 offers an admirable case in point. In 1785, the United States Commissioners concluded the treaty of Hopewell with the Indians, and solemnly guaranteed them certain lands. The whites contemptuously disregarded this treaty and seized the lands which it guaranteed to the Indians, being themselves the aggressors, and paying no heed to the plighted word of the government, while the government itself was too weak to make the frontiersmen keep faith. The treaties of New York and of Holston with the Creeks and Cherokees in 1790 and 1791 were fairly entered into by fully authorized representatives of the tribes. Under them, for a valuable consideration, and of their own motion, the Creeks and Cherokees solemnly surrendered all title to what is now the territory of Tennessee, save to a few tracts mostly in the West and Southeast; and much of the land which was thus ceded they had ceded before. Nevertheless, the peace thus solemnly made was immediately violated by the Indians themselves. The whites were not the aggressors in any way, and, on the contrary, thanks to the wish of the United States authorities for peace, and to the care with which Blount strove to carry out the will of the Federal Government, they for a long time refrained even from retaliating when injured; yet the Indians robbed and plundered them even more freely than when the whites themselves had been the aggressors and had broken the treaty.

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[1] Blount MSS., Hart to Blount, Lexington, February 15, 1795.

Before making the treaty of Holston, Blount had been in correspondence with Benjamin Hawkins, a man who had always been greatly interested in Indian affairs. He was a prominent politician in North Carolina, and afterward for many years agent among the Southern Indians. He had been concerned in several of the treaties. He warned Blount that since the treaty of Hopewell the whites, and not the Indians, had been the aggressors; and also warned him not to try to get too much land from the Indians, or to take away too great an extent of their hunting-grounds, which would only help the great land companies, but to be content with the thirty-fifth parallel for a Southern boundary.[1] Blount paid much heed to this advice, and by the treaty of Holston he obtained from the Indians little more than what the tribes had previously granted; except that they confirmed to the whites the country upon which the pioneers were already settled. The Cumberland district had already been granted over and over again by the Indians in special treaties—to Henderson, to the North Carolinians, and to the United States. The Creeks, in particular, never had had any claim to this Cumberland country, which was a hundred miles and over from any of their towns. All the use they had ever made of it was to visit it with their hunting-parties, as did the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Shawnees, Delawares, and many others. Yet the Creeks and other Indians had the effrontery afterward to assert that the Cumberland country had never been ceded at all, and that as the settlers in it were thus outside of the territory properly belonging to the United States, they were not entitled to protection under the treaty entered into with the latter.

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[1] Blount MSS., Hawkins to Blount, March 10, 1791.

Blount was vigilant and active in seeing that none of the frontiersmen trespassed on the Indian lands, and when a party of men, claiming authority under Georgia, started to settle at the Muscle Shoals, he co-operated actively with the Indians in having them brought back, and did his best, though in vain, to persuade the grand jury to indict the offenders.[1] He was explicit in his orders to Sevier, to Robertson, and to District-Attorney Jackson that they should promptly punish any white man who violated the provisions of the treaty; and over a year after it had been entered into he was able to write in explicit terms that "not a single settler had built a house, or made a settlement of any kind, on the Cherokee lands, and that no Indians had been killed by the whites excepting in defense of their lives and property."[2] Robertson heartily co-operated with Blount, as did Sevier, in the effort to keep peace, Robertson showing much good sense and self-control, and acquiescing in Blount's desire that nothing should be done "inconsistent with the good of the nation as a whole," and that "the faith of the nation should be kept."[3]

The Indians, as a body, showed no appreciation whatever of these efforts to keep the peace, and plundered and murdered quite as freely as before the treaties, or as when the whites themselves were the aggressors. The Creek confederacy was in a condition of utter disorganization, McGillivray's authority was repudiated, and most of the towns scornfully refused to obey the treaty into which their representatives had entered at

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[1] Robertson MSS., Blount to Robertson, September 3, 1791.

[2] *Ibid.*, Blount to Robertson, January 2, 1792; to Bloody Fellow, September 13, 1792.

[3] Blount MSS., Robertson to Blount, January 17, 1793.

New York. A Tory adventurer named Bowles, who claimed to have the backing of the English Government, landed in the nation and set himself in opposition to McGillivray. The latter, who was no fighter, and whose tools were treachery and craft, fled to the protection of the Spaniards. Bowles, among other feats, plundered the stores of Panton, a white trader in the Spanish interest, and for a moment his authority seemed supreme; but the Spaniards, by a trick, got possession of him and put him in prison.

The Spaniards still claimed as their own the southwestern country, and were untiring in their efforts to keep the Indians united among themselves and hostile to the Americans. They concluded a formal treaty of friendship and of reciprocal guarantee with the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Cherokees, at Nogales, in the Choctaw country, on May 14, 1792.[1] The Indians entered into this treaty at the very time they had concluded wholly inconsistent treaties with the Americans. On the place of the treaty the Spaniards built a fort, which they named Fort Confederation, to perpetuate, as they hoped, the memory of the confederation they had thus established among the Southern Indians. By means of this fort they intended to control all the territory enclosed between the rivers Mississippi, Yazoo, Chickasaw, and Mobile. The Spaniards also expended large sums of money in arming the Creeks, and in bribing them to do, what they were quite willing to do of their own accord: that is, to prevent the demarcation of the boundary-line as provided in the New York treaty —a treaty which Carondelet reported to his court as "insulting and pernicious to Spain, the abrogation of which has lately been brought about by the intrigues with the Indians." [1]

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[1] Draper MSS., Spanish Documents; letter of Carondelet to Duke of Alcudia, November 24, 1794.

At the same time that the bill for these expenses was submitted for audit to the home government the Spanish governor also submitted his accounts for the expenses in organizing the expedition against the "English adventurer Bowles," and in negotiating with Wilkinson and the other Kentucky separatists, and also in establishing a Spanish post at the Chickasaw Bluffs, for which he had finally obtained the permission of the Chickasaws. The Americans, of course, regarded the establishment both of the fort at the Chickasaw Bluffs and the fort at Nogales as direct challenges; and Carondelet's accounts show that the frontiersmen were entirely justified in their belief that the Spaniards not only supplied the Creeks with arms and munitions of war, but actively interfered to prevent them from keeping faith and carrying out the treaties which they had signed. The Spaniards did not wish the Indians to go to war unless it was necessary as a last resort. They preferred that they should be peaceful, provided always they could prevent the intrusion of the Americans. Carondelet wrote: "We have inspired the Creeks with pacific intentions toward the United States, but with the precise restriction that there shall be no change of the boundaries"; [2] and he added that "to sustain our allied nations [of Indians] in the possession of their lands becomes therefore indispensable, both to preserve Louisiana to Spain, and in order to keep the Americans from the navigation of the Gulf." He expressed great uneasiness at the efforts of Robertson to foment war between the Chickasaws and Choctaws and the Creeks, and exerted all his powers to keep the Indian nations at peace with one another and united against the settler-folk.[1]

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[1] Draper MSS., letter of Carondelet, New Orleans, September 25, 1795.

[2] *Ibid.*, Spanish Documents; Carondelet's Report, October 23, 1793.

The Spaniards, though with far more infamous and deliberate deceit and far grosser treachery, were pursuing toward the United States and the southwestern Indians the policy pursued by the British toward the United States and the northwestern Indians; with the difference that the Spanish governor and his agents acted under the orders of the court of Spain, while the English authorities connived at and profited by, rather than directly commanded, what was done by their subordinates. Carondelet expressly states that Colonel Gayoso and his other subordinates had been directed to unite the Indian nations in a defensive alliance, under the protection of Spain, with the object of opposing Blount, Robertson, and the frontiersmen, and of establishing the Cumberland River as the boundary between the Americans and the Indians. The reciprocal guarantee of their lands by the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickasaws was, said Carondelet, the only way by which the Americans could be retained within their own boundaries.[2] The Spaniards devoted much attention to supporting those traders among the Indians who were faithful to the cause of Spain and could be relied upon to intrigue against the Americans.[3]

The divided condition of the Creeks, some of whom wished to carry out in good faith the treaty of New York, while the others threatened to attack whoever made any move toward putting the treaty into effect, puzzled Carondelet nearly as much as it did the United States authorities; and he endeavored to force the

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[1] Draper MSS., Carondelet to Don Luis de las Casas, June 13, 1795, enclosing letter from Don M. G. de Lemos, governor of Natchez.

[2] *Ibid.*, Carondelet to Aleudia, August 17, 1793.

[3] *Ibid.*, Manuel Gayoso de Lemos to Carondelet, Nogales, July 25, 1793.

Creeks to abstain from warfare with the Chickasaws by refusing to supply them with munitions of war for any such purpose, or for any other except to oppose the frontiersmen. He put great faith in the endeavor to treat the Americans not as one nation, but as an assemblage of different communities. The Spaniards sought to placate the Kentuckians by promising to reduce the duties on the goods that came downstream to New Orleans by six per cent, and thus to prevent an outbreak on their part; at the same time the United States Government was kept occupied by idle negotiations. Carondelet further hoped to restrain the Cumberland people by fear of the Creek and Cherokee nations, who, he remarked, "had never ceased to commit hostilities upon them, and to profess implacable hatred for them."[1] He reported to the Spanish court that Spain had no means of molesting the Americans save through the Indians, as it would not be possible with an army to make a serious impression on the "ferocious and well-armed" frontier people, favored as they would be by their knowledge of the country; whereas the Indians, if properly supported, offered an excellent defense, supplying from the southwestern tribes fifteen thousand warriors, whose keep in time of peace cost Spain not more than fifty thousand dollars a year, and even in time of war not more than a hundred and fifty thousand.[2]

The Spaniards in this manner actively fomented hostilities among the Creeks and Cherokees. Their support explained much in the attitude of these peoples, but doubtless the war would have gone on anyhow until the savages were thoroughly cowed by force of arms. The chief causes for the incessantly renewed hostilities were the desire of the young braves for blood and glory, a vague but well-founded belief among the Indians that the white advance meant their ruin unless stayed by an appeal to arms, and, more important still, the absolute lack of any central authority among the tribesmen which could compel them all to war together effectively on the one hand, or all to make peace on the other.

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[1] Draper MSS., Carondelet to De Lemos, August 15, 1793.

[2] *Ibid.*, Carondelet to Alcudia, September 27, 1793.

Blount was superintendent of Indian affairs for the Southern Indians as well as governor of the Territory; and in addition the Federal authorities established an Indian agent, directly responsible to themselves, among the Creeks. His name was James Seagrove. He did his best to bring about a peace, and, like all Indian agents, he was apt to take an unduly harsh view of the deeds of the frontiersmen, and to consider them the real aggressors in any trouble. Of necessity, his point of view was wholly different from that of the border settlers. He was promptly informed of all the outrages and aggressions committed by the whites, while he heard little or nothing of the parties of young braves, bent on rapine, who continually fell on the frontiers; whereas the frontiersmen came in contact only with these war bands, and when their kinsfolk had been murdered and their cattle driven off, they were generally ready to take vengeance on the first Indians they could find. Even Seagrove, however, was at times hopelessly puzzled by the attitude of the Indians. He was obliged to admit that they were the first offenders after the conclusion of the treaties of New York and Holston, and that for a long time the settlers behaved with great moderation in refraining from revenging the outrages committed on them by the Indians, which, he remarked, would have to be stopped if peace was to be preserved.[1]

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, Seagrove to the Secretary of War, St. Mary's, June 14, 1792.

As the government took no efficient steps to preserve the peace, either by chastising the Indians or by bridling the ill-judged vengeance of the frontier inhabitants, many of the latter soon grew to hate and despise those by whom they were neither protected nor restrained. The disorderly element got the upper hand on the Georgia frontier, where the backwoodsmen did all they could to involve the nation in a general Indian war; and displayed the most defiant and mutinous spirit toward the officers, civil and military, of the United States Government.[1] As for the Creeks, Seagrove found it exceedingly hard to tell who of them were traitors and who were not; and indeed the chiefs would probably themselves have found the task difficult, for they were obliged to waver more or less in their course as the fickle tribesmen were swayed by impulses toward peace or war. One of the men whom Seagrove finally grew to regard as a confirmed traitor was the chief McGillivray. He was probably quite right in his estimate of the half-breed's character; and, on the other hand, McGillivray doubtless had as an excuse the fact that the perpetual intrigues of Spanish officers, American traders, British adventurers, Creek chiefs who wished peace, and Creek warriors who wished war, made it out of the question for him to follow any settled policy. He wrote to Seagrove: "It is no wonder the Indians are distracted, when they are tampered with on every side. I am myself in the situation of a keeper of Bedlam, and nearly fit for an inhabitant."[2] However, what he did amounted to but little, for his influence had greatly waned, and in 1793 he died.

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, Seagrove to the President, Rock Landing, on the Oconee, in Georgia, July 17, 1792.

[2] *Ibid.*, McGillivray to Seagrove, May 18, 1793.

On the Georgia frontier the backwoodsmen were very rough and lawless, and were always prone to make aggressions on the red men; nevertheless, even in the case of Georgia, in 1791 and '92, the chief fault lay with the Indians. They refused to make good the land cession which they had solemnly guaranteed at the treaty of New York, and which certain of their towns had previously covenanted to make in the various more or less fraudulent treaties entered into with the State of Georgia separately. In addition to this their plundering parties continually went among the Georgians. The latter, in their efforts to retaliate, struck the hostile and the peaceful alike; and as time went on they made ready to take forcible possession of the lands they coveted, without regard to whether or not these lands had been ceded in fair treaty.

In the Tennessee country the wrong was wholly with the Indians. Some of the chiefs of the Cherokees went to Philadelphia at the beginning of the year 1792 to request certain modifications of the treaty of Holston, notably an increase in their annuity, which was granted.[1] The general government had conducted the treaties in good faith and had given the Indians what they asked. The frontiersmen did not molest them in any way or trespass upon their lands; yet their ravages continued without cessation. The authorities at Washington made but feeble efforts to check these outrages, and protect the southwestern settlers. Yet at this time Tennessee was doing her full part in sustaining the National Government in the war against the northwestern tribes; a company of Tennessee militia, under Captain Jacob Tipton, joined St. Clair's army, and Tipton was slain at the defeat, where he fought with the utmost bravery.[1] Not unnaturally, the Tennesseeans, and especially the settlers on the far-off Cumberland, felt it a hardship for the United States to neglect their defense at the very time that they were furnishing their quota of soldiers for an offensive war against nations in whose subdual they had but an indirect interest. Robertson wrote to Blount that their silence and remoteness was the cause why the interests of the Cumberland settlers were thus neglected, while the Kentuckians were amply protected.[2]

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, Secretary of War to Governor Blount, January 31, 1792.

Naturally, the Tennesseeans, conscious that they had not wronged the Indians, and had scrupulously observed the treaty, grew embittered over the wanton Indian outrages. They were entirely at a loss to explain the reason why the warfare against them was waged with such ferocity. Sevier wrote to Madison, with whom he frequently corresponded: "This country is wholly involved in a war with the Creek and Cherokee Indians, and I am not able to suggest the reasons or the pretended cause of their depredations. The successes of the northern tribes over our late unfortunate armies have created great exultation throughout the whole southern Indians, and the probabilities may be they expect to be equally successful. The Spaniards are making use of all their art to draw over the southern tribes, and I fear may have stimulated them to commence their hostilities. Governor Blount has indefatigably labored to keep these people in a pacific humor, but in vain. War is unavoidable, however ruinous and calamitous it may be." [3] The Federal Government was most reluctant to look facts in the face and acknowledge that the hostilities were serious, and that they were unprovoked by the whites. The secretary of war reported to the President that the offenders were doubtless merely a small banditti of Creeks and Cherokees, with a few Shawnees who possessed no fixed residence, and in groping for a remedy he weakly suggested that inasmuch as many of the Cherokees seemed to be dissatisfied with the boundary-line they had established by treaty it would perhaps be well to alter it.[1] Of course, the adoption of such a measure would have amounted to putting a premium on murder and treachery.

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[1] Knoxville *Gazette*, December 17, 1791. I use the word "Tennessee" for convenience; it was not at this time used in this sense.

[2] Robertson MSS., Robertson's letter, Nashville, August 25, 1791.

[3] State Department MSS., *Madison Papers*, Sevier's letter, October 30, 1792.

If the Easterners were insensible to the Western need for a vigorous Indian war, many of the Westerners showed as little appreciation of the necessity for any Indian war which did not immediately concern themselves. Individual Kentuckians, individual colonels and captains of the Kentucky militia, were always ready to march to the help of the Tennesseeans against the Southern Indians; but the highest officials of Kentucky were almost as anxious as the Federal authorities to prevent any war save that with the tribes northwest of the Ohio. One of the Kentucky senators, Brown, in writing to the governor, Isaac Shelby, laid particular stress upon the fact that nothing but the most urgent necessity could justify a war with the Southern Indians.[2] Shelby himself sympathized with this feeling. He knew what an Indian war was, for he had owed his election largely to his record as an Indian fighter and to the confidence the Kentuckians felt in his power to protect them from their red foes.[3] His correspondence is filled with letters in relation to Indian affairs, requests to authorize the use of spies, requests to establish guards along the Wilderness Road and to garrison blockhouses on the frontier; and sometimes there are more pathetic letters—from a husband who had lost a wife, or from an "old, frail woman," who wished to know if the governor could not by some means get news of her little granddaughter, who had been captured in the wilderness two years before by a party of Indians.[1] He realized fully what hostilities meant, and had no desire to see his State plunged into any Indian war which could be avoided.

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[1] State Department MSS., *Washington Papers*, Secretary of War to the President, July 28, and August 5, 1792.

[2] Shelby MSS., J. Brown to Isaac Shelby, Philadelphia, June 2, 1793.

[3] *Ibid.*, M. D. Hardin to Isaac Shelby, April 10, 1792, etc.

Yet, in spite of this cautious attitude, Shelby had much influence with the people of the Tennessee Territory. They confided to him their indignation with Blount for stopping Logan's march to the aid of Robertson; while on the other hand the Virginians, when anxious to prevent the Cumberland settlers from breaking the peace, besought him to use his influence with them in order to make them do what was right.[2] When such a man as Shelby was reluctant to see the United States enter into open hostilities with the Southern Indians, there is small cause for wonder in the fact that the authorities at the national capital did their best to deceive themselves into the belief that there was no real cause for war.

Inability to look facts in the face did not alter the facts. The Indian ravages in the Southern Territory grew steadily more and more serious. The difficulties of the settlers were enormously increased because the United States strictly forbade any offensive measures. The militia were allowed to drive off any war bands found among the settlements with evidently hostile intent; but, acting under the explicit, often-repeated, and emphatic commands of the General Government, Blount was obliged to order the militia under no circumstances to assume the offensive, or to cross into the Indian hunting-grounds beyond the boundaries established by the treaty of Holston.[1] The inhabitants of the Cumberland region, and of the frontier counties generally, petitioned strongly against this, stating that "the frontiers will break if the inroads of the savages are not checked by counter-expeditions." [2] It was a very disagreeable situation for Blount, who, in carrying out the orders of the Federal authorities, had to incur the ill will of the people whom he had been appointed to govern; but even at the cost of being supposed to be lukewarm in the cause of the settlers, he loyally endeavored to execute the commands of his superiors. Yet like every other man acquainted by actual experience with frontier life and Indian warfare, he knew the folly of defensive war against Indians. At this very time the officers on the frontier of South Carolina, which was not a State that was at all inclined to unjust aggression against the Indians, notified the governor that the defensive war was "expensive, hazardous, and distressing" to the settlers, because the Indians "had such advantages, being so wolfish in their manner and so savage in their nature," that it was impossible to make war upon them on equal terms if the settlers were confined to defending themselves in their own country, whereas a speedy and spirited counter-attack upon them in their homes would probably reduce them to peace, as their mode of warfare fitted them much less to oppose such an attack than to "take skulking, wolfish advantages of the defenseless" settlers.[1]

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[1] Shelby MSS., letter of Mary Mitchell to Isaac Shelby, May 1, 1793.

[2] *Ibid.*, Arthur Campbell to Shelby, January 6, 1790; letter from Cumberland to Shelby, May 11, 1793; John Logan to Shelby, June 19, 1794; petition of inhabitants of Nelson County, May 9, 1793.

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[1] Robertson MSS., Blount to Robertson, April 1, 1792.

[2] *Ibid.*, February 1, 1792.

The difficulties of Blount and the Tennessee frontiersmen were increased by the very fact that the Cherokees and Creeks still nominally remained at peace. The Indian towns nearest the frontier knew that they were jeopardized by the acts of their wilder brethren, and generally strove to avoid committing any offense themselves. The war-parties from the remote towns were the chief offenders. Band after band came up from among the Creeks or from among the lower Cherokees, and, passing through the peaceful villages of the upper Cherokees, fell on the frontier, stole horses, ambushed men, killed or captured women and children, and returned whence they had come. In most cases it was quite impossible to determine even the tribe of the offenders with any certainty; and all that the frontiersmen knew was that their bloody trails led back toward the very villages where the Indians loudly professed that they were at peace. They soon grew to regard all the Indians with equal suspicion, and they were so goaded by the blows which they could not return that they were ready to take vengeance upon any one with a red skin, or at least to condone such vengeance when taken. The peaceful Cherokees, though they regretted these actions and were alarmed and disquieted at the probable consequences, were unwilling or unable to punish the aggressors.

Blount was soon at his wits' ends to prevent the outbreak of a general war. In November, 1792, he furnished the War Department with a list of scores of people—men, women, and children—who had been killed in Tennessee, chiefly in the Cumberland district, since the signing of the treaty of Holston. Many others had been carried off, and were kept in slavery. Among the wounded were General Robertson and one of his sons, who were shot, although not fatally, in May, 1792, while working on their farm. Both Creeks and Cherokees took part in the outrages, and the Chickamauga towns on the Tennessee, at Running Water, Nickajack, and in the neighborhood, ultimately supplied the most persistent wrong-doers.[1]

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, Robert Anderson to the governor of South Carolina, September 20, 1792.

As Sevier remarked, the Southern, no less than the Northern Indians were much excited and encouraged by the defeat of St. Clair, coming as it did so close upon the defeat of Harmar. The double disaster to the American arms made the young braves very bold, and it became impossible for the elder men to restrain them.[2] The Creeks harassed the frontiers of Georgia somewhat, but devoted their main attention to the Tennesseeans, and especially to the isolated settlements on the Cumberland. The Chickamauga towns were right at the crossing-place, both for the Northern Indians when they came South and for the Creeks when they went North. Bands of Shawnees, who were at this time the most inveterate of the enemies of the frontiersmen, passed much time among them; and the Creek war-parties, when they journeyed North to steal horses and get scalps, invariably stopped among them, and on their return stopped again to exhibit their trophies and hold scalp-dances. The natural effect was that the Chickamaugas, who were mainly lower-town Cherokees, seeing the impunity with which the ravages were committed, and appreciating the fact that under the orders of the government they could not be molested in their own homes by the whites, began to join in the raids; and their nearness to the settlements soon made them the worst offenders. One of their leading chiefs was John Watts, who was of mixed blood. Among all these Southern Indians, half-breeds were far more numerous than among the Northerners, and when the half-breeds lived with their mothers' people they usually became the deadliest enemies of their fathers' race. Yet, they generally preserved the father's name. In consequence, among the extraordinary Indian titles borne by the chiefs of the Creeks, Cherokees, and Choctaws—The Bloody Fellow, The Middle Striker, The Mad Dog, The Glass, The Breath—there were also many names like John Watts, Alexander Cornell, and James Colbert, which were common among the frontiersmen themselves.

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, Blount to Secretary of War, November 8, 1792; also page 330, etc. Many of these facts will be found recited, not only in the correspondence of Blount, but in the Robertson MSS., in the Knoxville *Gazette*, and in Haywood, Ramsey, and Putnam.

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 263, 439, etc.

These Chickamaugas and lower Cherokees had solemnly entered into treaties of peace, and Blount had been taken in by their professions of friendship, and for some time was loath to believe that their warriors were among the war-parties who ravaged the settlements. By the spring of 1792, however, the fact of their hostility could no longer be concealed. Nevertheless, in May of that year the chiefs of the lower Cherokee towns joined with those of the upper towns in pressing Governor Blount to come to a council at Coyatee, where he was met by two thousand Cherokees, including all their principal chiefs and warriors.[1] The head men, not only from the upper towns, but from Nickajack and Running Water, including John Watts, solemnly assured Blount of their peaceful intentions, and expressed their regret at the outrages which they admitted had been committed by their young men. Blount told them plainly that he had the utmost difficulty in restraining the whites from taking vengeance for the numerous murders committed on the settlers, and warned them that if they wished to avert a war which would fall upon both the innocent and the guilty they must themselves keep the peace. The chiefs answered, with seeming earnestness, that they were most desirous of being at peace, and would certainly restrain their men; and they begged for the treaty goods which Blount had in his possession. So sincere did they seem that he gave them the goods.[1]

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[1] Robertson MSS., Blount to Robertson, May 20, 1792.

This meeting began on the 17th of May; yet on the 16th, within twelve miles of Knoxville, two boys were killed and scalped while picking strawberries, and on the 13th a girl had been scalped within four miles of Nashville; and on the 17th itself, while Judge Campbell, of the Territorial Court, was returning from the Cumberland Circuit, his party was attacked, and one killed.[2]

When such outrages were committed at the very time the treaty was being held, it was hopeless to expect peace. In September, the Chickamaugas threw off the mask and made open war. When the news was received, Blount called out the militia and sent word to Robertson that some friendly Cherokees had given warning that a big war-party was about to fall on the settlements round Nashville.[3] Finding that the warning had been given, the Chickamauga chiefs sought to lull their foes into security by a rather adroit peace of treachery. Two of their chiefs, The Glass and The Bloody Fellow, wrote to Blount complaining that they had assembled their warriors because they were alarmed over rumors of a desire on the part of the whites to maltreat them; and on the receipt of assurances from Blount that they were mistaken, they announced their pleasure and stated that no hostilities would be undertaken. Blount was much relieved at this, and thought that the danger of an outbreak was past. Accordingly, he wrote to Robertson, telling him that he could disband his troops, as there was no longer need of them. Robertson, however, knew the Indian character as few men did know it, and, moreover, he had received confidential information about the impending raid from a half-breed and a Frenchman who were among the Indians. He did not disband his troops, and wrote to Blount that The Glass and The Bloody Fellow had undoubtedly written as they did simply to deceive him and to secure their villages from a counter-attack while they were off on their raid against the Cumberland people. Accordingly, three hundred militia were put under arms.[1]

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[1] Knoxville *Gazette*, March 24, 1792; *American State Papers*, IV, Blount to Secretary of War, June 2, 1792, with minutes of conference at Coyatee.

[2] *Ibid.*, June 2, 1792.

[3] *American State Papers*, IV, Blount to Secretary of War, September 11, 1792.

It was well that the whites were on their guard. Toward the end of September, a big war-party, under the command of John Watts and including some two hundred Cherokees, eighty Creeks, and some Shawnees, left the Chickamauga towns and marched swiftly and silently to the Cumberland district. They attempted to surprise one of the more considerable of the lonely little forted towns. It was known as Buchanan's Station, and in it there were several families, including fifteen "gunmen." Two spies went out from it to scour the country and give warning of any Indian advance; but with the Cherokees were two very white half-breeds, whose Indian blood was scarcely noticeable, and these two men met the spies and decoyed them to their death. The Indians then, soon after midnight on the 30th of September, sought to rush the station by surprise. The alarm was given by the running of the frightened cattle, and when the sentinel fired at the assailants they were not ten yards from the gate of the blockhouse. The barred door withstood the shock and the flame-flashes lit up the night as the gunmen fired through the loop-holes. The Indians tried to burn the fort, one of the chiefs, a half-breed, leaping on the roof; he was shot through the thigh and rolled off; but he stayed close to the logs, trying to light them with his torch, alternately blowing it into a blaze and hallooing to the Indians to keep on with the attack. However, he was slain, as was the Shawnee head chief and several warriors, while John Watts, leader of the expedition, was shot through both thighs. The log walls of the grim little blockhouse stood out black in the fitful glare of the cane torches; and tongues of red fire streamed into the night as the rifles rang. The attack had failed, and the throng of dark, flitting forms faded into the gloom as the baffled Indians retreated. So disheartened were they by the check, and by the loss they had suffered, that they did not further molest the settlements, but fell back to their strongholds across the Tennessee. Among the Cherokee chiefs who led the raid were two signers of the treaty of Holston.[1]

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[1] Robertson MSS., Blount to Robertson, September 6, 1792; Blount to The Bloody Fellow, September 10, 1792; to Robertson, September 12; to The Glass, September 13; to The Bloody Fellow, September 13; to Robertson, September 14; Robertson to Blount, September 26, 1792.

After this the war was open, so far as the Indians of the lower Cherokee towns and many of the Creek towns were concerned; but the whites were still restrained by strict orders from the United States authorities, who refused to allow them to retaliate. Outrage followed outrage in monotonously bloody succession. The Creeks were the worst offenders in point of numbers, but the lower Cherokees from the Chickamauga towns did most harm according to their power. Sometimes the bands that entered the settlements were several hundred strong; but their chief object was plunder, and they rarely attacked the strong places of the white frontiersmen, though they forced them to keep huddled in the stockaded stations; nor did they often fight a pitched battle with the larger bodies of militia. There is no reason for reciting in full the countless deeds of rapine and murder. The incidents, though with infinite variety of detail, were in substance the same as in all the Indian wars of the backwoods. Men, women, and children were killed or captured; outlying cabins were attacked and burned; the husbandman was shot as he worked in the field, and the housewife as she went for water. The victim was now a militiaman on his way to join his company, now one of a party of immigrants, now a settler on his lonely farm, and now a justice of the peace going to court, or a Baptist preacher striving to reach the Cumberland country that he might preach the word of God to the people who had among them no religious instructor. The express messengers and post-riders, who went through the wilderness from one commander to the other, always rode at the hazard of their lives. In one of Blount's letters to Robertson he remarks: "Your letter of the 6th of February sent express by James Russell was handed to me, much stained with his blood, by Mr. Shannon, who accompanied him."

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[1] Robertson MSS., Blount to Robertson, October 17, 1792; Knoxville *Gazette*, October 10 and October 20, 1792; Brown's "Narrative," in *Southwestern Monthly*.

Russell had been wounded in an ambuscade, and his fifty dollars were dearly earned.[1]

The Indians were even more fond of horse-stealing than of murder, and they found a ready market for their horses not only in their own nations and among the Spaniards, but among the American frontiersmen themselves. Many of the unscrupulous white scoundrels who lived on the borders of the Indian country made a regular practice of receiving the stolen horses. As soon as a horse was driven from the Tennessee or Cumberland it was hurried through the Indian country to the Carolina or Georgia frontiers, where the red thieves delivered it to the foul white receivers, who took it to some town on the seaboard, so as effectually to prevent a recovery. At Swannanoa, in North Carolina, among the lawless settlements at the foot of the Oconee Mountain, in South Carolina, and at Tugaloo, in Georgia, there were regular markets for these stolen horses.[2] There were then, and continued to exist as long as the frontier lasted, plenty of white men who, though ready enough to wrong the Indians, were equally ready to profit by the wrongs they inflicted on the white settlers, and to encourage their misdeeds if profit was thereby to be made. Very little evil-doing of this kind took place in Tennessee, for Blount, backed by Sevier and Robertson, was vigilant to put it down; but as yet the Federal Government was not firm in its seat, and its arm was not long enough to reach into the remote frontier districts, where lawlessness of every kind throve, and the whites wronged one another as recklessly as they wronged the Indians.

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[1] Robertson MSS., Blount to Robertson, March 8, 1794. The files of the Knoxville *Gazette* are full of details of these outrages, and so are the letters of Blount, to the Secretary of War, given in the *American State Papers*, as well as the letters of Blount and Robertson in the two bound volumes of Robertson MSS. Many of them are quoted in more accessible form in Haywood.

[2] Blount to the Secretary of War, May 5, 1792, and November 10, 1794. As before, I use the word "Tennessee" instead of "Southwestern Territory" for convenience; it was not regularly employed until 1796.

The white scoundrels throve in the confusion of a nominal peace which the savages broke at will; but the honest frontiersmen really suffered more than if there had been open war, as the Federal Government refused to allow raids to be carried into the Indian territory, and in consequence the marauding Indians could at any time reach a place of safety. The blockhouses were of little consequence in putting a stop to Indian attacks. The most efficient means of defense was the employment of the hardiest and best hunters as scouts or spies, for they travelled hither and thither through the woods and continually harried the war-parties.[1] The militia bands also travelled to and fro, marching to the rescue of some threatened settlement, or seeking to intercept the attacking bands or to overtake those who had delivered their stroke and were returning to the Indian country. Generally they failed in the pursuit. Occasionally they were themselves ambushed, attacked, and dispersed; sometimes they overtook and scattered their foes. In such a case they were as little apt to show mercy to the defeated as were the Indians themselves. Blount issued strict orders that squaws and children were not to be slain, and the frontiersmen did generally refuse to copy their antagonists in butchering the women and children in cold blood. When an attack was made on a camp, however, it was no uncommon thing to have the squaws killed while the fight was hot. Blount, in one of his letters to Robertson, after the Cumberland militia had attacked and destroyed a Creek war-party which had murdered a settler, expressed his pleasure at the perseverance with which the militia captain had followed the Indians to the banks of the Tennessee, where he had been lucky enough to overtake them in a position where not one was able to escape. Blount especially complimented him upon having spared the two squaws "as all civilized people should"; and he added that in so doing the captain's conduct offered a most agreeable contrast to the behavior of some of his fellow citizens under like circumstances.[1]

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[1] *American State Papers,* IV, p. 364; letter of Secretary of War, May 30, 1793.

Repeated efforts were made to secure peace with the Indians. Andrew Pickens, of South Carolina, was sent to the exposed frontier in 1792 to act as peace commissioner. Pickens was a high-minded and honorable man, who never hesitated to condemn the frontiersmen when they wronged the Indians, and he was a champion of the latter wherever possible. He came out with every hope and belief that he could make a permanent treaty; but after having been some time on the border he was obliged to admit that there was no chance of bringing about even a truce, and that the nominal peace that obtained was worse for the settlers than actual war. He wrote to Blount that though he earnestly hoped the people of the border would observe the treaty, yet that the Cherokees had done more damage, especially in the way of horse-stealing, since the treaty was signed than ever before, and that it was not possible to say what the frontier inhabitants might be provoked to do. He continued: "While a part, and that the ostensible ruling part, of a nation affect to be at, and I believe really are for, peace and the more active young men are frequently killing people and stealing horses, it is extremely difficult to know how to act. The people, even the most exposed, would prefer an open war to such a situation.

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[1] Robertson MSS., Blount's letter, March 8, 1794.

The reason is obvious. A man would then know when he saw an Indian he saw an enemy, and would be prepared and act accordingly."[1]

The people of Tennessee were the wronged, and not the wrong-doers, and it was upon them that the heaviest strokes of the Indians fell. The Georgia frontiers were also harried continually, although much less severely; but the Georgians were themselves far from blameless. Georgia was the youngest, weakest, and most lawless of the original thirteen States, and on the whole her dealings with the Indians were far from creditable. More than once she inflicted shameful wrong on the Cherokees. The Creeks, however, generally wronged her more than she wronged them, and at this particular period even the Georgia frontiersmen were much less to blame than were their Indian foes. By fair treaty, the Indians had agreed to cede to the whites lands upon which they now refused to allow them to settle. They continually plundered and murdered the outlying Georgia settlers; and the militia, in their retaliatory expeditions, having no knowledge of who the murderers actually were, quite as often killed the innocent as the guilty. One of the complaints of the Indians was that the Georgians came in parties to hunt on the neutral ground, and slew quantities of deer and turkeys by fire-hunting at night and by still-hunting with the rifle in the daytime, while they killed many bears by the aid of their "great gangs of dogs."[2] This could hardly be called a legitimate objection on the part of the Creeks, however, for their own hunting-parties ranged freely through the lands they had ceded to the whites and killed game wherever they could find it.

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[1] *American State Papers*, Pickens to Blount, Hopewell, April 28, 1792.

[2] *Ibid.*, Timothy Barnard to James Seagrove, March 26, 1793.

Evil and fearful deeds were done by both sides. Peaceful Indians, even envoys, going to the treaty grounds, were slain in cold blood; and all that the Georgians could allege by way of offset was that the savages themselves had killed many peaceful whites. The Georgia frontiersmen openly showed their sullen hatred of the United States authorities. The Georgia State government was too weak to enforce order. It could neither keep the peace among its own frontiersmen, nor wage effective war on the Indians; for when the militia did gather to invade the Creek country they were so mutinous and disorderly that the expeditions generally broke up without accomplishing anything. At one period a militia general, Elijah Clark, actually led a large party of frontiersmen into the unceded Creek hunting-grounds with the purpose of setting up an independent government; but the Georgia authorities for once summoned energy sufficient to break up this lawless community.[1]

The Georgians were thus far from guiltless themselves, though at this time they were more sinned against than sinning; but in the Tennessee Territory the white settlers behaved very well throughout these years, and showed both patience and fairness in their treatment of the Indians. Blount did his best to prevent outrages, and Sevier and Robertson heartily seconded him. In spite of the grumbling of the frontiersmen, and in spite of repeated and almost intolerable provocation in the way of Indian forays, Blount steadily refused to allow counter-expeditions into the Indian territory, and stopped both the Tennesseeans and Kentuckians when they prepared to make such expeditions.[1] Judge Campbell, the same man who was himself attacked by the Indians when returning from his circuit, in his charge to the grand jury, at the end of 1791, particularly warned them to stop any lawless attack upon the Indians. In November, 1792, when five Creeks, headed by a Scotch half-breed, retreated to the Cherokee town of Chiloa with stolen horses, a band of fifty whites gathered to march after them and destroy the Cherokee town; but Sevier dispersed them and made them go to their own homes. The following February a still larger band gathered to attack the Cherokee towns, and were dispersed by Blount himself. Robertson, in the summer of 1793, prevented militia-parties from crossing the Tennessee in retaliation. In October, 1794, the grand jury of Hamilton County entreated and adjured the people, in spite of the Indian outrages, to stand firmly by the law, and not to try to be their own avengers; and when some whites settled in Powell's Valley, on Cherokee lands, Governor Blount promptly turned them off.[2]

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, pp. 260, 295, 365, 394, 397, 410, 412, 417, 427, 473, etc.; Knoxville *Gazette*, September 26, 1794. For further allusion to Clark's settlement, see chap. I, vol. VI.

The unfortunate Indian agent among the Creeks, Seagrove, speedily became an object of special detestation to the frontiersmen generally, and the inhabitants of the Tennessee country in particular, because he persistently reported that he thought the Creeks peaceable, and deemed their behavior less blamable than that of the whites. His attitude was natural, for probably most of the Creek chiefs with whom he came in contact were friendly, and many of those who were not professed to be when in his company, if only for the sake of getting the goods he had to distribute; and of course they brought him word whenever the Georgians killed a Creek, either innocent or guilty, without telling him of the offense which the Georgians were blindly trying to revenge. Seagrove himself had some rude awakenings. After reporting to the Central Government at Philadelphia that the Creeks were warm in professing the most sincere friendship, he would suddenly find, to his horror, that they were sending off war-parties and acting in concert with the Shawnees; and at one time they actually, without any provocation, attacked a trading store kept by his own brother, and killed the two men who were managing it.[1] Most of the Creeks, however, professed and doubtless felt regret at these outrages, and Seagrove continued to represent their conduct in a favorable light to the Central Government, though he was forced to admit that certain of the towns were undoubtedly hostile and could not be controlled by the party which was for peace.

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[1] Robertson MSS., Blount to Robertson, January 8, 1793; to Benjamin Logan, November 1, 1794, etc.

[2] Knoxville *Gazette*, December 31, 1791; November 17, 1792; January 25, February 9, March 23, July 13, September 14, 1793; November 1 and 15, 1794; May 8, 1795.

Blount was much put out at the fact that Seagrove was believed at Philadelphia when he reported the Creeks to be at peace. In a letter to Seagrove, at the beginning of 1794, Blount told him sharply that as far as the Cumberland district was concerned the Creeks had been the only ones to blame since the treaty of New York, for they killed or enslaved over two hundred whites, attacking them in their houses, fields, or on the public roads, and had driven off over a thousand horses, while the Americans had done the Creeks no injury whatever except in defense of their homes and lives, or in pursuing war-parties. It was possible, of course, that occasionally an innocent hunter suffered with the guilty marauders, but this was because he was off his own hunting-grounds; and the treaty explicitly showed that the Creeks had no claim to the Cumberland region, while there was not a particle of truth in their assertion that since the treaty had been entered into there had been intrusion on their hunting-grounds. Seagrove, in response, wrote that he believed the Creeks and Cherokees sincerely desired peace. This was followed forthwith by new outrages, and Blount wrote to Robertson: "It does really seem as if assurances from Mr. Seagrove of the peaceful disposition of the Creeks was the prelude to their murdering and plundering the inhabitants of your district." [1] The Knoxville *Gazette* called attention to the fact that Seagrove had written a letter to the effect that the Creeks were well disposed, just four days before the attack on Buchanan's Station. On September 22d, Seagrove wrote, stating that the Creeks were peaceable, that all their chief men ardently wished for the cessation of hostilities, and that they had refused the request of the Cherokees to go to war with the United States; and his deputy agent, Barnard, reiterated the assertions, and stated that the upper Creeks had remained quiet, although six of their people had been killed at the mouth of the Tennessee. The *Gazette* thereupon published a list of twenty-one men, women, and children who at that very time were held in slavery in the Creek towns, and enumerated scores of murders which had been committed by the Creeks during precisely the period when Seagrove and Barnard described them as so desirous of peace.[2]

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[1] *American State Papers*, Seagrove to James Holmes, February 24, 1793; to Mr. Payne, April 14, 1793.

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[1] Robertson MSS., Blount to Robertson, February 13, 1793; Blount to James Seagrove, January 9, 1794; Seagrove to Blount, February 10, 1794; Blount to Robertson, March 8, 1794.

[2] Knoxville *Gazette*, December 29, 1792; December 19, 1793.

Under such circumstances, the settlers naturally grew indignant with the United States because they were not protected, and were not even allowed to defend themselves by punishing their foes. The Creeks and Cherokees were receiving their annuities regularly, and many presents in addition, while their outrages continued unceasingly. The Nashville people complained that the Creeks were "as busy in killing and scalping as if they had been paid three thousand dollars for doing so, in the room of fifteen hundred dollars to keep the peace."[1] A public address was issued in the Knoxville *Gazette* by the Tennesseeans on the subjects of their wrongs. In respectful and loyal language, but firmly, the Tennesseeans called the attention of the government authorities to their sufferings. They avowed the utmost devotion to the Union and a determination to stand by the laws, but insisted that it would be absolutely necessary for them to take measures to defend themselves by retaliating on the Indians.

A feature of the address was its vivid picture of the nature of the ordinary Indian inroad and of the lack of any definite system of defense on the frontier. It stated that the Indian raid or outbreak was usually first made known either by the murder of some defenseless farmer, the escape of some Indian trader, or the warning of some friendly Indian who wished to avoid mischief. The first man who received the news, not having made any agreement with the other members of the community as to his course in such an emergency, ran away to his kinsfolk as fast as he could. Every neighbor caught the alarm, thought himself the only person left to fight, and got off on the same route as speedily as possible, until, luckily for all, the meeting of the roads on the general retreat, the difficulty of the way, the straying of horses, and sometimes the halting to drink whiskey, put a stop to "the hurly-burly of the flight," and reminded the fugitives that by this time they were in sufficient force to rally; and then they would return "to explore the plundered country and to bury the unfortunate scalped heads in the fag-end of the retreat"; whereas, if there had been an appointed rendezvous, where all could rally, it would have prevented such a flight from what might possibly have been a body of Indians far inferior in numbers to the armed men of the settlements attacked.[1]

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[1] Knoxville *Gazette*, March 23, 1793.

The convention of Mero district early petitioned Congress for the right to retaliate on the Indians and to follow them to their towns, stating that they had refrained from doing so hitherto not from cowardice, but only from regard to government, and that they regretted that their "rulers" (the Federal authorities at Philadelphia) did not enter into their feelings or seem to sympathize with them.[2] When the Territorial legislature met, in 1794, it petitioned Congress for war against the Creeks and Cherokees, reciting the numerous outrages committed by them upon the whites; stating that since 1792 the frontiersmen had been huddled together two or three hundred to the station, anxiously expecting peace, or a legally authorized war from which they would soon wring peace; and adding that they were afraid of war in no shape, but that they asked that their hands be unbound and they be allowed to defend themselves in the only possible manner, by offensive war. They went on to say that, as members of the nation, they heartily approved of the hostilities which were then being carried on against the Algerines for the protection of the seafaring men of the coast towns, and concluded: "The citizens who live in poverty on the extreme frontier are as much entitled to be protected in their lives, their families, and their little properties, as those who roll in luxury, ease, and affluence in the great and opulent Atlantic cities"—for in frontier eyes the little seaboard trading towns assumed a rather comical aspect of magnificence. The address was, on the whole, dignified in tone, and it undoubtedly set forth both the wrong and the remedy with entire accuracy. The Tennesseeans felt bitterly that the Federal Government did everything for Kentucky and nothing for themselves, and they were rather inclined to sneer at the difficulty experienced by the Kentuckians and the Federal army in subduing the northwestern Indians, while they themselves were left single-handed to contend with the more numerous tribes of the South. They were also inclined to laugh at the continual complaints the Georgians made over the comparatively trivial wrongs they suffered from the Indians, and at their inability either to control their own people or to make war effectively.[1]

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[1] Knoxville *Gazette*, April 6, 1793.

[2] *Ibid.*, August 13, 1792.

Such a state of things as that which existed in the Tennessee Territory could not endure. The failure of the United States authorities to undertake active offensive warfare and to protect the frontiersmen rendered it inevitable that the frontiersmen should protect themselves; and, under the circumstances, when retaliation began it was certain sometimes to fall upon the blameless. The rude militia officers began to lead their retaliatory parties into the Indian lands, and soon the innocent Indians suffered with the guilty, for the frontiersmen had no means of distinguishing between them. The Indians who visited the settlements with peaceful intent were of course at any time liable to be mistaken for their brethren who were hostile, or else to be attacked by scoundrels who were bent upon killing all red men alike. Thus, on one day, as Blount reported, a friendly Indian passing the home of one of the settlers was fired upon and wounded; while in the same region five hostile Indians killed the wife and three children of a settler in his sight; and another party stole a number of horses from a station; and yet another party, composed of peaceful Indian hunters, was attacked at night by some white militia, one man being killed and another wounded.[1]

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[1] Knoxville *Gazette*, February 26, 1794, March 27, 1794, etc.

One of the firm friends of the whites was Scolacutta, the chief of the upper Cherokees. He tried to keep his people at peace, and repeatedly warned the whites of impending attacks. Nevertheless, he was unwilling or unable to stop by force the war-parties of Creeks and lower Cherokees who came through his towns to raid against the settlements and who retreated to them again when the raids were ended. Many of his young men joined the bands of horse thieves and scalp-hunters. The marauders wished to embroil him with the whites, and were glad that the latter should see the bloody trails leading back to his towns. For two years after the signing of the treaty of Holston the war-parties thus passed and repassed through his country, and received aid and comfort from his people, and yet the whites refrained from taking vengeance; but the vengeance was certain to come in the end.

In March, 1793, Scolacutta's nearest neighbor, an Indian living next door to him in his own town, and other Indians of the nearest towns, joined one of the war-parties, which attacked the settlements and killed two unarmed lads.[1] The Indians did nothing to the murderers, and the whites forbore to attack them; but their patience was nearly exhausted. In June following, a captain, John Beard, with fifty mounted riflemen, fell in with a small party of Indians who had killed several settlers. He followed their trail to Scolacutta's town, where he slew eight or nine Indians, most of whom were friendly.[2] The Indians clamored for justice and the surrender of the militia who had attacked them. Blount warmly sympathized with them, but when he summoned a court martial to try Beard it promptly acquitted him, and the general frontier feeling was strongly in his favor. Other militia commanders followed his example. Again and again they trailed the war-parties, laden with scalps and plunder, and attacked the towns to which they went, killing the warriors and capturing squaws and children.[3]

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[1] State Department MSS., *Washington Papers*, War Department, Ex. C., p. 19, extract of letter from Blount to Williamson, April 14, 1792.

The following January another party of red marauders was tracked by a band of riflemen to Scolacutta's camp. The militia promptly fell on the camp and killed several Indians, both the hostile and the friendly. Other Cherokee towns were attacked and partially destroyed. In but one instance were the whites beaten off. When once the whites fairly began to make retaliatory inroads they troubled themselves but little as to whether the Indians they assailed were or were not those who had wronged them. In one case, four frontiersmen dressed and painted themselves like Indians prior to starting on a foray to avenge the murder of a neighbor. They could not find the trail of the murderers, and so went at random to a Cherokee town, killed four warriors who were asleep on the ground, and returned to the settlements. Scolacutta at first was very angry with Blount, and taunted him with his inability to punish the whites, asserting that the frontiersmen were "making fun" of their well-meaning governor; but the old chief soon made up his mind that as long as he allowed the war-parties to go through his towns he would have to expect to suffer at the hands of the injured settlers. He wrote to Blount enumerating the different murders that had been committed by both sides, and stating that his people were willing to let the misdeeds stand as offsetting one another. He closed his letter by stating that the upper towns were for peace, and added, "I want my mate, General Sevier, to see my talk. . . . We have often told lies, but now you may depend on hearing the truth," which was a refreshingly frank admission.[1]

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[1] *American State Papers*, Blount's letter, March 20, 1793. Scolacutta was usually known to the whites as Hanging Maw.

[2] Robertson MSS., Smith to Robertson, June 19, 1793, etc.; Knoxville *Gazette*, June 15 and July 13, 1793, etc.

[3] Knoxville *Gazette*, July 13, July 27, 1793, etc.

When, toward the close of 1792, the ravages became very serious, Sevier, the man whom the Indians feared more than any other, was called to take command of the militia. For a year he confined himself to acting on the defensive, and even thus he was able to give much protection to the settlements. In September, 1793, however, several hundred Indians, mostly Cherokees, crossed the Tennessee not thirty miles from Knoxville. They attacked a small station, within which there were but thirteen souls, who, after some resistance, surrendered on condition that their lives should be spared; but they were butchered with obscene cruelty. Sevier immediately marched toward the assailants, who fled back to the Cherokee towns. Thither Sevier followed them, and went entirely through the Cherokee country to the land of the Creeks, burning the towns and destroying the stores of provisions. He marched with his usual quickness, and the Indians were never able to get together in sufficient numbers to oppose him. When he crossed High Town River there was a skirmish, but he soon routed the Indians, killing several of their warriors, and losing himself but three men killed and three wounded. He utterly destroyed a hostile Creek town, the chief of which was named Buffalo Horn. He returned late in October, and after his return the frontiers of eastern Tennessee had a respite from the Indian ravages. Yet Congress refused to pay his militia for the time they were out, because they had invaded the Indian country instead of acting on the defensive.[1]

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[1] *American State Papers*, IV, pp. 459, 460, etc.; Knoxville *Gazette*, January 16 and June 5, 1794.

To chastise the upper Cherokee towns gave relief to the settlements on the Holston, but the chief sinners were the Chickamaugas of the lower Cherokee towns, and the chief sufferers were the Cumberland settlers. The Cumberland people were irritated beyond endurance, alike by the ravages of these Indians and by the conduct of the United States in forbidding them to retaliate. In September, 1794, they acted for themselves. Early in the month Robertson received certain information that a large body of Creeks and lower Cherokees had gathered at the towns and were preparing to invade the Cumberland settlements. The best way to meet them was by a stroke in advance, and he determined to send an expedition against them in their strongholds. There was no question whatever as to the hostility of the Indians, for at this very time settlers were being killed by war-parties throughout the

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[1] Robertson MSS., Blount to Robertson, October 29, 1793; Knoxville *Gazette*, October 12 and November 23, 1793.

Cumberland country. Some Kentuckians, under Colonel Whitley, had joined the Tennesseeans, who were nominally led by a Major Ore; but the various frontier fighters, including Kasper Mansker, were really as much in command as was Ore. Over five hundred mounted riflemen, bold of heart and strong of hand, marched toward the Chickamauga towns, which contained some three hundred warriors. When they came to the Tennessee they spent the entire night in ferrying the arms across and swimming the horses; they used bundles of dry cane for rafts, and made four "bull-boats" out of the hides of steers. They passed over unobserved and fell on the towns of Nickajack and Running Water, taking the Indians completely by surprise; they killed fifty-five warriors and captured nineteen squaws and children. In the entire expedition but one white man was killed and three wounded.[1]

Not only the Federal authorities, but Blount himself, very much disapproved of this expedition; nevertheless, it was right and proper and produced excellent effects. In no other way could the hostile towns have been brought to reason. It was followed by a general conference with the Cherokees at Tellico Blockhouse. Scolacutta appeared for the upper, and Watts for the lower, Cherokee towns. Watts admitted that "for their folly" the lower Cherokees had hitherto refused to make peace, and remarked frankly: "I do not say they did not deserve the chastisement they received." Scolacutta stated that he could not sympathize much with the lower towns, saying "their own conduct brought destruction upon them. The trails of murderers and thieves were followed to those towns. . . . Their bad conduct drew the white people on me, who injured me nearly unto death. . . . All last winter I was compelled to lay in the woods by the bad conduct of my own people drawing war on me." At last the Cherokees seemed sincere in their desire for peace.[1]

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[1] Robertson MSS., Robertson to Blount, October 8, 1794; Blount to Robertson, October 1, 1794, September 9, 1794 (in which Blount expresses the utmost disapproval of Robertson's conduct, and says he will not send on Robertson's original letter to Philadelphia, for fear it will get him into a scrape; and requests him to send a formal report which can be forwarded); Knoxville *Gazette*, September 26, 1794; Brown's "Narrative."

These counter-attacks served a double purpose. They awed the hostile Cherokees; and they forced the friendly Cherokees, for the sake of their own safety, actively to interfere against the bands of hostile Creeks. A Cherokee chief, The Stallion, and a number of warriors, joined with the Federal soldiers and Tennessee militia in repulsing the Creek war-parties. They acted under Blount's directions, and put a complete stop to the passage of hostile Indians through their towns.[2] The Chickasaws also had become embroiled with the Creeks.[3] For over three years they carried on an intermittent warfare with them, and were heartily supported by the frontiersmen, who were prompt to recognize the value of their services. At the same time the hostile Indians were much cowed at the news of Wayne's victory in the North.

All these causes combined to make the Creeks sue for peace. To its shame and discredit, the United States Government at first proposed to repeat toward the Chickasaws the treachery of which the British had just been guilty to the Northern Indians; for it refused to defend them from the Creeks, against whom they had been acting, partly, it is true, for their own ends, but partly in the interest of the settlers. The frontiersmen, however, took a much more just and generous view of the affair. Mansker and a number of the best fighters in the Cumberland district marched to the assistance of the Chickasaws; and the frontier militia generally showed grateful appreciation of the way both the upper Cherokees and the Chickasaws helped them put a stop to the hostilities of the Chickamaugas and Creeks. Robertson got the Choctaws to interfere on behalf of the Chickasaws and to threaten war with the Creeks if the latter persisted in their hostilities. Moreover, the United States agents, when the treaty was actually made, behaved better than their superiors had promised, for they persuaded the Creeks to declare peace with the Chickasaws as well as with the whites.[1] Many of the peaceful Creeks had become so alarmed at the outlook that they began to exert pressure on their warlike brethren; and at last the hostile element yielded, though not until bitter feeling had arisen between the factions. The fact was, that the Creeks were divided, much as they were twenty years later, when the Red Sticks went to war under the inspiration of the Prophet; and it would have been well if Wayne had been sent South to invade their country and anticipate, by twenty years, Jackson's feats. But the nation was not yet ready for such strong measures. The Creeks were met half-way in their desire for peace; and the entire tribe concluded a treaty, the provisions of which were substantially those of the treaty of New York. They ceased all hostilities, together with the Cherokees.

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[1] Robertson MSS., Blount's Minutes of Conference held with Cherokees, November 7 and 8, 1794, at Tellico Blockhouse.

[2] *Ibid.*, Ecooe to John McKee, Tellico, February 1, 1795, etc.

[3] Blount MSS., James Colbert to Robertson, February 10, 1792.

The concluding stage of the negotiations was marked by an incident which plainly betrayed the faulty attitude of the National Government toward southwestern frontiersmen. With incredible folly, Timothy Pickering, at this time secretary of war, blindly refused to see the necessity of what had been done by Blount and the Tennessee frontiersmen. In behalf of the administration, he wrote a letter to Blount which was as offensive as it was fatuous. In it he actually blamed Blount for getting the Cherokees and Chickasaws to help protect the frontier against the hostile Indians. He forbade him to give any assistance to the Chickasaws. He announced that he disapproved of The Stallion's deeds, and that the Cherokees must not destroy Creeks passing through their country on the way to the frontier. He even intimated that the surrender of The Stallion to the Creeks would be a good thing. As for protecting the frontier from the ravages of the Creeks, he merely vouchsafed the statement that he would instruct Seagrove to make "some pointed declarations" to the Creeks on the subject! He explained that the United States Government was resolved not to have a direct or indirect war with the Creeks; and he closed by reiterating, with futile insistency, that the instruction to the Cherokees not to permit Creek war-parties against the whites to come through their country, did not warrant their using force to stop them.[1] He failed to point out how it was possible, without force, to carry out these instructions.

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[1] Robertson MSS., Robertson to Blount, January 13, 1795; Blount to Robertson, January 20 and April 26, 1795; Robertson to Blount, April 20, 1795. Knoxville *Gazette,* August 25, 1792; October 12, 1793; June 19, July 17, August 4, and August 15, 1794. *American State Papers,* pp. 284, 285, etc.

A more shameful letter was never written, and it was sufficient of itself to show Pickering's conspicuous incapacity for the position he held. The trouble was that he represented, not very unfairly, the sentiment of a large portion of the Eastern and especially the northeastern people. When Blount visited Philadelphia in the summer of 1793, to urge a vigorous national war as the only thing which could bring the Indians to behave themselves,[1] he reported that Washington had an entirely just idea of the whole Indian business, but that Congress generally knew little of the matter and was not disposed to act.[2] His report was correct; and he might have added that the congressmen were no more ignorant, and no more reluctant to do right, than their constituents.

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[1] Robertson MSS., Pickering to Blount, March 23, 1795.

The truth is that the United States Government, during the six years from 1791 to 1796, behaved shamefully to the people who were settled along the Cumberland and Holston. This was the more inexcusable in view of the fact that, thanks to the example of Blount, Sevier, and Robertson, the Tennesseeans, alone among the frontiersmen, showed an intelligent appreciation of the benefits of the Union and a readiness to render it loyal support. The Kentuckians acted far less rationally; yet the government tolerated much misconduct on their part, and largely for their benefit carried on a great national war against the northwestern Indians. In the Southwest almost all that the administration did was to prohibit the frontiersmen from protecting themselves. Peace was finally brought about largely through the effect of Wayne's victory, and the knowledge of the Creeks that they would have to stand alone in any further warfare; but it would not have been obtained at all if Sevier and the other frontier leaders had not carried on their destructive counter-inroads into the Cherokee and upper Creek country, and if under Robertson's orders Nickajack and Running Water had not been destroyed; while the support of the Chickasaws and friendly Cherokees in stopping the Creek war-parties was essential. The southwesterners owed thanks to General Wayne and his army and to their own strong right hands; but they had small cause for gratitude to the Federal Government. They owed still less to the northeasterners, or indeed to any of the men of the Eastern seaboard; the benefits arising from Pinckney's treaty form the only exception. This neglect brought its own punishment. Blount and Sevier were naturally inclined to Federalism, and it was probably only the supineness of the Federal Government in failing to support the southwesterners against the Indians which threw Tennessee, when it became a State, into the arms of the Democratic party.

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[1] Blount MSS., Blount to Smith, June 17, 1793.

[2] Robertson MSS., Blount to gentleman in Cumberland, Philadelphia, August 28, 1793.

However, peace was finally wrung from the Indians, and by the beginning of 1796 the outrages ceased. The frontiers, North and South alike, enjoyed a respite from Indian warfare for the first time in a generation; nor was the peace interrupted until fifteen years afterward.

Throngs of emigrants had come into Tennessee. A wagon-road had been chopped to the Cumberland district, and as the Indians gradually ceased their ravages, the settlements about Nashville began to grow as rapidly as the settlements along the Holston. In 1796 the required limit of population had been reached, and Tennessee, with over seventy-six thousand inhabitants, was formally admitted as a State of the Federal Union; Sevier was elected governor, Blount was made one of the senators, and Andrew Jackson was chosen representative in Congress. In their State constitution the hard-working backwoods farmers showed a conservative spirit which would seem strange to the radical democracy of new Western States to-day. An elective governor and two legislative houses were provided; and the representation was proportioned, not to the population at large, but to the citizen who paid taxes; for persons with some little property were still considered to be the rightful depositaries of political power. The constitution established freedom of the press, and complete religious liberty—a liberty then denied in the parent State of North Carolina; but it contained some unwise and unjust provisions. The judges were appointed by the legislature, and were completely subservient to it; and, through the influence of the land speculators, all lands except town lots were taxed alike, so that the men who had obtained possession of the best tracts shifted to other shoulders much of their own proper burden.[1]

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[1] "Constitutional History of Tennessee," by Joshua W. Caldwell (p. 101), another of Robert Clarke's publications; an admirable study of institutional development in Tennessee.

CHAPTER VII

INTRIGUES AND LAND SPECULATIONS—THE TREATIES OF JAY AND PINCKNEY

1793–1797

THROUGHOUT the history of the winning of the West what is noteworthy is the current of tendency rather than the mere succession of individual events. The general movement, and the general spirit behind the movement, became evident in many different forms, and if attention is paid only to some particular manifestation we lose sight of its true import and of its explanation. Particular obstacles retarded or diverted, particular causes accelerated, the current; but the set was always in one direction. The peculiar circumstances of each case must always be taken into account, but it is also necessary to understand that it was but one link in the chain of causation.

Such events as Burr's conspiracy, or the conquest of Texas, cannot be properly understood if we fail to remember that they were but the most spectacular or most important manifestations of what occurred many times. The Texans won a striking victory and performed a feat of the utmost importance in our history; and, moreover, it happened that at the moment the accession of Texas was warmly favored by the party of the slaveholders. Burr had been Vice-President of the United States, and was a brilliant and able man, of imposing personality, whose intrigues in the West attracted an attention altogether disproportionate to their real weight. In consequence, each event is often treated as if it were isolated and stood apart from the general current of Western history; whereas in truth each was but the most striking or important among a host of others. The feats performed by Austin and Houston and the other founders of the Texan Republic were identical in kind with the feats merely attempted, or but partially performed, by the men who, like Morgan, Elijah Clark, and George Rogers Clark, at different times either sought to found colonies in the Spanish-speaking lands under Spanish authority, or else strove to conquer these lands outright by force of arms. Boone settled in Missouri when it was still under the Spanish Government, and himself accepted a Spanish commission. Whether Missouri had or had not been ceded first by Spain to France and then by France to the United States early in the present century, really would not have altered its final destiny, so far at least as concerns the fact that it would ultimately have been independent of both France and Spain, and would have been dominated by an English-speaking people; for when once the backwoodsmen, of whom Boone was the forerunner, became sufficiently numerous in the land they were certain to throw off the yoke of the foreigner; and the fact that they had voluntarily entered the land and put themselves under this yoke would have made no more difference to them than it afterward made to the Texans. So it was with Aaron Burr. His conspiracy was merely one, and by no means the most dangerous, of the various conspiracies in which men like Wilkinson, Sebastian, and many of the members of the early Democratic societies in Kentucky, bore a part. It was rendered possible only by the temper of the people and by the peculiar circumstances which also rendered the earlier conspiracies possible; and it came to naught for the same reasons that they came to naught, and was even more hopeless, because it was undertaken later, when the conditions were less favorable.

The movement deliberately entered into by many of the Kentuckians in the years 1793 and 1794, to conquer Louisiana on behalf of France, must be treated in this way. The leader in this movement was George Rogers Clark. His chance of success arose from the fact that there were on the frontier many men of restless, adventurous, warlike type, who felt a spirit of unruly defiance toward the home government and who greedily eyed the rich Spanish lands. Whether they got the lands by conquest or by colonization, and whether they warred under one flag or another was to them a matter of little moment. Clark's career is of itself sufficient to prove the truth of this. He had already been at the head of a movement to make war against the Spaniards, in defiance of the Central Government, on behalf of the Western settlements. On another occasion he had offered his sword to the Spanish Government, and had requested permission to found in Spanish territory a State which should be tributary to Spain and a barrier against the American advance. He had thus already sought to lead the Westerners against Spain in a warfare undertaken purely by themselves and for their own objects, and had also offered to form, by the help of some of these Westerners, a State which should be a constituent portion of the Spanish dominion. He now readily undertook the task of raising an army of Westerners to overrun Louisiana in the interests of the French Republic. The conditions which rendered possible these various movements were substantially the same, although the immediate causes, or occasions, were different. In any event, the result would ultimately have been the conquest of the Spanish dominions by the armed frontiersmen, and the upbuilding of English-speaking States on Spanish territory.

The expedition which, at the moment, Clark proposed to head, took its peculiar shape from outside causes. At this period Genet was in the midst of his preposterous career as minister from the French Republic to the United States. The various bodies of men who afterward coalesced into the Democratic-Republican party were frantically in favor of the French Revolution, regarding it with a fatuous admiration quite as foolish as the horror with which it affected most of the Federalists. They were already looking to Jefferson as their leader, and Jefferson, though at the time secretary of state under Washington, was secretly encouraging them, and was playing a very discreditable part toward his chief. The ultra-admirers of the French Revolution not only lost their own heads, but turned Genet's as well, and persuaded him that the people were with him and were ready to oppose Washington and the Central Government in the interests of revolutionary France. Genet wished to embroil America with England, and sought to fit out American privateers on the seacoast towns to prey on the English commerce, and to organize on the Ohio River an armed expedition to conquer Louisiana, as Spain was then an ally of England and at war with France. All over the country Genet's admirers formed Democratic societies on the model of the Jacobin Clubs of France. They were, of course, either useless or noxious in such a country and under such a government as that of the United States, and exercised a very mischievous effect. Kentucky was already under the influence of the same forces that were at work in

Virginia and elsewhere, and the classes of her people who were politically dominant were saturated with the ideas of those doctrinaire politicians of whom Jefferson was chief. These Jeffersonian doctrinaires were men who, at certain crises, in certain countries, might have rendered great service to the cause of liberty and humanity; but their influence in America was, on the whole, distinctly evil, save that, by a series of accidents, they became the especial champions of the westward extension of the nation, and in consequence were identified with a movement which was all-essential to the national well-being.

Kentucky was ripe for Genet's intrigues, and he found the available leader for the movement in the person of George Rogers Clark. Clark was deeply embittered, not only with the United States Government, but with Virginia, for the Virginia Assembly had refused to pay any of the debts he had contracted on account of the State, and had not even reimbursed him for what he had spent.[1] He had a right to feel aggrieved at the State's penuriousness and her indifference to her moral obligations; and just at the time when he was most angered came the news that Genet was agitating throughout the United States for a war with England, in open defiance of Washington, and that among his plans he included a Western movement against Louisiana. Clark at once wrote to him, expressing intense sympathy with the French objects and offering to undertake an expedition for the conquest of St. Louis and upper Louisiana, if he was provided with the means to obtain provisions and stores. Clark further informed Genet that his country had been utterly ungrateful to him, and that as soon as he received Genet's approbation of what he proposed to do, he would get himself "expatriated." He asked for commissions for officers, and stated his belief that the creoles would rise, that the adventurous Westerners would gladly throng to the contest, and that the army would soon be at the gates of New Orleans.[1]

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[1] Draper MSS., J. Clark to G. R. Clark, December 27, 1792.

Genet immediately commissioned Clark as a major-general in the service of the French Republic, and sent out various Frenchmen—Michaux, La Chaise, and others—with civil and military titles, to co-operate with him, to fit out his force as well as possible, and to promise him pay for his expenses. Brown, now one of Kentucky's representatives at Philadelphia, gave these men letters of introduction to merchants in Lexington and elsewhere, from whom they got some supplies; but they found they would have to get most from Philadelphia.[2] Michaux was the agent for the French minister, though nominally his visit was undertaken on purely scientific grounds. Jefferson's course in the matter was characteristic. Openly, he was endeavoring in a perfunctory manner to carry out Washington's policy of strict neutrality in the contest between France and England, but secretly he was engaged in tortuous intrigues against Washington and was thwarting his wishes, so far as he dared, in regard to Genet. It is impossible that he could have been really misled as to Michaux's character and the object of his visits; nevertheless, he actually gave him a letter of introduction to the Kentucky governor, Isaac Shelby.[3] Shelby had shown himself a gallant and capable officer in warfare against both the Indians and the Tories, but he possessed no marked political ability, and was entirely lacking in the strength of character which would have fitted him to put a stop to rebellion and lawlessness. He hated England, sympathized with France, and did not possess sufficient political good sense to appreciate either the benefits of the Central Government or the need of preserving order.

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[1] Draper MSS., letter of George Rogers Clark, February 5, 1793; also February 2d and February 3d.

[2] *Ibid.*, Michaux to George Rogers Clark, undated, but early in 1793.

[3] State Department MSS., Jefferson Papers, Series I, vol. V, p. 163.

Clark at once proceeded to raise what troops he could, and issued a proclamation signed by himself as major-general of the armies of France, commander-in-chief of the French Revolutionary Legions on the Mississippi. He announced that he proposed to raise volunteers for the reduction of the Spanish posts on the Mississippi and to open the trade of that river, and promised all who would join him from one to three thousand acres of any unappropriated land in the conquered regions, the officers to receive proportionately more. All lawful plunder was to be equally divided according to the customs of war.[1] The proclamation thus frankly put the revolutionary legions on the footing of a gang of freebooters. Each man was to receive a commission proportioned in grade to the number of soldiers he brought to Clark's band. In short, it was a piece of sheer filibustering, not differing materially from one of Walker's filibustering attempts in Central America sixty years later, save that at this time Clark had utterly lost his splendid vigor of body and mind and was unfit for the task he had set himself. At first, however, he met with promises of support from various Kentuckians of prominence, including Benjamin Logan.[2] His agents gathered flatboats and pirogues for the troops and laid in stores of powder, lead, and beef. The nature of some of the provisions shows what a characteristic backwoods expedition it was; for Clark's agent notified him that he had ready "upwards of eleven hundred weight of Bear Meat and about seventy or seventy-four pair of Veneson Hams." [1]

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[1] Marshall, II, 103.

[2] Draper MSS., Benjamin Logan to George Rogers Clark, December 31, 1793.

The Democratic societies in Kentucky entered into Clark's plans with the utmost enthusiasm, and issued manifestoes against the Central Government which were, in style, of hysterical violence, and, in matter, treasonable. The preparations were made openly, and speedily attracted the attention of the Spanish agents, besides giving alarm to the representatives of the Federal Government and to all sober citizens who had sense enough to see that the proposed expedition was merely another step toward anarchy. St. Clair, the governor of the Northwestern Territory, wrote to Shelby to warn him of what was being done, and Wayne, who was a much more formidable person than Shelby or Clark or any of their backers, took prompt steps to prevent the expedition from starting by building a fort near the mouth of the Ohio, and ordering his lieutenants to hold themselves in readiness for any action he might direct. At the same time the Administration wrote to Shelby telling him what was on foot, and requesting him to see that no expedition of the kind was allowed to march against the domains of a friendly power. Shelby, in response, entered into a long argument to show that he could not interfere with the expedition, and that he doubted his constitutional power to do anything in the matter; his reasons being of the familiar kind usually advanced in such cases, where a government officer, from timidity or any other cause, refuses to do his duty. If his contention as to his own powers and the powers of the General Government had been sound, it would logically have followed that there was no power anywhere to back up the law. Innes, the Federal judge, showed himself equally lukewarm in obeying the Federal authorities.[1]

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[1] Draper MSS., John Montgomery to George Rogers Clark, January 12, 1794.

Blount, the governor of the Southwestern Territory, acted as vigorously and patriotically as St. Clair and Wayne, and his conduct showed in marked contrast to Shelby's. He possessed far too much political good sense not to be disgusted with the conduct of Genet, which he denounced in unmeasured terms. He expressed great pleasure when Washington summarily rebuked the blatant French envoy. He explained to the Tennesseeans that Genet had as his chief backers the disappointed office-hunters and other unsavory characters in New York and in the seacoast cities, but that the people at large were beginning to realize what the truth was, and to show a proper feeling for the President and his government.[2] Some of the Cumberland people, becoming excited by the news of Clark's preparation, prepared to join him, or to undertake a separate filibustering attack on their own account. Blount immediately wrote to Robertson directing him to explain to these "inconsiderate persons" that all they could possibly do was to attempt the conquest of West Florida, and that they would "lay themselves liable to heavy Pains and Penalties, both pecuniary and corporal in case they ever returned to their injured country." He warned Robertson that it was his duty to prevent the attempt, and that the legal officers of the district must proceed against any of the men having French commissions, and must do their best to stop the movement; which, he said, proceeded "from the Machenations no doubt of that Jacobin Incendiary, Genet, which is reason sufficient to make every honest mind revolt at the Idea." Robertson warmly supported him, and notified the Spanish commander at New Madrid of the steps which he was taking; at which the Spaniards expressed great gratification.[1]

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[1] *American State Papers,* Foreign Relations, I, 454, 460; Marshall, II, 93.

[2] Robertson MSS., Blount's letter, Philadelphia, August 28, 1793.

However, the whole movement collapsed when Genet was recalled early in 1794, Clark being forced at once to abandon his expedition.[2] Clark found himself out of pocket as the result of what he had done; and as there was no hope of reimbursing himself by Spanish plunder, he sought to obtain from the French Government reimbursement for the expenses, forwarding to the French Assembly, through an agent in France, his bill for the "Expenses of Expedition ordered by Citizen Genet." The agent answered that he would try to secure the payment; and after he got to Paris he first announced himself as hopeful; but later he wrote that he had discovered that the French agents were really engaged in a dangerous conspiracy against the Western country, and he finally had to admit that the claim was disallowed.[3] With this squabble between the French and Americans the history of the abortive expedition ends.

The attempt, of course, excited and alarmed the Spaniards, and gave a new turn to their tortuous diplomacy. In reading the correspondence of the Spanish governor, Baron Carondelet, both with his subordinates and with his superiors, it is almost amusing to note the frankness with which he avows his treachery. It evidently did not occur to him that there was such a thing as national good faith, or that there was the slightest impropriety in any form of mendacity when exercised in dealing with the ministers or inhabitants of a foreign State. In this he was a faithful reflex of his superiors at the Spanish court. At the same time that they were solemnly covenanting for a definite treaty of peace with the United States they were secretly intriguing to bring about a rebellion in the Western States; and while they were assuring the Americans that they were trying their best to keep the Indians peaceful, they were urging the savages to war.

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[1] Robertson MSS., Blount to Robertson, January 18, 1794; letter from Portello, New Madrid, January 17, 1794.

[2] Blount MSS., Blount to Smith, April 3, 1794.

[3] Draper MSS., Clark's accounts, August 23, 1794; Fulton to Clark, Nantes, November 16, 1794; *ibid.*, Paris, April 9 and 12, 1795.

As for any gratitude to the National Government for stopping the piratical expeditions of the Westerners, the Spaniards did not feel a trace. They had early received news of Clark's projected expedition[1] through a Frenchman who came to the Spanish agents at Philadelphia; and when the army began to gather they received from time to time from their agents in Kentucky reports which, though exaggerated, gave them a fairly accurate view of what was happening. No overt act of hostility was committed by Clark's people, except by some of those who started to join him from the Cumberland district, under the lead of a man named Montgomery. These men built a wooden fort at the mouth of the Cumberland River, and held the boats that passed to trade with Spain, one of the boats that they took being a scow loaded with flour and biscuit sent upstream by the Spanish Government itself. When Wayne heard of the founding of this fort he acted with his usual promptness, and sent an expedition which broke it up and released the various boats. Then, to stop any repetition of the offense, and more effectually to curb the overbearing truculence of the frontiersmen, he himself built, as already mentioned, a fort at Massac, not far from the Mississippi. All this, of course, was done in the interests of the Spaniards themselves and in accordance with the earnest desire of the United States authorities to prevent any unlawful attack on Louisiana; yet Carondelet actually sent word to Gayoso de Lemos, the governor of Natchez and the upper part of the river, to persuade the Chickasaws secretly to attack this fort and destroy it. Carondelet always had an exaggerated idea of the warlike capacity of the Indian nations, and never understood the power of the Americans, nor appreciated the desire of their government to act in good faith. Gayoso was in this respect a much more intelligent man, and he positively refused to carry out the orders of his superior, remonstrating directly to the court of Spain, by which he was sustained. He pointed out that the destruction of the fort would merely encourage the worst enemies of the Spaniards, even if accomplished; and he further pointed out that it was quite impossible to destroy it; for he understood fully the difference between a fort garrisoned by Wayne's regulars and one held by a mob of buccaneering militia.[1]

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[1] Draper MSS., Spanish Documents, Carondelet to Alcudia, March 20, 1794.

It was not the first time that Gayoso's superior knowledge of the Indians and of their American foes had prevented his carrying out the orders of his superior officer. On one occasion Carondelet had directed Gayoso to convene the Southern Indians, and to persuade them to send deputies to the United States authorities with proposals to settle the boundaries in accordance with the wishes of Spain, and to threaten open war as an alternative. Gayoso refused to adopt this policy, and persuaded Carondelet to alter it, showing that it was necessary above all things to temporize, that such a course as the one proposed would provoke immediate hostilities, and that the worst possible line for the Spaniards to follow would be one of open war with the entire power of the United States.[1]

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[1] Draper MSS., Spanish Documents, Manuel Gayoso de Lemos to the Duc de Alcudia, Natchez, September 19, 1794.

Of course, the action of the American Government in procuring the recall of Genet and putting a stop to Clark's operations lightened for a moment the pressure of the backwoodsmen upon the Spanish dominions; but it was only for a moment. The Westerners were bent on seizing the Spanish territory; and they were certain to persist in their efforts until they were either successful or were definitely beaten in actual war. The acts of aggression were sure to recur; it was only the form that varied. When the chance of armed conquest under the banner of the French Republic vanished, there was an immediate revival of plans for getting possession of some part of the Spanish domain through the instrumentality of the great land companies.

These land companies possessed on paper a weight which they did not have in actual history. They occasionally enriched, and more often impoverished, the individual speculators; but in the actual peopling of the waste lands they counted for little in comparison with the steady stream of pioneer farmers who poured in, each to hold and till the ground he in fact occupied. However, the contemporary documents of the day were full of details concerning the companies; and they did possess considerable importance at certain times in the settlement of the West, both because they in places stimulated that settlement, and because in other places they retarded it, inasmuch as they kept out actual settlers, who could not pre-empt land which had been purchased at low rates from some legislative body by the speculators. The companies were sometimes formed by men who wished themselves to lead emigrants into the longed-for region, but more often they were purely speculative in character, and those who founded them wished only to dispose of them at an advantage to third parties. Their history is inextricably mixed with the history of the intrigues with and against the Spaniards and British in the West. The men who organized them wished to make money. Their object was to obtain title to or possession of the lands, and it was quite a secondary matter with them whether their title came from the United States, England, or Spain. They were willing to form colonies on Spanish or British territory, and they were even willing to work for the dismemberment of the Western Territory from the Union, if by so doing they could increase the value of lands which they sought to acquire. American adventurers had been in correspondence with Lord Dorchester, the governor-general of Canada, looking to the possibility of securing British aid for those desirous of embarking in great land speculations in the West. These men proposed to try to get the Westerners to join with the British in an attack upon Louisiana, or even to conduct this attack themselves in the British interests, believing that with New Orleans in British hands the entire province would be thrown open to trade with the outside world and to settlement; with the result that the lands would increase enormously in value, and the speculators and organizers of the companies, and of the movements generally, grow rich in consequence.[1] They assured the British agents that the Western country would speedily separate from the Eastern States, and would have to put itself under the protection of some foreign state. Dorchester considered these plans of sufficient weight to warrant inquiry by his agents, but nothing ever came of them.

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[1] Draper MSS., De Lemos to Carondelet, December 6, 1793.

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[1] "Canadian Archives," Dorchester to Sydney, June 7, 1789; Grenville to Dorchester, May 6, 1790; Dorchester to Beckwith, June 17, 1790; Dorchester to Grenville, September 25, 1790. See Brown's "Political Beginnings," 187.

Much the most famous, or, it would be more correct to say, infamous, of these companies were those organized in connection with the Yazoo lands.[1] The country in what is now middle and northern Mississippi and Alabama possessed, from its great fertility, peculiar fascinations in the eyes of the adventurous land speculators. It was unoccupied by settlers, because as a matter of fact it was held in adverse possession by the Indians, under Spanish protection. It was claimed by the Georgians, and its cession was sought by the United States Government, so that there was much uncertainty as to the title, which could in consequence be cheaply secured.

Wilkinson, Brown, Innes, and other Kentuckians had applied to the Spaniards to be allowed to take these lands and hold them, in their own interests, but on behalf of Spain, and against the United States. The application had not been granted, and the next effort was of a directly opposite character, the adventurers this time proposing, as they could not hold the territory as armed subjects of Spain, to wrest it from Spain by armed entry after getting title from Georgia. In other words, they were going to carry on war as a syndicate, the military operations for the occupation of the ceded territory being part of the business for which the company was organized. Their relations with the

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[1] The best and most thorough account of these is to be found in Charles H. Haskin's "The Yazoo Land Companies."

Union were doubtless to be determined by the course of events.

This company was the South Carolina Yazoo Company. In 1789 several companies were formed to obtain from the Georgia legislature grants of the Western Territory which Georgia asserted to be hers. One, the Virginia Company, had among its incorporators Patrick Henry, and received a grant of nearly twenty thousand square miles, but accomplished nothing. Another, the Tennessee Company, received a grant of what is now most of northern Alabama, and organized a body of men, under the leadership of an adventurer named Zachariah Cox, who drifted down the Tennessee in flatboats to take possession, and repeated the attempt more than once. They were, however, stopped, partly by Blount and partly by the Indians. The South Carolina Yazoo Company made the most serious effort to get possession of the coveted territory. Its grant included about fifteen thousand square miles in what is now middle Mississippi and Alabama; the nominal price being sixty-seven thousand dollars. One of the prime movers in this company was a man named Walsh, who called himself Washington, a person of unsavory character, who, a couple of years later, was hung at Charleston for passing forged paper money in South Carolina. All these companies had hoped to pay the very small prices they were asked for the lands in the depreciated currency of Georgia; but they never did make the full payments or comply with the conditions of the grants, which therefore lapsed.

Before this occurred the South Carolina Yazoo Company had striven to take possession of its purchase by organizing a military expedition to go down the Mississippi from Kentucky. For commander of this expedition choice was made of a Revolutionary soldier named James O'Fallon, who went to Kentucky, where he married Clark's sister. He entered into relations with Wilkinson, who drew him into the tangled web of Spanish intrigue. He raised soldiers and drew up a formal contract, entered into between the South Carolina Yazoo Company and their troops of the Yazoo Battalion—over five hundred men in all, cavalry, artillery, and infantry. Each private was to receive two hundred and fifty acres of "stipendiary" lands and the officers in proportion, up to the lieutenant-colonel, who was to receive six thousand. Commissions were formally issued, and the positions of all the regular officers were filled, so that the invasion was on the point of taking place.[1] However, the Spanish authorities called the matter to the attention of the United States, and the Federal Government put a prompt stop[2] to the movement. O'Fallon was himself threatened with arrest by the Federal officers and had to abandon his project.[3] He afterward re-established his relations with the government and became one of Wayne's correspondents;[4] but he entered heartily into Clark's plans for the expedition under Genet and, like all the other participators in that wretched affair, became involved in broils with Clark and every one else.[5]

In 1795, the land companies, encouraged by the certainty that the United States would speedily take possession of the Yazoo territory, again sprang into life.

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[1] *American State Papers*, Indian Affairs, I, James O'Fallon to the President of the United States, Lexington, September 25, 1790, etc.

[2] Draper MSS., Spanish Documents, Carondelet to Alcudia, January 1, 1794, and May 31, 1794.

[3] *Ibid., Clark and O'Fallon Papers*, anonymous letter to James O'Fallon, Lexington, March 30, 1791, etc.

[4] *Ibid.*, Wayne to O'Fallon, September 16, 1793.

[5] *Ibid.*, De Lemos to Carondelet, December 23, 1793.

In that year four—the Georgia, the Georgia-Mississippi, the Tennessee, and the upper Mississippi—companies obtained grants from the Georgia legislature to a territory of over thirty millions of acres, for which they paid but five hundred thousand dollars, or less than two cents an acre. Among the grantees were many men of note—congressmen, senators, even judges. The grants were secured by the grossest corruption, every member of the legislature who voted for them, with one exception, being a stockholder in some one of the companies, while the procuring of the cessions was undertaken by James Gunn, one of the two Georgia senators. The outcry against the transaction was so universal throughout the State that at the next session of the legislature, in 1796, the acts were repealed and the grants rescinded. This caused great confusion, as most of the original grantees had hastily sold out to third parties, the purchases being largely made in South Carolina and Massachusetts. Efforts were made by the original South Carolina Yazoo Company to sue Georgia in the Federal courts, which led to the adoption of the Constitutional provision forbidding such action. When, in 1802, Georgia ceded the territory in question, including all of what is now middle and northern Alabama and Mississippi, to the United States for the sum of twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the National Government became heir to these Yazoo difficulties. It was not until 1814 that the matter was settled by a compromise, after interminable litigation and legislation.[1] The land companies were more important to the speculators than to the actual settlers of the Mississippi; nevertheless, they did stimulate settlement in certain regions, and therefore increased by just so much the Western pressure upon Spain.

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[1] *American State Papers*, Public Lands, II, pp. 99, 101, 111, 165, 172, 178; Haskin's "Yazoo Land Companies." In Congress, Randolph, on behalf of the ultra States'-rights people, led the opposition to the claimants, whose special champions were Madison and the Northern Democrats. Chief Justice Marshall in the case of Fletcher *vs.* Peck, decided that the rescinding act impaired the obligation of contracts, and was therefore in violation of the Constitution of the United States; a

Some of the aggressive movements undertaken by the Americans were of so loose a nature that it is hard to know what to call them. This was true of Elijah Clark's company of Georgia freebooters in 1794. Accompanied by large bodies of armed men, he on several occasions penetrated into the territory southwest of the Oconee. He asserted at one time that he was acting for Georgia and in defense of her rights to the lands which the Georgians claimed under the various State treaties with the Indians, but which by the treaty of New York had been confirmed to the Creeks by the United States. On another occasion he entitled his motley force the Sans-culottes, and masqueraded as a major-general of the French army, though the French consul denied having any connection with him. He established for the time being a little independent government, with block-houses and small wooden towns, in the middle of the unceded hunting-grounds, and caused great alarm to the Spaniards. The frontiersmen sympathized with him, and when he was arrested in Wilkes County the grand jury of the county ordered his discharge, and solemnly declared that the treaty of New York was inoperative and the proclamation of the governor of Georgia against Clark, illegal. This was too much for the patience of the governor. He ordered out the State

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decision further amplified in the Dartmouth case, which has determined the national policy in regard to public contracts. This decision was followed by the passage of the Compromise Act by Congress in 1814, which distributed a large sum of money obtained from the land sales in the territory, in specified proportions among the various claimants.

troops to co-operate with the small Federal force, and Clark and his men were ignominiously expelled from their new government and forced to return to Georgia.[1]

In such a welter of intrigue, of land speculation, and of more or less piratical aggression, there was imminent danger that the West would relapse into anarchy unless a firm government were established, and unless the boundaries with England and Spain were definitely established. As Washington's administration grew steadily in strength and in the confidence of the people the first condition was met. The necessary fixity of boundary was finally obtained by the treaties negotiated through John Jay with England, and through Thomas Pinckney with Spain.

Jay's treaty aroused a perfect torrent of wrath throughout the country, and nowhere more than in the West. A few of the coolest and most intelligent men approved it, and rugged old Humphrey Marshall, the Federalist senator from Kentucky, voted for its ratification; but the general feeling against it was intense. Even Blount, who by this time was pretty well disgusted with the way he had been treated by the Central Government, denounced it, and expressed his belief that Washington would have hard work to explain his conduct in procuring its ratification.[2]

Yet the Westerners were the very people who had no cause whatever to complain of the treaty. It was not an entirely satisfactory treaty; perhaps a man like Hamilton might have procured rather better terms; but, taken as a whole, it worked an immense improvement upon the condition of things already existing. Washington's position was undoubtedly right. He would have preferred a better treaty, but he regarded the Jay treaty as very much better than none at all. Moreover, the last people who had a right to complain of it were those who were most vociferous in their opposition. The anti-Federalist party was on the whole the party of weakness and disorder, the party that was clamorous and unruly, but ineffective in carrying out a sustained policy, whether of offense or of defense, in foreign affairs. The people who afterward became known as Jeffersonian Republicans numbered in their ranks the extremists who had been active as the founders of Democratic societies in the French interest, and they were ferocious in their wordy hostility to Great Britain; but they were not dangerous foes to any foreign government which did not fear words. Had they possessed the foresight and intelligence to strengthen the Federal Government the Jay treaty would not have been necessary. Only a strong, efficient central government, backed by a good fleet and a well-organized army, could hope to wring from England what the French party, the forerunners of the Jeffersonian Democracy, demanded. But the Jeffersonians were separatists and States'-rights men. They believed in a government so weak as to be ineffective, and showed a folly literally astounding in their unwillingness to provide for the wars which they were ready to provoke. They resolutely refused to provide an army or a navy, or to give the Central Government the power necessary for waging war. They were quite right in their feeling of hostility to England, and one of the fundamental and fatal weaknesses of the Federalists was the Federalist willingness to submit to England's aggressions without retaliation; but the Jeffersonians had no gift for government, and were singularly deficient in masterful statesmen of the kind imperatively needed by any nation which wishes to hold an honorable place among other nations. They showed their governmental inaptitude clearly enough later on when they came into power, for they at once stopped building the fleet which the Federalists had begun, and allowed the military forces of the nation to fall into utter disorganization, with, as a consequence, the shameful humiliations of the War of 1812. This war was in itself eminently necessary and proper, and was excellent in its results, but it was attended by incidents of shame and disgrace to America for which Jefferson and Madison and their political friends and supporters among the politicians and the people have never received a sufficiently severe condemnation.

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[1] Steven's "Georgia," II, 401.

[2] Blount MSS., Blount to Smith, August 24, 1795.

Jay's treaty was signed late in 1794 and was ratified in 1795.[1] The indignation of the Kentuckians almost amounted to mania. They denounced the treaty with frantic intemperance, and even threatened violence to those of their own number, headed by Humphrey Marshall, who supported it; yet they benefited much by it, for it got them what they would have been absolutely powerless to obtain for themselves—that is, the possession of the British posts on the lakes. In 1796, the Americans took formal possession of these posts, and the boundary-line in the Northwest as nominally established by the treaty of Versailles became in fact the actual line of demarcation between the American and the British possessions. The work of Jay capped the work of Wayne. Federal garrisons were established at Detroit and elsewhere, and the Indians, who had already entered into the treaty of Greeneville, were prevented from breaking it by this intervention of the American military posts between themselves and their British allies. Peace was firmly established for the time being in the Northwest, and our boundaries in that direction took the fixed form they still retain.[1]

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[1] *American State Papers*, Foreign Relations, I, 479, 484, 489, 502, 519, etc.

In dealing with the British the Americans sometimes had to encounter bad faith, but more often a mere rough disregard for the rights of others, of which they could themselves scarcely complain with a good grace, as they showed precisely the same quality in their own actions. In dealing with the Spaniards, on the other hand, they had to encounter deliberate and systematic treachery and intrigue. The open negotiations between the two governments over the boundary ran side by side with a current of muddy intrigue between the Spanish Government on the one hand and certain traitorous Americans on the other, the leader of these traitors being, as usual, the arch-scoundrel, Wilkinson.

The Spaniards trusted almost as much to Indian intrigue as to bribery of American leaders; indeed, they trusted to it more for momentary effect, though the far-sighted among them realized that in the long run the safety of the Spanish possessions depended upon the growth of divisional jealousies among the Americans themselves. The Spanish forts were built as much to keep the Indians under command as to check the Americans. The governor of Natchez, De Lemos, had already established a fort at the Chickasaw Bluffs, where there was danger of armed collision between the Spaniards and either the Cumberland settlers under Robertson or the Federal troops. Among the latter, by the way, the officer for whose ability the Spaniards seemed to feel an especial respect was Lieutenant William Clark.[2]

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[1] *American State Papers*, Indian Affairs, I, 573; Foreign Relations, I, *passim;* etc.

[2] Draper MSS., Spanish Documents, Carondelet to Don Luis de las Casas, June 13, 1795; De Lemos to Carondelet, July 25, 1793.

The Chickasaws were nearly drawn into a war with the Spaniards, who were intensely irritated over their antagonism to the Creeks, for which the Spaniards insisted that the Americans were responsible.[1] The Americans, however, were able to prove conclusively that the struggle was due, not to their advice, but to the outrages of marauders from the villages of the Muscogee confederacy. They showed by the letter of the Chickasaw chief, James Colbert, that the Creeks had themselves begun hostilities early in 1792 by killing a Chickasaw, and that the Chickasaws, because of this spilling of blood, made war on the Creeks, and sent word to the Americans to join in the war. The letter ran: "I hope you will exert yourselves and join us so that we might give the lads a Drubbeen for they have encroached on us this great while not us alone you likewise for you have suffered a good dale by them I hope you will think of your wounds."[2] The Americans had "thought of their wounds" and had aided the Chickasaws in every way, as was proper; but the original aggressors were the Creeks. The Chickasaws had entered into what was a mere war of retaliation; though when once in they had fought hard, under the lead of Opiamingo, their most noted war-chief, who was always friendly to the Americans and hostile to the Spaniards.

At the Chickasaw Bluffs and at Natchez there was always danger of a clash; for at these places the Spanish soldiers were in direct contact with the foremost of the restless backwoods host, and with the Indians who were most friendly or hostile to them. Open collision was averted, but the Spaniards were kept uneasy and alert. There were plenty of American settlers around Natchez, who were naturally friendly to the American Government; and an agent from the State of Georgia, to the horror of the Spaniards, came out to the country with the especial purpose of looking over the Yazoo lands, at the time when Georgia was about to grant them to the various land companies. What with the land speculators, the frontiersmen, and the Federal troops, the situation grew steadily more harassing for the Spaniards; and Carondelet kept the advisers of the Spanish Crown well informed of the growing stress.

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[1] *American State Papers*, Foreign Relations, I, 305, etc.

[2] Blount MSS., James Colbert to Robertson, February 10, 1792.

The Spanish Government knew it would be beaten if the issue once came to open war, and, true to the instincts of a weak and corrupt power, it chose as its weapons delay, treachery, and intrigue. To individual Americans the Spaniard often behaved with arrogance and brutality; but they feared to give too serious offense to the American people as a whole. Like all other enemies of the American Republic, from the days of the Revolution to those of the Civil War, they saw clearly that their best allies were the separatists, the disunionists, and they sought to encourage in every way the party which, in a spirit of sectionalism, wished to bring about a secession of one part of the country and the erection of a separate government. The secessionists then, as always, played into the hands of the men who wished the new Republic ill. In the last decade of the eighteenth century the acute friction was not between North and South, but between East and West. The men who, from various motives, wished to see a new republic created, hoped that this republic would take in all the people of the Western waters. These men never actually succeeded in carrying the West with them. At the pinch the majority of the Westerners remained loyal to the idea of national unity; but there was a very strong separatist party, and there were very many men who, though not separatists, were disposed to grumble loudly about the shortcomings of the Federal Government.

These men were especially numerous and powerful in Kentucky, and they had as their organ the sole newspaper of the State, the Kentucky *Gazette*. It was filled with fierce attacks, not only upon the General Government, but upon Washington himself. Sometimes these attacks were made on the authority of the *Gazette;* at other times they appeared in the form of letters from outsiders, or of resolutions by the various Democratic societies and political clubs. They were written with a violence which, in striving after forcefulness, became feeble. They described the people of Kentucky as having been "degraded and insulted," and as having borne these insults with "submissive patience." The writers insisted that Kentucky had nothing to hope from the Federal Government, and that it was nonsense to chatter about the infraction of treaties, for it was necessary, at any cost, to take Louisiana, which was "groaning under tyranny." They threatened the United States with what the Kentuckians would do if their wishes were not granted, announcing that they would make the conquest of Louisiana an ultimatum, and warning the government that they owed no eternal allegiance to it and might have to separate, and that if they did there would be small reason to deplore the separation. The separatist agitators failed to see that they could obtain the objects they sought—the opening of the Mississippi and the acquisition of Louisiana—only through the Federal Government, and only by giving that government full powers. Standing alone, the Kentuckians would have been laughed to scorn not only by England

and France, but even by Spain. Yet with silly fatuity they vigorously opposed every effort to make the government stronger or to increase national feeling, railing even at the attempt to erect a great Federal city as "unwise, impolitic, unjust," and "a monument to American folly."[1] The men who wrote these articles, and the leaders of the societies and clubs which inspired them, certainly made a pitiable showing; they proved that they themselves were only learning, and had not yet completely mastered, the difficult art of self-government.

It was the existence of these Western separatists, nominally the fiercest foes of Spain, that in reality gave Spain the one real hope of staying the Western advance. In 1794, the American agents in Spain were carrying on an interminable correspondence with the Spanish court in the effort to come to some understanding about the boundaries.[2] The Spanish authorities were solemnly corresponding with the American envoys, as if they meant peace; yet at the same time they had authorized Carondelet to do his best to treat directly with the American States of the West so as to bring about their separation from the Union. In 1794, Wilkinson, who was quite incapable of understanding that his infamy was heightened by the fact that he wore the uniform of a brigadier-general of the United States, entered into negotiations for a treaty, the base of which should be the separation of the Western States from the Atlantic States.[3] He had sent two confidential envoys to Carondelet. Carondelet jumped at the chance of once more trying to separate the West from the East; and under

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[1] Kentucky *Gazette*, February 8, 1794; September 16, 1797; etc.

[2] *American State Papers*, Foreign Relations, I, 443, etc.; letters of Carmichael and Short to Gardoqui, October 1, 1793; to Alcudia, January 7, 1794, etc.

[3] Draper MSS., Spanish Documents, Carondelet to Alcudia, July 30, 1794.

Wilkinson's directions he renewed his efforts to try by purchase and pension to attach some of the leading Kentuckians to Spain. As a beginning, he decided to grant Wilkinson's request, and send him twelve thousand dollars for himself.[1] De Lemos was sent to New Madrid in October to begin the direct negotiations with Wilkinson and his allies. The funds to further the treasonable conspiracy were also forwarded, as the need arose.

Carondelet was much encouraged as to the outcome by the fact that De Lemos had not been dispossessed by force from the Chickasaw Bluffs. This shows conclusively that Washington's administration was in error in not acting with greater decision about the Spanish posts. Wayne should have been ordered to use the sword and to dispossess the Spaniards from the east bank of the Mississippi. As so often in our history, we erred not through a spirit of overaggressiveness, but through a willingness to trust to peaceful measures instead of proceeding to assert our rights by force.

The first active step taken by Carondelet and De Lemos was to send the twelve thousand dollars to Wilkinson, as the foundation and earnest of the bribery fund. But the effort miscarried. The money was sent by two men, Collins and Owen, each of whom bore cipher letters to Wilkinson, including some that were sewed into the collars of their coats. Collins reached Wilkinson in safety, but Owen was murdered, for the sake of the money he bore, by his boat's crew while on the Ohio River.[2] The murderers were arrested and were brought before the Federal judge, Harry Innes.

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[1] Draper MSS., De Lemos to Alcudia, September 19, 1794.

[2] *Ibid.*, letters of Carondelet to Alcudia, October 4, 1794; and of De Lemos to Carondelet, August 28, 1795.

Owen was a friend of Innes, and had been by him recommended to Wilkinson as a trustworthy man for any secret and perilous service. Nevertheless, although it was his own friend who had been murdered, Innes refused to try the murderers on the ground that they were Spanish subjects—a reason which was simply nonsensical. He forwarded them to Wilkinson at Fort Warren. The latter sent them back to New Madrid. On their way they were stopped by the officer at Fort Massac, a thoroughly loyal man, who had not been engaged in the intrigues of Wilkinson and Innes. He sent to the Spanish commander at New Madrid for an interpreter to interrogate the men. Of course, the Spaniards were as reluctant as Wilkinson and Innes that the facts as to the relations between Carondelet and Wilkinson should be developed, and, like Wilkinson and Innes, they preferred that the murderers should escape rather than that these facts should come to light. Accordingly, the interpreter did not divulge the confession of the villains, all evidence as to their guilt was withheld, and they were finally discharged. The Spaniards were very nervous about the affair, and were even afraid lest travellers might dig up Owen's body and find the despatches hidden in his collar; which, said De Lemos, they might send to the President of the United States, who would of course take measures to find out what the money and the ciphers meant.[1]

Wilkinson's motives in acting as he did were, of course, simple. He could not afford to have the murderers of his friend and agent tried, lest they should disclose his own black infamy. The conduct of Judge Innes is difficult to explain on any ground consistent with his integrity and with the official propriety of his actions. He may not have been a party to Wilkinson's conspiracy, but he must certainly have known that Wilkinson was engaged in negotiations with the Spaniards, so corrupt that they would not bear the light of exposure, or else he would never have behaved toward the murderers in the way that he did behave.[1]

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[1] Draper MSS., letter of De Lemos.

Carondelet, through De Lemos, entered into correspondence with Wayne about the fort built by his orders at the Chickasaw Bluffs. He refused to give up this fort; and as Wayne became more urgent in his demands, he continually responded with new excuses for delay. He was enabled to tell exactly what Wayne was doing, as Wilkinson, who was serving under Wayne, punctually informed the Spaniard of all that took place in the American army.[2] Carondelet saw that the fate of the Spanish-American province which he ruled hung on the separation of the Western States from the Union.[3] As long as he thought it possible to bring about the separation, he refused to pay heed even to the orders of the court of Spain, or to the treaty engagements by which he was nominally bound. He was forced to make constant demands upon the Spanish court for money to be used in the negotiations; that is, to bribe Wilkinson and his fellows in Kentucky. He succeeded in placating the Chickasaws, and got from them a formal cession of the Chickasaw Bluffs, which was a direct blow at the American pretensions. As with all Indian tribes, the Chickasaws were not capable of any settled policy and were not under any responsible authority. While some of them were in close alliance with the Americans and were warring on the Creeks, the others formed a treaty with the Spaniards and gave them the territory they so earnestly wished.[1]

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[1] Marshall, II, 155; Green, p. 328. Even recently defenders of Wilkinson and Innes have asserted, in accordance with Wilkinson's explanations, that the money forwarded him was due him from tobacco contracts entered into some years previously with Miro. Carondelet, in his letters above quoted, however, declares outright that the money was advanced to begin negotiations in Kentucky, through Wilkinson and others, for the pensioning of Kentuckians in the interests of Spain and the severance of the Western States from the Union.

[2] Draper MSS., Spanish Documents, Carondelet to Alcudia, November 1, 1793.

[3] *Ibid.*, Carondelet to Alcudia, September 25, 1795.

However, neither Carondelet's energy and devotion to the Spanish Government nor his unscrupulous intrigues were able for long to defer the fate which hung over the Spanish possessions. In 1795, Washington nominated as minister to Spain Thomas Pinckney, a member of a distinguished family of South Carolina statesmen, and a man of the utmost energy and intelligence. Pinckney finally wrung from the Spaniards a treaty which was as beneficial to the West as Jay's treaty, and was attended by none of the drawbacks which marred Jay's work. The Spaniards at the outset met his demands by a policy of delay and evasion. Finally, he determined to stand this no longer, and, on October 24, 1795, demanded his passports, in a letter to Godoy, the "Prince of Peace." The demand came at an opportune moment; for Godoy had just heard of Jay's treaty. He misunderstood the way in which this was looked at in the United States, and feared lest, if not counteracted, it might throw the Americans into the arms of Great Britain, with which country Spain was on the verge of war. It is not a little singular that Jay should have thus rendered an involuntary but important additional service to the Westerners who so hated him.

The Spaniards now promptly came to terms. They were in no condition to fight the Americans; they knew that war would be the result if the conflicting claims of the two peoples were not at once definitely settled one way or the other; and they concluded the treaty forthwith.[1] Its two most important provisions were the settlement of the southern boundary on the lines claimed by the United States and the granting of the right of deposit to the Westerners. The boundary followed the thirty-first degree of latitude from the Mississippi to the Chattahoochee, down it to the Flint, thence to the head of the St. Mary's, and down it to the ocean. The Spanish troops were to be withdrawn from this territory within the space of six months. The Westerners were granted for three years the right of deposit at New Orleans; after three years, either the right was to be continued or another equivalent port of deposit was to be granted somewhere on the banks of the Mississippi. The right of deposit carried with it the right to export goods from the place of deposit free from any but an inconsiderable duty.[2]

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[1] Draper MSS., De Lemos to Carondelet, enclosed in Carondelet's letter of September 26, 1795.

The treaty was ratified in 1796, but with astonishing bad faith the Spaniards refused to carry out its provisions. At this time Carondelet was in the midst of his negotiations with Wilkinson for the secession of the West, and had high hopes that he could bring it about. He had chosen as his agent an Englishman, named Thomas Power, who was a naturalized Spanish subject, and very zealous in the service of Spain.[3] Power went to Kentucky, where he communicated with Wilkinson, Sebastian, Innes, and one or two others, and submitted to them a letter from Carondelet. This letter proposed a treaty, of which the first article was that Wilkinson and his associates should exert themselves to bring about a separation of the Western country and its formation into an independent government wholly unconnected with that of the Atlantic States; and Carondelet, in his letter, assured the men to whom he was writing that, because of what had occurred in Europe since Spain had ratified the treaty of October 27th, the treaty would not be executed by his Catholic Majesty. Promises of favor to the Western people were held out, and Wilkinson was given a more substantial bribe, in the shape of ten thousand dollars, by Power. Sebastian, Innes, and their friends were also promised a hundred thousand dollars for their good offices; and Carondelet, who had no more hesitation in betraying red men than white, also offered to help the Westerners subdue their Indian foes—these Indian foes being at the moment the devoted allies of Spain.

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[1] Pinckney receives justice from Lodge, in his "Washington," II, 160. For Pinckney's life, see the biography by Rev. C. C. Pinckney, p. 129, etc.

[2] *American State Papers*, Foreign Relations, I, 533, etc.; Pinckney to Secretary of State, August 11, 1795; to Godoy (Alcudia), October 24, 1795; copy of treaty, October 27th, etc.

[3] Gayarré, III, 345; Wilkinson's "Memoirs," II, 225.

The time had gone by, however, when it was possible to hope for success in such an intrigue. The treaty with Spain had caused much satisfaction in the West, and the Kentuckians generally were growing more and more loyal to the Central Government. Innes and his friends, in a written communication, rejected the offer of Carondelet. They declared that they were devoted to the Union and would not consent to break it up; but they betrayed curiously little surprise or indignation at the offer, nor did they in rejecting it use the vigorous language which beseemed men who, while holding the commissions of a government, were proffered a hundred thousand dollars to betray that government.[1] Power, at the close of 1797, reported to his superiors that nothing could be done.

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[1] *American State Papers*, Miscellaneous, I, 928; deposition of Harry Innes, etc.

Meanwhile, Carondelet and De Lemos had persisted in declining to surrender the posts at the Chickasaw Bluffs and Natchez, on pretexts which were utterly frivolous.[1] At this time the Spanish court was completely subservient to France, which was hostile to the United States, and the Spaniards would not carry out the treaty they had made until they had exhausted every device of delay and evasion. Andrew Ellicott was appointed by Washington surveyor-general to run the boundary; but when, early in 1797, he reached Natchez, the Spanish representative refused point-blank to run the boundary or evacuate the territory. Meanwhile, the Spanish minister at Philadelphia, Yrujo, in his correspondence with the secretary of state, was pursuing precisely the same course of subterfuge and delay. But these tactics could only avail for a time. Neither the government of the United States nor the Western people would consent to be balked much longer. The negotiations with Wilkinson and his associates had come to nothing. A detachment of American regular soldiers came down the river to support Ellicott. The settlers around Natchez arose in revolt against the Spaniards and established a Committee of Safety, under protection of the Americans. The population of Mississippi was very mixed, including criminals fleeing from justice, land speculators, old settlers, well-to-do planters, small pioneer farmers, and adventurers of every kind; and, thanks to the large Tory element, there was a British and a smaller Spanish party; but the general feeling was overwhelmingly for the United States. The Spanish Government made a virtue of necessity and withdrew its garrison, after for some time preserving a kind of joint occupancy with the Americans.[1] Captain Isaac Guyon, with a body of United States troops, took formal possession of both the Chickasaw Bluffs and Natchez in 1797. In 1798, the Spaniards finally evacuated the country,[2] their course being due neither to the wisdom nor the good faith of their rulers, but to the fear and worry caused by the unceasing pressure of the Americans. Spain yielded, because she felt that not to do so would involve the loss of all Louisiana.[3] The country was organized as the Mississippi Territory in June, 1798.[4]

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[1] *American State Papers*, Foreign Relations, II, 20, 70, 78, 79; report of Timothy Pickering, January 22, 1798, etc.

There was one incident, curious rather than important, but characteristic in its way, which marked the close of the transactions of the Western Americans with Spain at this time. During the very years when Carondelet, under the orders of his government, was seeking to delay the execution of the boundary treaty, and to seduce the Westerners from their allegiance to the United States, a senator of the United States, entirely without the knowledge of his government, was engaged in an intrigue for the conquest of a part of the Spanish dominion. This senator was no less a person than William Blount. Enterprising and ambitious, he was even more deeply engaged in land speculations than were the other prominent men of his time.[5] He felt that he had not been well treated by the United States authorities, and, like all other Westerners, he also felt that the misconduct of the Spaniards had been so great that they were not entitled to the slightest consideration. Moreover, he feared lest the territory should be transferred to France, which would be a much more dangerous neighbor than Spain, and he had a strong liking for Great Britain. If he could not see the territory taken by the Americans under the flag of the United States, then he wished to see them enter into possession of it under the standard of the British king.

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[1] B. A. Hinsdale, "The Establishment of the First Southern Boundary of the United States." Largely based upon Ellicott's *Journal*. Both Ellicott and the leaders among the settlers were warned of Blount's scheme of conquest and land speculation and were hostile to it.

[2] Claiborne's "Mississippi," p. 176. He is a writer of poor judgment; his verdicts on Ellicott and Wilkinson are astounding.

[3] Gayarré, 413, 418; Pontalba's "Memoir," September 15, 1800.

[4] *American State Papers*, Public Lands, I, 209.

[5] Clay MSS., Blount to Hart, March 13, 1799, etc.

In 1797, he entered into a scheme which was in part one of land speculation and in part one of armed aggression against Spain. He tried to organize an association with the purpose of seizing the Spanish territory west of the Mississippi, and putting it under the control of Great Britain in the interests of the seizers. The scheme came to nothing. No definite steps were taken, and the British Government refused to take any share in the movement. Finally, the plot was discovered by the President, who brought it to the attention of the Senate, and Blount was properly expelled from the Upper House for entering into a conspiracy to conquer the lands of one neighboring power in the interest of another. The Tennesseeans, however, who cared little for the niceties of international law, and sympathized warmly with any act of territorial aggression against the Spaniards, were not in the least affected by his expulsion. They greeted him with enthusiasm and elected him to high office, and he lived among them the remainder of his days, honored and respected.[1] Nevertheless, his conduct in this instance was indefensible. It was an unfortunate interlude in an otherwise honorable and useful public career.[2]

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[1] Blount MSS., letter of Hugh Williamson, March 3, 1808, etc.

[2] General Marcus J. Wright, in his "Life and Services of William Blount," gives the most favorable view possible of Blount's conduct.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MEN OF THE WESTERN WATERS

1798–1802

The growth of the West was very rapid in the years immediately succeeding the peace with the Indians and the treaties with England and Spain. As the settlers poured into what had been the Indian-haunted wilderness it speedily became necessary to cut it into political divisions. Kentucky had already been admitted as a State in 1792; Tennessee likewise became a State in 1796. The Territory of Mississippi was organized in 1798, to include the country west of Georgia and south of Tennessee, which had been ceded by the Spaniards under Pinckney's treaty.[1] In 1800, the Connecticut Reserve, in what is now northeastern Ohio, was taken by the United States. The Northwestern Territory was divided into two parts; the eastern was composed mainly of what is now the State of Ohio, while the western portion was called Indiana Territory, and was organized with W. H. Harrison as governor, his capital being at Vincennes.[2] Harrison had been Wayne's aide-de-camp at the fight of the Fallen Timbers, and had been singled out by Wayne for mention because of his coolness and gallantry. Afterward he had succeeded Sargent as secretary of the Northwestern Territory when Sargent had been made governor of Mississippi, and he had gone as a Territorial delegate to Congress.[1]

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[1] Claiborne's "Mississippi," p. 220, etc.

[2] "Annals of the West," by Thomas H. Perkins, p. 473. A valuable book, showing much scholarship and research. The author has never received proper credit. Very few indeed of the Western historians of his date showed either his painstaking care or his breadth of view.

In 1802, Ohio was admitted as a State. St. Clair and St. Clair's supporters struggled to keep the Territory from statehood, and proposed to cut it down in size, nominally because they deemed the extent of territory too great for governmental purposes, but really, doubtless, because they distrusted the people and did not wish to see them take the government into their own hands. The effort failed, however, and the State was admitted by Congress, beginning its existence in 1803.[2] Congress made the proviso that the State constitution should accord with the Constitution of the United States, and should embody the doctrines contained in the Ordinance of 1787.[3] The rapid settlement of southeastern Ohio was hindered by the fact that the speculative land companies, the Ohio and Scioto associations, held great tracts of territory which the pioneers passed by in their desire to get to lands which they could acquire in their own right. This was one of the many bad effects which resulted from the government's policy of disposing of its land in large blocks to the highest bidder, instead of allotting it, as has since been done, in quarter sections to actual settlers.[4]

Harrison was thoroughly in sympathy with the Westerners. He had thrown in his lot with theirs; he deemed himself one of them, and was accepted by them as a fit representative. Accordingly, he was very popular as governor of Indiana. St. Clair in Ohio and Sargent in Mississippi were both extremely unpopular. They were appointed by Federalist administrations, and were entirely out of sympathy with the Western people among whom they lived. One was a Scotchman, and one a New Englander. They were both high-minded men, with sound ideas on governmental policy, though Sargent was the abler of the two; but they were out of touch with the Westerners. They distrusted the frontier folk, and were bitterly disliked in return. Each committed the fundamental fault of trying to govern the Territory over which he had been put in accordance with his own ideas, and heedless of the wishes and prejudices of those under him. Doubtless each was conscientious in what he did, and each, of course, considered the difficulties under which he labored to be due solely to the lawlessness and the many shortcomings of the settlers. But this was an error. The experience of Blount when he occupied the exceedingly difficult position of Territorial governor of Tennessee showed that it was quite possible for a man of firm belief in the Union to get into touch with the frontiersmen and to be accepted by them as a worthy representative; but the virtues of St. Clair and Sargent were so different from the backwoods virtues, and their habits of thought were so alien, that they could not possibly get on with the people among whom their lot had been cast. Neither of them in the end took up his abode in the Territory of which he had been governor, both returning to the East. The code of laws which they enacted, prior to the Territories possessing a sufficient number of inhabitants to become entitled to Territorial legislatures, were deemed by the settlers to be arbitrary and unsuited to their needs. There was much popular feeling against them. On one occasion St. Clair was mobbed in Chillicothe, the then capital of Ohio, with no other effect than to procure a change of capital to Cincinnati. Finally, both Sargent and St. Clair were removed by Jefferson early in his administration.

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[1] Jacob Burnett, in "Ohio Historical Transactions," part II, vol. I, p. 69.

[2] Atwater, "History of Ohio," p. 169.

[3] The question of the boundaries of the northwestern States is well treated in "The Boundaries of Wisconsin," by Reuben G. Thwaites, the Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

[4] Mr. Eli Thayer, in his various writings, has rightly laid especial stress on this point.

The Jeffersonian Republican party did very much that was evil, and it advocated governmental principles of such utter folly that the party itself was obliged immediately to abandon them when it undertook to carry on the government of the United States, and only clung to them long enough to cause serious and lasting damage to the country; but on the vital question of the West and its territorial expansion the Jeffersonian party was, on the whole, emphatically right, and its opponents, the Federalists, emphatically wrong. The Jeffersonians believed in the acquisition of territory in the West, and the Federalists did not. The Jeffersonians believed that the Westerners should be allowed to govern themselves precisely as other citizens of the United States did, and should be given their full share in the management of national affairs. Too many Federalists failed to see that these positions were the only proper ones to take. In consequence, notwithstanding all their manifold shortcomings, the Jeffersonians, and not the Federalists, were those to whom the West owed most.

Whether the Westerners governed themselves as wisely as they should have, mattered little. The essential point was that they had to be given the right of self-government. They could not be kept in pupilage. Like other Americans, they had to be left to strike out for themselves and to sink or swim according to the measure of their own capacities. When this was done it was certain that they would commit many blunders, and that some of these blunders would work harm not only to themselves, but to the whole nation. Nevertheless, all this had to be accepted as part of the penalty paid for free government. It was wise to accept it in the first place, and, in the second place, whether wise or not, it was inevitable. Many of the Federalists saw this; and to many of them—the Adamses, for instance, and Jay and Pinckney—the West owed more than it did to most of the Republican statesmen; but as a whole, the attitude of the Federalists, especially in the Northeast, toward the West was ungenerous and improper, while the Jeffersonians, with all their unwisdom and demagogy, were nevertheless the Western champions.

Mississippi and Ohio had squabbled with their Territorial governors much as the old Thirteen Colonies had squabbled with the governors appointed by the Crown. One curious consequence of this was common to both cases. When the old Colonies became States, they in their constitutions usually imposed the same checks upon the Executive they themselves elected as they had desired to see imposed upon the Executive appointed by an outside power. The new Territories followed the same course. When Ohio became a State it adopted a very foolish constitution. This constitution deprived the Executive of almost all power, and provided a feeble, short-term judiciary, throwing the control of affairs into the hands of the legislative body, in accordance with what were then deemed Democratic ideas. The people were entirely unable to realize that, so far as their discontent with the governor's actions was reasonable, it arose from the fact that he was appointed not by themselves, but by some body or person not in sympathy with them. They failed to grasp the seemingly self-evident truth that a governor, one man elected by the people, is just as much their representative and is just as certain to carry out their ideas as is a legislature, a body of men elected by the people. They provided a government which accentuated, instead of softening, the defects in their own social system. They were in no danger of suffering from tyranny; they were in no danger of losing the liberty which they so jealously guarded. The perils which threatened them were lawlessness, lack of order, and lack of capacity to concentrate their effort in times of danger from within or from an external enemy; and against these perils they made no provision whatever.

The inhabitants of Ohio Territory were just as bitter against St. Clair as the inhabitants of Mississippi Territory were against Sargent. The Mississippians did not object to Sargent as a Northern man, but, in common with the men of Ohio, they objected to governors who were Eastern men and out of touch with the West. At the end of the eighteenth century, and during the early years of the nineteenth, the important fact to be remembered, in treating of the Westerners, was their fundamental unity, in blood, in ways of life, and in habits of thought. They were predominantly[1] of Southern, not of Northern, blood; though it was the blood of the Southerners of the uplands, not of the low coast regions, so that they were far more closely kin to the Northerners than were the seaboard planters. In Kentucky and Tennessee, in Indiana and Mississippi, the settlers were of the same quality. They possessed the same virtues and the same shortcomings, the same ideals and the same practices. There was already a considerable Eastern emigration to the West, but it went as much to Kentucky as to Ohio, and almost as much to Tennessee and Mississippi as to Indiana. As yet the northeasterners were chiefly engaged in filling the vacant spaces in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. The great flood of Eastern emigration to the West, the flood which followed the parallels of latitude, and made the Northwest like the Northeast, did not begin until after the War of 1812. It was no accident that made Harrison, the first governor of Indiana and long the typical representative of the Northwest, by birth a Virginian, and the son of one of the Virginian signers of the Declaration of Independence. The Northwest was at this time in closer touch with Virginia than with New England.

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[1] Prof. Frederick A. Turner, of the University of Michigan, deserves especial credit for the stress he has laid upon this point.

There was as yet no hard-and-fast line drawn between North and South among the men of the Western waters. Their sense of political cohesion was not fully developed, and the same qualities that at times made them lose their ideas of allegiance to the Union at times also prevented a vivid realization on their part of their own political and social solidarity; but they were always more or less conscious of this solidarity, and, as a rule, they acted together.

Most important of all, the slavery question, which afterward rived in sunder the men west of the Alleghanies as it rived in sunder those east of them, was of small importance in the early years. West of the Alleghanies slaves were still to be found almost everywhere, while almost everywhere there were also frequent and open expressions of hostility to slavery. The Southerners still rather disliked slavery, while the Northerners did not as yet feel any very violent antagonism to it. In the Indiana Territory there were hundreds of slaves, the property of the old French inhabitants and of the American settlers who had come there prior to 1787; and the majority of the population of this Territory actually wished to reintroduce slavery, and repeatedly petitioned Congress to be allowed the reintroduction. Congress, with equal patriotism and wisdom, always refused the petition; but it was not until the new century was well under way that the antislavery element obtained control in Indiana and Illinois. Even in Ohio there was a considerable party which favored the introduction of slavery, and though the majority was against this, the people had small sympathy with the negroes, and passed very severe laws against the introduction of free blacks into the State, and even against those already in residence therein.[1] On the other hand, when Kentucky's first constitutional convention sat, a resolute effort was made to abolish slavery within the State, and this effort was only defeated after a hard struggle and a close vote. To their honor be it said that all of the clergymen—three Baptists, one Methodist, one Dutch Reformed, and one Presbyterian—who were members of the constitutional convention, voted in favor of the abolition of slavery.[2] In Tennessee no such effort was made, but the leaders of thought did not hesitate to express their horror of slavery and their desire that it might be abolished. There was no sharp difference between the attitudes of the northwestern and the southwestern States toward slavery.

North and South alike, the ways of life were substantially the same; though there were differences, of course, and these differences tended to become accentuated. Thus, in the Mississippi Territory the planters, in the closing years of the century, began to turn their attention to cotton instead of devoting themselves to the crops of their brethren farther north; and cotton soon became their staple product. But as yet the typical settler everywhere was the man of the axe and rifle, the small pioneer farmer who lived by himself, with his wife and his swarming children, on a big tract of wooded land, perhaps three or four hundred acres in extent. Of these three or four hundred acres he rarely cleared more than eight or ten; and these were cleared imperfectly. On this clearing he tilled the soil, and there he lived in his rough log house with but one room, or at most two and a loft.[1]

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[1] "Ohio," by Rufus King, pp. 290, 364, etc.

[2] John Mason Brown, "Political Beginnings of Kentucky," 229. Among the men who deserve honor for thus voting against slavery was Harry Innes. One of the Baptist preachers, Gerrard, was elected governor over Logan four years later—a proof that Kentucky sentiment was very tolerant of attacks on slavery. All the clergymen, by the way, also voted to disqualify clergymen for service in the legislatures.

The man of the Western waters was essentially a man who dwelt alone in the midst of the forest on his rude little farm, and who eked out his living by hunting. Game still abounded everywhere, save in the immediate neighborhood of the towns; so that many of the inhabitants lived almost exclusively by hunting and fishing, and, with their return to the pursuits of savagery, adopted not a little of the savage idleness and thriftlessness. Bear, deer, and turkey were staple foods. Elk had ceased to be common, though they hung on here and there in out-of-the-way localities for many years; and by the close of the century the herds of bison had been driven west of the Mississippi.[2] Smaller forms of wild life swarmed. Gray squirrels existed in such incredible numbers that they caused very serious damage to the crops, and at one time the Kentucky legislature passed a law imposing upon every male over sixteen years of age the duty of killing a certain number of squirrels and crows every year.[3] The settlers possessed horses and horned cattle, but only a few sheep, which were not fitted to fight for their own existence in the woods, as the stock had to. On the other hand, slab-sided, long-legged hogs were the most plentiful of domestic animals, ranging in great, half-wild droves through the forest.

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[1] F. A. Michaux, "Voyages" (in 1802), pp. 132, 214, etc.

[2] Henry Ker, "Travels," p. 22.

[3] Michaux, 215, 236; Collins, I, 24.

All observers were struck by the intense fondness of the frontiersmen for the woods and for a restless, lonely life.[1] They pushed independence to an extreme; they did not wish to work for others or to rent land from others. Each was himself a small landed proprietor, who cleared only the ground that he could himself cultivate. Workmen were scarce and labor dear. It was almost impossible to get men fit to work as mill-hands, or to do high-class labor in forges even by importing them from Pennsylvania or Maryland.[2] Even in the few towns the inhabitants preferred that their children should follow agriculture rather than become handicraftsmen; and skilled workmen, such as carpenters and smiths, made a great deal of money, so much so that they could live a week on one day's wage.[3]

In addition to farming there was a big trade along the river. Land transportation was very difficult indeed, and the frontiersman's whole life was one long struggle with the forest and with poor roads. The waterways were consequently of very great importance, and the flat-boatmen on the Mississippi and Ohio became a numerous and noteworthy class. The rivers were covered with their craft. There was a driving trade between Pittsburgh and New Orleans, the goods being drawn to Pittsburgh from the seacoast cities by great four-horse wagons, and being exported in ships from New Orleans to all parts of the earth. Not only did the Westerners build river-craft, but they even went into ship-building; and on the upper Ohio, at Pittsburgh, and near Marietta, at the beginning of the present century, seagoing ships were built and launched to go down the Ohio and Mississippi, and thence across the ocean to any foreign port.[1] There was, however, much risk in this trade; for the demand for commodities at Natchez and New Orleans was uncertain, while the waters of the Gulf swarmed with British and French cruisers, always ready to pounce like pirates on the ships of neutral powers.[2]

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[1] Crèvecœur, "Voyage dans la Haute Pennsylvanie," etc., p. 265.

[2] Clay MSS., letter to George Nicholas, Baltimore, September 3, 1796.

[3] Michaux, pp. 96, 152.

Yet the river trade was but the handmaid of frontier agriculture. The Westerners were a farmer folk who lived on the clearings their own hands had made in the great woods, and who owned the land they tilled. Towns were few and small. At the end of the century there were some four hundred thousand people in the West; yet the largest town was Lexington, which contained less than three thousand people.[3] Lexington was a neatly built little burg, with fine houses and good stores. The leading people lived well and possessed much cultivation. Louisville and Nashville were each about half its size. In Nashville, of the one hundred and twenty houses, but eight were of brick, and most of them were mere log huts. Cincinnati was a poor little village. Cleveland consisted of but two or three log cabins, at a time when there were already a thousand settlers in its neighborhood on the Connecticut Reserve, scattered out on their farms.[4] Natchez was a very important town, nearly as large as Lexington. It derived its importance from the river traffic on the Mississippi. All the boatmen stopped there, and sometimes as many as one hundred and fifty craft were moored to the bank at the same time. The men who did this laborious river work were rude, powerful, and lawless, and when they halted for a rest their idea of enjoyment was the coarsest and most savage dissipation. At Natchez there speedily gathered every species of purveyor to their vicious pleasures, and the part of the town known as "Natchez under the Hill" became a byword for crime and debauchery.[1]

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[1] Thompson Mason Harris, *Journal of Tour*, etc., 1803, p. 140; Michaux, p. 77.

[2] Clay MSS., W. H. Turner to Thomas Hart, Natchez, May 27, 1797.

[3] Perrin Du Lac, "Voyage," etc., 1801, 1803, p. 153; Michaux, 150.

[4] "Historical Collections of Ohio," p. 120.

Kentucky had grown so in population, possessing over two hundred thousand inhabitants, that she had begun to resemble an Eastern State. When, in 1796, Benjamin Logan, the representative of the old wood-choppers and Indian fighters, ran for governor and was beaten, it was evident that Kentucky had passed out of the mere pioneer days. It was more than a mere coincidence that in the following year Henry Clay should have taken up his residence in Lexington. It showed that the State was already attracting to live within her borders men like those who were fitted for social and political leadership in Virginia.

Though the typical inhabitant of Kentucky was still the small frontier farmer, the class of well-to-do gentry had already attained good proportions. Elsewhere throughout the West, in Tennessee, and even here and there in Ohio and the Territories of Indiana and Mississippi, there were to be found occasional houses that were well built and well furnished, and surrounded by pleasant grounds, fairly well kept; houses to which the owners had brought their stores of silver and linen and heavy, old-fashioned furniture from their homes in the Eastern States. Blount, for instance, had a handsome house in Knoxville, well fitted, as beseemed that of a man one of whose brothers still lived at Blount Hall, in the coast region of North Carolina, the ancestral seat of his forefathers for generations.[1] But by far the greatest number of these fine houses, and the largest class of gentry to dwell in them, were in Kentucky. Not only were Lexington and Louisville important towns, but Danville, the first capital of Kentucky, also possessed importance, and, indeed, had been the first of the Western towns to develop an active and distinctive social and political life. It was in Danville that, in the years immediately preceding Kentucky's admission as a State, the Political Club met. The membership of this club included many of the leaders of Kentucky's intellectual life, and the record of its debates shows the keenness with which they watched the course of social and political development, not only in Kentucky, but in the United States. They were men of good intelligence and trained minds, and their meetings and debates undoubtedly had a stimulating effect upon Kentucky life, though they were tainted, as were a very large number of the leading men of the same stamp elsewhere throughout the country, with the doctrinaire political notions common among those who followed the French political theorists of the day.[2]

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[1] Henry Ker, "Travels," p. 41.

Of the gentry, many were lawyers, and the law led naturally to political life; but even among the gentry the typical man was still emphatically the big landowner. The leaders of Kentucky life were men who owned large estates, on which they lived in their great roomy houses. Even when they practised law they also supervised their estates; and if they were not lawyers, in addition to tilling the land they were always ready to try their hand at some kind of manufacture. They were willing to turn their attention to any new business in which there was a chance to make money, whether it was to put up a mill, to build a forge, to undertake a contract for the delivery of wheat to some big flour merchant, or to build a flotilla of flatboats and take the produce of a given neighborhood down to New Orleans for shipment to the West Indies.[1] They were also always engaged in efforts to improve the breed of their horses and cattle, and to introduce new kinds of agriculture, notably the culture of the vine.[2] They speedily settled themselves definitely in the new country, and began to make ready for their children to inherit their homes after them; though they retained enough of the restless spirit which had made them cross the Alleghanies to be always on the lookout for any fresh region of exceptional advantages, such as many of them considered the lands along the lower Mississippi. They led a life which appealed to them strongly, for it was passed much in the open air, in a beautiful region and lovely climate, with horses and hounds and the management of their estates and their interest in politics to occupy their time; while their neighbors were men of cultivation, at least by their own standards, so that they had the society for which they most cared.[1] In spite of their willingness to embark in commercial ventures and to build mills, rope-walks, and similar manufactures—for which they had the greatest difficulty in procuring skilled laborers, whether foreign or native, from the northeastern States[2] —and in spite of their liking for the law, they retained the deep-settled belief that the cultivation of the earth was the best of all possible pursuits for men of every station, high or low.[3]

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[1] Clay MSS., Blount to Hart, Knoxville, February 9, 1794.

[2] "The Political Club," by Thomas Speed, Filson Club Publications.

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[1] Clay MSS., Seitz & Lowan to Garret Darling, Lexington, January 23, 1797; agreement of George Nicholas, October 10, 1796, etc. This was an agreement on the part of Nicholas to furnish Seitz & Lowan with all the flour manufactured at his mill during the season of 1797 for exportation, the flour to be delivered by him in Kentucky. He was to receive $5.50 a barrel up to the receipt of $1500; after that it was to depend upon the price of wheat. Six bushels of wheat were reckoned to a barrel of flour, and the price of a bushel was put at four shillings; in reality, it ranged from three to six.

[2] *Ibid.*, "Minutes of meeting of the Directors of the Vineyard Society," June 27, 1800.

In many ways, the life of the Kentuckians was most like that of the Virginia gentry, though it had peculiar features of its own. Judged by Puritan standards, it seemed free enough; and it is rather curious to find Virginia fathers anxious to send their sons out to Kentucky so that they could get away from what they termed "the constant round of dissipation, the scenes of idleness, which boys are perpetually engaged in" in Virginia. One Virginia gentleman of note, in writing to a prominent Kentuckian, to whom he wished to send his son, dwelt upon his desire to get him away from a place where boys of his age spent most of the time galloping wherever they wished, mounted on blooded horses. Kentucky hardly seemed a place to which a parent would send a son if he wished him to avoid the temptations of horse-flesh; but this particular Virginian at least tried to provide against this, as he informed his correspondent that he should send his son out to Kentucky mounted on an "indifferent Nag," which was to be used only as a means of locomotion for the journey, and was then immediately to be sold.[1]

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[1] Clay MSS., James Brown to Thomas Hart, Lexington, April 3, 1804.

[2] *Ibid.*, J. Brown to Thomas Hart, Philadelphia, February 11, 1797. This letter was brought out to Hart by a workman, David Dodge, whom Brown had at last succeeded in engaging. Dodge had been working in New York at a rope-walk, where he received $500 a year without board. From Hart he bargained to receive $350 with board. It proved impossible to engage other journeymen workers, Brown expressing his belief that any whom he chose would desert a week after they got to Kentucky, and Dodge saying that he would rather take raw hands and train them to the business than take out such hands as offered to go.

[3] *Ibid.*, William Nelson to Colonel George Nicholas, Caroline, Va., December 29, 1794.

The gentry strove hard to secure a good education for their children, and in Kentucky, as in Tennessee, made every effort to bring about the building of academies where their boys and girls could be well taught. If this was not possible, they strove to find some teacher capable of taking a class to which he could teach Latin and mathematics; a teacher who should also "prepare his pupils for becoming useful members of society and patriotic citizens."[2] Where possible, the leading families sent their sons to some Eastern college, Princeton being naturally the favorite institution of learning with people who dwelt in communities where the Presbyterians took the lead in social standing and cultivation.[3]

All through the West there was much difficulty in getting money. In Tennessee, particularly, money was so scarce that the only way to get cash in hand was by selling provisions to the few Federal garrisons.[4] Credits were long, and payment made largely in kind; and the price at which an article could be sold under such conditions was twice as large as that which it would command for cash down. In the accounts kept by the landowners with the merchants who sold them goods, and the artisans who worked for them, there usually appear credit accounts in which the amounts due on account of produce of various kinds are deducted from the debt, leaving a balance to be settled by cash and by orders. Owing to the fluctuating currency, and to the wide difference in charges when immediate cash payments were received as compared with charges when the payments were made on credit and in kind, it is difficult to know exactly what the prices represent. In Kentucky currency, mutton and beef were fourpence a pound in the summer of 1796, while four beef tongues cost three shillings, and a quarter of lamb three-and-sixpence. In 1798, on the same account, beef was down to threepence a pound.[1] Linen cost two-and-fourpence, or three shillings a yard; flannel, four to six shillings; calico and chintz about the same; baize, three shillings and ninepence. A dozen knives and forks were eighteen shillings, and ten pocket-handkerchiefs, two pounds. Worsted shoes were eight shillings a pair, and buttons were a shilling a dozen. A pair of gloves were three-and-ninepence; a pair of kid slippers, thirteen-and-sixpence; ribbons were one-and-sixpence.[2] The blacksmith charged six shillings and ninepence for a new pair of shoes, and a shilling and sixpence for taking off an old pair; and he did all the ironwork for the farm and the house alike, from repairing bridle bits and sharpening coulters to mounting "wafil irons"[3]—for the housewives excelled in preparing delicious waffles and hot cakes.

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[1] Clay MSS., William Nelson to Nicholas, November 9, 1792.

[2] Shelby MSS., letter of Toulmin, January 7, 1794; Blount MSS., January 6, 1792, etc.

[3] Clay MSS., *passim;* letters to Thomas Hart, October 19, 1794; October 13, 1797, etc. In the last letter, by the way, written by one John Umstead, occurs the following sentence: "I have lately heard a piece of news, if true, must be a valuable acquisition to the Western World, viz. a boat of a considerable burden making four miles and a half an hour against the strongest current in the Mississippi River, and worked by horses."

[4] *Ibid.*, Blount to Hart, Knoxville, March 13, 1799.

The gentry were fond of taking holidays, going to some mountain resort, where they met friends from other parts of Kentucky and Tennessee, and from Virginia and elsewhere. They carried their negro servants with them, and at a good tavern the board would be three shillings a day for the master and a little over a shilling for the man. They lived in comfort and they enjoyed themselves; but they did not have much ready money. From the sales of their crops and stock and from their mercantile ventures they got enough to pay the blacksmith and carpenter, who did odd jobs for them, and the Eastern merchants from whom they got gloves, bonnets, hats, and shoes, and the cloth which was made into dresses by the womankind on their plantations. But most of their wants were supplied on their own places. Their abundant tables were furnished mainly with what their own farms yielded. When they travelled they went in their own carriages. The rich men, whose wants were comparatively many, usually had on their estates white hired men or black slaves whose labor could gratify them; while the ordinary farmer, of the class that formed the great majority of the population, was capable of supplying almost all his needs himself, or with the assistance of his family.

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[1] Clay MSS., Account of James Morrison and Melchia Myer, October 12, 1798.

[2] *Ibid.*, Account of Mrs. Marion Nicholas with Tillford, 1802. On this bill appears also a charge for Hyson tea, for straw bonnets, at eighteen shillings; for black silk gloves, and for one "Æsop's Fables," at a cost of three shillings and ninepence.

[3] *Ibid.*, Account of Morrison and Hickey, 1798.

The immense preponderance of the agricultural, landholding, and land-tilling element, and the comparative utter insignificance of town development, was highly characteristic of the Western settlement of this time, and offers a very marked contrast to what goes on to-day in the settlement of new countries. At the end of the eighteenth century the population of the Western country was about as great as the population of the State of Washington at the end of the nineteenth, and Washington is distinctly a pastoral and agricultural State, a State of men who chop trees, herd cattle, and till the soil, as well as trade; but in Washington great cities, like Tacoma, Seattle, and Spokane, have sprung up with a rapidity which was utterly unknown in the West a century ago. Nowadays when new States are formed the urban population in them tends to grow as rapidly as in the old. A hundred years ago there was practically no urban population at all in a new country. Colorado, even during its first decade of statehood, had a third of its population in its capital city. Kentucky, during its first decade, did not have much more than one per cent of its population in its capital city. Kentucky grew as rapidly as Colorado grew, a hundred years later; but Denver grew thirty or forty times as fast as Lexington had ever grown.

In the strongly marked frontier character no traits were more pronounced than the dislike of crowding and the tendency to roam to and fro, hither and thither, always with a westward trend. Boone, the typical frontiersman, embodied in his own person the spirit of loneliness and restlessness which marked the first venturers into the wilderness. He had wandered in his youth from Pennsylvania to Carolina, and, in the prime of his strength, from North Carolina to Kentucky. When Kentucky became well settled in the closing years of the century, he crossed into Missouri, that he might once more take up his life where he could see the game come out of the woods at nightfall, and could wander among trees untouched by the axe of the pioneer. An English traveller of note who happened to encounter him about this time has left an interesting account of the meeting. It was on the Ohio, and Boone was in a canoe, alone with his dog and gun, setting forth on a solitary trip into the wilderness to trap beaver. He would not even join himself to the other travellers for a night, preferring to plunge at once into the wild, lonely life he so loved. His strong character and keen mind struck the Englishman, who yet saw that the old hunter belonged to the class of pioneers who could never themselves civilize the land, because they ever fled from the face of the very civilization for which they had made ready the land. In Boone's soul the fierce impatience of all restraint burned like a fire. He told the Englishman that he no longer cared for Kentucky, because its people had grown too easy of life; and that he wished to move to some place where men still lived untrammelled and unshackled, and enjoyed uncontrolled the free blessings of nature.[1] The isolation of his life and the frequency with which he changed his abode brought out the frontiersman's wonderful capacity to shift for himself, but it hindered the development of his power of acting in combination with others of his kind. The first comers to the new country were so restless and so intolerant of the presence of their kind, that as neighbors came in they moved ever westward. They could not act with their fellows.

Of course, in the men who succeeded the first pioneers, and who were the first permanent settlers, the restlessness and the desire for a lonely life were much less developed. These men wandered only until they found a good piece of land, and took up claims on this land not because the country was lonely but because it was fertile. They hailed with joy the advent of new settlers and the upbuilding of a little market town in the neighborhood. They joined together eagerly in the effort to obtain schools for their children. As yet, there were no public schools supported by government in any part of the West, but all the settlers with any pretension to respectability were anxious to give their children a decent education. Even the poorer people, who were still engaged in the hardest and roughest struggle for a livelihood, showed appreciation of the need of schooling for their children; and wherever the clearings of the settlers were within reasonable distance of one another, a log schoolhouse was sure to spring up. The school-teacher boarded around among the different families, and was quite as apt to be paid in produce as in cash. Sometimes he was a teacher by profession; more often he took up teaching simply as an interlude to some of his other occupations. Schoolbooks were more common than any others in the scanty libraries of the pioneers.

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[1] Francis Bailey's *Journal of a Tour in Unsettled Parts of North America in* 1796 *and* 1797, p. 234.

The settlers who became firmly established in the land gave definite shape to its political career. The county was throughout the West the unit of division, though in the North it became somewhat mixed with the township system. It is a pity that the township could not have been the unit, as it would have rendered the social and political development in many respects easier, by giving to each little community responsibility for, and power in, matters concerning its own welfare; but the backwoodsmen lived so scattered out, and the thinly settled regions covered so large an extent of territory, that the county was at first in some ways more suited to their needs. Moreover, it was the unit of organization in Virginia, to which State more than to any other the pioneers owed their social and governmental system. The people were ordinarily brought but little in contact with the government. They were exceedingly jealous of their individual liberty, and wished to be interfered with as little as possible. Nevertheless, they were fond of litigation. One observer remarks that horses and lawsuits were their great subjects of conversation.[1]

The vast extent of the territory and the scantiness of the population forced the men of law, like the religious leaders, to travel about rather than stay permanently fixed in any one place. In the few towns there were lawyers and clergymen who had permanent homes; but as a rule both rode circuits. The judges and the lawyers travelled together on the circuits to hold court. At the shire-town all might sleep in one room, or at least under one roof; and it was far from an unusual thing to see both the grand and petit juries sitting under trees in the open.[2]

The fact that the government did so little for the individual and left so much to be done by him, rendered it necessary for the individuals voluntarily to combine. Huskings and house-raisings were times when all joined freely to work for the man whose corn was to be shucked or whose log cabin was to be built, and turned their labor into a frolic and merrymaking, where the men drank much whiskey and the young people danced vigorously to the sound of the fiddle. Such merrymakings were attended from far and near, offering a most welcome break to the dreariness of life on the lonely clearings in the midst of the forest. Ordinarily, the frontiersman at his home drank milk or water; but at the taverns and social gatherings there was much drunkenness, for the men craved whiskey, drinking the fiery liquor in huge draughts. Often the orgies ended with brutal brawls. To the outsiders the craving of the backwoodsman for whiskey was one of his least attractive traits. It must always be remembered,[3] however, that even the most friendly outsider is apt to apply to others his own standards in matters of judgment. The average traveller overstated the drunkenness of the backwoodsman, exactly as he overstated his misery.

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[1] Michaux, p. 240.

[2] Atwater, p. 177.

[3] Perrin Du Lac, p. 131; Michaux, 95, etc.

The frontiersman was very poor. He worked hard and lived roughly, and he and his family had little beyond coarse food, coarse clothing, and a rude shelter. In the severe winters they suffered both from cold and hunger. In the summers there was sickness everywhere, fevers of various kinds scourging all the new settlements. The difficulty of communication was so great that it took three months for the emigrants to travel from Connecticut to the Western Reserve, near Cleveland, and a journey from a clearing, over the forest roads, to a little town not fifty miles off was an affair of moment, to be undertaken but once a year.[1] Yet, to the frontiersmen themselves, the life was far from unattractive. It gratified their intense love of independence; the lack of refinement did not grate on their rough, bold natures; and they prized the entire equality of a life where there were no social distinctions, and few social restraints. Game was still a staple, being sought after for the flesh and the hide, and of course all the men and boys were enthralled by the delights of the chase. The life was as free as it was rude, and it possessed great fascinations, not only for the wilder spirits, but even for many men who, when they had the chance, showed that they possessed ability to acquire cultivation.

One old pioneer has left a pleasant account of the beginning of an ordinary day's work in a log cabin.[2] "I know of no scene in civilized life more primitive than such a cabin hearth as that of my mother. In the morning, a buckeye back-log, a hickory forestick, resting on stone and irons, with a johnny-cake, on a clean ash-board, set before the fire to bake; a frying-pan, with its long handle resting on a split-bottom turner's chair, sending out its peculiar music, and the teakettle swung from a wooden lug pole, with myself setting the table or turning the meat, or watching the johnny-cake, while she sat nursing the baby in the corner and telling the little ones to hold still and let their sister Lizzie dress them. Then came blowing the conch-shell for father in the field, the howling of old Lion, the gathering round the table, the blessing, the dull clatter of pewter spoons and pewter basins, the talk about the crop and stock, the inquiry whether Dan'l [the boy] could be spared from the house, and the general arrangements for the day. Breakfast over, my function was to provide the sauce for dinner; in winter, to open the potato or turnip hole, and wash what I took out; in spring, to go into the field and collect the greens; in summer and fall, to explore the truck patch, our little garden. If I afterward went to the field my household labors ceased until night; if not, they continued through the day. As often as possible mother would engage in making pumpkin pies, in which I generally bore a part, and one of these more commonly graced the supper than the dinner table. My pride was in the labors of the field. Mother did the spinning. The standing dye-stuff was the inner bark of the white walnut, from which we obtained that peculiar and permanent shade of dull yellow, the butternut [so common and typical in the clothing of the backwoods farmer]. Oak bark, with copperas as a mordant, when father had money to purchase it, supplied the ink with which I learned to write. I drove the horses to and from the range, and salted them. I tended the sheep, and hunted up the cattle in the woods."[1] This was the life of the thrifty pioneers, whose children more than held their own in the world. The shiftless men, without ambition and without thrift, lived in laziness and filth; their eating and sleeping arrangements were as unattractive as those of an Indian wigwam.

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[1] "Historical Collections of Ohio," p. 120; Perrin Du Lac, p. 143.

[2] Drake's "Pioneer Life in Kentucky." This gives an excellent description of life in a family of pioneers, representing what might be called the average frontiersman of the best type. Drake's father and mother were poor and illiterate, but hard-working, honest, God-fearing folk, with an earnest desire to do their duty by their neighbors and to see their children rise in the world.

The pleasures and the toils of the life were alike peculiar. In the wilder parts the loneliness and the fierce struggle with squalid poverty, and with the tendency to revert to savage conditions, inevitably produced for a generation or two a certain falling off from the standard of civilized communities. It needed peculiar qualities to insure success, and the pioneers were almost exclusively native Americans. The Germans were more thrifty and prosperous, but they could not go first into the wilderness.[2] Men fresh from England rarely succeeded.[3] The most pitiable group of emigrants that reached the West at this time was formed by the French who came to found the town of Gallipolis, on the Ohio. These were mostly refugees from the Revolution, who had been taken in by a swindling land company. They were utterly unsuited to life in the wilderness, being gentlemen, small tradesmen, lawyers, and the like. Unable to grapple with the wild life into which they found themselves plunged, they sank into shiftless poverty, not one in fifty showing industry and capacity to succeed. Congress took pity upon them and granted them twenty-four thousand acres in Scioto County, the tract being known as the French grant; but no gift of wild land was able to insure their prosperity. By degrees they were absorbed into the neighboring communities, a few succeeding, most ending their lives in abject failure.[1]

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[1] Drake's "Pioneer Life in Kentucky," pp. 90, 111, etc., condensed.

[2] Michaux, p. 63, etc.

[3] Parkinson's "Tour in America, 1798–1800," pp. 504, 588, etc. Parkinson loathed the Americans. A curious example of how differently the same facts will affect different observers may be gained by contrasting his observations with those of his fellow Englishman, John Davis, whose trip covered precisely the same period; but Parkinson's observations as to the extreme difficulty of an Old Country farmer getting on in the backwoods regions are doubtless mainly true.

The trouble these poor French settlers had with their lands was far from unique. The early system of land sales in the West was most unwise. In Kentucky and Tennessee the grants were made under the laws of Virginia and North Carolina, and each man purchased or pre-empted whatever he could, and surveyed it where he liked, with a consequent endless confusion of titles. The National Government possessed the disposal of the land in the Northwest and in Mississippi; and it avoided the pitfall of unlimited private surveying; but it made little effort to prevent swindling by land companies, and none whatever to people the country with actual settlers. Congress granted great tracts of lands to companies and to individuals, selling to the highest bidder, whether or not he intended personally to occupy the country. Public sales were thus conducted by competition, and Congress even declined to grant to the men in actual possession the right of pre-emption at the average rate of sale, refusing the request of settlers in both Mississippi and Indiana that they should be given the first choice to the lands which they had already partially cleared.[2] It was not until many years later that we adopted the wise policy of selling the national domain in small lots to actual occupants.

The pioneer, in his constant struggle with poverty, was prone to look with puzzled anger at those who made more money than he did, and whose lives were easier. The backwoods farmer or planter of that day looked upon the merchant with much the same suspicion and hostility now felt by his successor for the banker or the railroad magnate. He did not quite understand how it was that the merchant, who seemed to work less hard than he did, should make more money; and, being ignorant and suspicious, he usually followed some hopelessly wrong-headed course when he tried to remedy his wrongs. Sometimes these efforts to obtain relief took the form of resolutions not to purchase from merchants or traders such articles as woollens, linens, cottons, hats, or shoes, unless the same could be paid for in articles grown or manufactured by the farmers themselves. This particular move was taken because of the alarming scarcity of money, and was aimed particularly at the inhabitants of the Atlantic States. It was, of course, utterly ineffective.[1] A much less wise and less honest course was that sometimes followed of refusing to pay debts when the latter became inconvenient and pressing.[2]

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[1] Atwater, p. 159; Michaux, p. 122, etc.

[2] *American State Papers*, Public Lands, I, 261; also pp. 71, 74, 99, etc.

The frontier virtue of independence and of impatience of outside direction found a particularly vicious expression in the frontier abhorrence of regular troops, and advocacy of a hopelessly feeble militia system. The people were foolishly convinced of the efficacy of their militia system, which they loudly proclaimed to be the only proper mode of national defense.[3] While in the actual presence of the Indians the stern necessities of border warfare forced the frontiersmen into a certain semblance of discipline. As soon as the immediate pressure was relieved, however, the whole militia system sank into a mere farce. At certain stated occasions there were musters for company or regimental drill. These training days were treated as occasions for frolic and merrymaking. There were pony races and wrestling matches, with unlimited fighting, drunkenness, and general uproar. Such musters were often called, in derision, cornstalk drills, because many of the men, either having no guns or neglecting to bring them, drilled with cornstalks instead. The officers were elected by the men, and when there was no immediate danger of war they were chosen purely for their social qualities. For a few years after the close of the long Indian struggle there were here and there officers who had seen actual service and who knew the rudiments of drill; but in the days of peace the men who had taken part in Indian fighting cared but little to attend the musters, and left them more and more to be turned into mere scenes of horse-play.

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[1] Marshall, II, 325.

[2] The inhabitants of Natchez, in the last days of the Spanish dominion, became inflamed with hostility to their creditors, the merchants, and insisted upon what were practically stay laws being enacted in their favor.—Gayarré and Claiborne.

[3] Marshall, II, 279.

The frontier people of the second generation in the West thus had no military training whatever, and though they possessed a skeleton militia organization, they derived no benefit from it, because their officers were worthless, and the men had no idea of practising self-restraint or of obeying orders longer than they saw fit. The frontiersmen were personally brave, but their courage was entirely untrained, and being unsupported by discipline, they were sure to be disheartened at a repulse, to be distrustful of themselves and their leaders, and to be unwilling to persevere in the face of danger and discouragement. They were hardy, and physically strong, and they were good marksmen; but here the list of their soldierly qualities was exhausted. They had to be put through a severe course of training by some man like Jackson before they became fit to contend on equal terms with regulars in the open or with Indians in the woods. Their utter lack of discipline was decisive against them at first in any contest with regulars. In warfare with the Indians there were a very few of their number, men of exceptional qualities as woodsmen, who could hold their own; but the average frontiersman, though he did a good deal of hunting and possessed much knowledge of woodcraft, was primarily a tiller of the soil and a feller of trees, and he was necessarily at a disadvantage when pitted against an antagonist whose entire life was passed in woodland chase and woodland warfare. These facts must all be remembered if we wish to get an intelligent explanation of the utter failure of the frontiersmen when, in 1812, they were pitted against the British and the forest tribes. They must also be taken into account when we seek to explain why it was possible but a little later to develop out of the frontiersmen fighting armies which, under competent generals, could overmatch the redcoat and the Indian alike.

The extreme individualism of the frontier, which found expression for good and for evil both in its governmental system in time of peace and in its military system in time of war, was also shown in religious matters. In 1799 and 1800 a great revival of religion swept over the West. Up to that time the Presbyterian had been the leading creed beyond the mountains. There were a few Episcopalians here and there, and there were Lutherans, Catholics, and adherents of the Reformed Dutch and German churches; but, aside from the Presbyterians, the Methodists and Baptists were the only sects powerfully represented. The great revival of 1799 was mainly carried on by Methodists and Baptists, and under their guidance the Methodist and Baptist churches at once sprang to the front and became the most important religious forces in the frontier communities.[1] The Presbyterian Church remained the most prominent as regards the wealth and social standing of its adherents, but the typical frontiersman who professed religion at all became either a Methodist or a Baptist, adopting a creed which was intensely democratic and individualistic, which made nothing of social distinctions, which distrusted educated preachers, and worked under a republican form of ecclesiastical government.

The great revival was accompanied by scenes of intense excitement. Under the conditions of a vast wooded wilderness and a scanty population the camp-meeting was evolved as the typical religious festival. To the great camp-meetings the frontiersmen flocked from far and near, on foot, on horseback, and in wagons. Every morning at daylight the multitude was summoned to prayer by sound of trumpet. No preacher or exhorter was suffered to speak unless he had the power of stirring the souls of his hearers. The preaching, the praying, and the singing went on without intermission, and under the tremendous emotional stress whole communities became fervent professors of religion. Many of the scenes at these camp-meetings were very distasteful to men whose religion was not emotional and who shrank from the fury of excitement into which the great masses were thrown, for under the strain many individuals literally became like men possessed, whether of good or of evil spirits, falling into ecstasies of joy or agony, dancing, shouting, jumping, fainting, while there were wide-spread and curious manifestations of a hysterical character, both among the believers and among the scoffers; but though this might seem distasteful to an observer of education and self-restraint, it thrilled the heart of the rude and simple backwoodsman, and reached him as he could not possibly have been reached in any other manner. Often the preachers of the different denominations worked in hearty unison; but often they were sundered by bitter jealousy and distrust. The fiery zeal of the Methodists made them the leaders; and in their war on the forces of evil they at times showed a tendency to include all non-Methodists—whether Baptists, Lutherans, Catholics, or infidels—in a common damnation. Of course, as always in such a movement, many even of the earnest leaders at times confounded the essential and the non-essential, and railed as bitterly against dancing as against drunkenness and lewdness, or anathematized the wearing of jewelry as fiercely as the commission of crime.[1] More than one hearty, rugged old preacher, who did stalwart service for decency and morality, hated Calvinism as heartily as Catholicism, and yet yielded to no Puritan in his austere condemnation of amusement and luxury.

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[1] McFerrin's "History of Methodism in Tennessee," 338, etc.; Spencer's "History of Kentucky Baptists," 69, etc.

Often men backslid, and to a period of intense emotional religion succeeded one of utter unbelief and of reversion to the worst practices which had been given up. Nevertheless, on the whole, there was an immense gain for good. The people received a new light, and were given a sense of moral responsibility such as they had not previously possessed. Much of the work was done badly or was afterward undone, but very much was really accomplished. The whole West owes an immense debt to the hard-working frontier preachers, sometimes Presbyterian, generally Methodist or Baptist, who so gladly gave their lives to their labors and who struggled with such fiery zeal for the moral well-being of the communities to which they penetrated. Wherever there was a group of log cabins, thither some Methodist circuit-rider made his way, or there some Baptist preacher took up his abode. Their prejudices and narrow dislikes, their raw vanity and sullen distrust of all who were better schooled than they, count for little when weighed against their intense earnestness and heroic self-sacrifice. They proved their truth by their endeavor. They yielded scores of martyrs, nameless and unknown men who perished at the hands of the savages or by sickness or in flood or storm. They had to face no little danger from the white inhabitants themselves. In some of the communities most of the men might heartily support them, but in others, where the vicious and lawless elements were in control, they were in constant danger from mobs. The Godless and lawless people hated the religious with a bitter hatred, and gathered in great crowds to break up their meetings. On the other hand, those who had experienced religion were no believers in the doctrine of non-resistance. At the core, they were thoroughly healthy men, and they fought as valiantly against the powers of evil in matters physical as in matters moral. Some of the successful frontier preachers were men of weak frame, whose intensity of conviction and fervor of religious belief supplied the lack of bodily powers; but as a rule the preacher who did most was a stalwart man, as strong in body as in faith. One of the continually recurring incidents in the biographies of the famous frontier preachers is that of some particularly hardened sinner who was never converted until, tempted to assault the preacher of the Word, he was soundly thrashed by the latter, and his eyes thereby rudely opened through his sense of physical shortcoming to an appreciation of his moral iniquity.

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[1] "Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, the Backwoods Preacher."

Throughout these years, as the frontiersmen pressed into the West, they continued to fret and strain against the Spanish boundaries. There was no temptation to them to take possession of Canada. The lands south of the lakes were more fertile than those north of the lakes, and the climate was better. The few American settlers who did care to go into Canada found people speaking their own tongue, and with much the same ways of life; so that they readily assimilated with them, as they could not assimilate with the French and Spanish creoles. Canada lay north, and the tendency of the backwoodsman was to thrust west; among the Southern backwoodsmen, the tendency was south and southwest. The Mississippi formed no natural barrier whatever. Boone, when he moved into Missouri, was but a forerunner among the pioneers; many others followed him. He himself became an official under the Spanish Government, and received a grant of lands. Of the other frontiersmen who went into the Spanish territory, some, like Boone, continued to live as hunters and backwoods farmers.[1] Others settled in St. Louis, or some other of the little creole towns, and joined the parties of French traders who ascended the Missouri and the Mississippi to barter paint, beads, powder, and blankets for the furs of the Indians.

The Spanish authorities were greatly alarmed at the incoming of the American settlers. Gayoso de Lemos had succeeded Carondelet as governor, and he issued to the commandants of the different posts throughout the colonies a series of orders in reference to the terms on which land grants were to be given to immigrants; he particularly emphasized the fact that liberty of conscience was not to be extended beyond the first generation, and that the children of the immigrant would either have to become Catholics or else be expelled, and that this should be explained to settlers who did not profess the Catholic faith. He ordered, moreover, that no preacher of any religion but the Catholic should be allowed to come into the provinces.[1] The bishop of Louisiana complained bitterly of the American immigration and of the measure of religious toleration accorded to the settlers, which, he said, had introduced into the colony a gang of adventurers who acknowledged no religion. He stated that the Americans had scattered themselves over the country almost as far as Texas and corrupted the Indians and creoles by the example of their own restless and ambitious temper; for they came from among people who were in the habit of saying to their stalwart boys: "You will go to Mexico." Already the frontiersmen had penetrated even into New Mexico from the district around the mouth of the Missouri, in which they had become very numerous; and the bishop earnestly advised that the places where the Americans were allowed to settle should be rigidly restricted.[2]

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[1] *American State Papers*, Public Lands, II, 10, 872.

When the Spaniards held such views it was absolutely inevitable that a conflict should come. Whether the frontiersman did or did not possess deep religious convictions, he was absolutely certain to refuse to be coerced into becoming a Catholic; and his children were sure to fight as soon as they were given the choice of changing their faith or abandoning their country. The minute that the American settlers were sufficiently numerous to stand a chance of success in the conflict it was certain that they would try to throw off the yoke of the fanatical and corrupt Spanish Government. As early as 1801 bands of armed Americans had penetrated here and there into the Spanish provinces, in defiance of the commands of the authorities, and were striving to set up little bandit governments of their own.[1]

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[1] Gayarré, III, 387.

[2] *Ibid.*, 408.

The frontiersmen possessed every advantage of position, of numbers, and of temper. In any contest that might arise with Spain they were sure to take possession at once of all of what was then called upper Louisiana. The immediate object of interest to most of them was the commerce of the Mississippi River and the possession of New Orleans; but this was only part of what they wished, and were certain to get, for they demanded all the Spanish territory that lay across the line of their westward march. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the settlers on the Western waters recognized in Spain their natural enemy, because she was the power who held the mouth and the west bank of the Mississippi. They would have transferred their hostility to any other power which fell heir to her possessions, for these possessions they were bound one day to make their own.

A thin range of settlements extended from the shores of Lake Erie on the north to the boundary of Florida on the south; and there were outposts here and there beyond this range, as at Fort Dearborn, on the site of what is now Chicago; but the only fairly well-settled regions were in Kentucky and Tennessee. These two States were the oldest, and long remained the most populous and influential, communities in the West.

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[1] Gayarré, III, 447.

They shared qualities both of the Northerners and of the Southerners, and they gave the tone to the thought and the life in the settlements north of them no less than the settlements south of them. This fact, of itself, tended to make the West homogeneous and to keep it a unit with a peculiar character of its own, neither northern nor southern in political and social tendency. It was the Middle West which was first settled, and the Middle West stamped its peculiar characteristics on all the growing communities beyond the Alleghanies. Inasmuch as west of the mountains the northern communities were less distinctively northern and the southern communities less distinctively southern than was the case with the Eastern States on the seaboard, it followed naturally that, considered with reference to other sections of the Union, the West formed a unit, possessing marked characteristics of its own. A distinctive type of character was developed west of the Alleghanies, and for the first generation the typical representatives of this Western type were to be found in Kentucky and Tennessee.

The settlement of the Northwest had been begun under influences which in the end were to separate it radically from the Southwest. It was settled under governmental supervision, and because of and in accordance with governmental action; and it was destined ultimately to receive the great mass of its immigrants from the Northwest; but as yet these two influences had not become strong enough to sunder the frontiersmen north of the Ohio by any sharp line from those south of the Ohio. The settlers on the Western waters were substantially the same in character north and south.

In sum, the Western frontier folk, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, possessed in common marked and peculiar characteristics, which the people of the rest of the country shared to a much less extent. They were backwoods farmers, each man preferring to live alone on his own freehold, which he himself tilled and from which he himself had cleared the timber. The towns were few and small; the people were poor, and often ignorant, but hardy in body and in temper. They joined hospitality to strangers with suspicion of them. They were essentially warlike in spirit, and yet utterly unmilitary in all their training and habits of thought. They prized beyond measure their individual liberty and their collective freedom, and were so jealous of governmental control that they often, to their own great harm, fatally weakened the very authorities whom they chose to act over them. The peculiar circumstances of their lives forced them often to act in advance of action by the law, and this bred a lawlessness in certain matters which their children inherited for generations; yet they knew and appreciated the need of obedience to the law, and they thoroughly respected the law.

The separatist agitations had largely died out. In 1798 and 1799 Kentucky divided with Virginia the leadership of the attack on the Alien and Sedition laws; but her extreme feelings were not shared by the other Westerners, and she acted not as a representative of the West, but on a footing of equality with Virginia. Tennessee sympathized as little with the nullification movement of these two States at this time as she sympathized with South Carolina in her nullification movement a generation later. With the election of Jefferson, the dominant political party in the West became in sympathy with the party in control of the nation, and the West became stoutly loyal to the National Government.

The West had thus achieved a greater degree of political solidarity, both as within itself and with the nation as a whole, than ever before. Its wishes were more powerful with the East. The pioneers stood for an extreme Americanism, in social, political, and religious matters alike. The trend of American thought was toward them, not away from them. More than ever before, the Westerners were able to make their demands felt at home, and to make their force felt in the event of a struggle with a foreign power.

CHAPTER IX

THE PURCHASE OF LOUISIANA; AND BURR'S CONSPIRACY

1803–1807

A GREAT and growing race may acquire vast stretches of scantily peopled territory in any one of several ways. Often the statesman, no less than the soldier, plays an all-important part in winning the new land; nevertheless, it is usually true that the diplomatists who, by treaty, ratify the acquisition, usurp a prominence in history to which they are in no way entitled by the real worth of their labors.

The territory may be gained by the armed forces of the nation, and retained by treaty. It was in this way that England won the Cape of Good Hope from Holland; it was in this way that the United States won New Mexico. Such a conquest is due, not to the individual action of members of the winning race, but to the nation as a whole, acting through her soldiers and statesmen. It was the English navy which conquered the Cape of Good Hope for England; it was the English diplomats that secured its retention. So it was the American army which added New Mexico to the United States; and its retention was due to the will of the politicians who had set that army in motion. In neither case was there any previous settlement of moment by the conquerors in the conquered territory. In neither case was there much direct pressure by the people of the conquering races upon the soil which was won for them by their soldiers and statesmen. The acquisition of the territory must be set down to the credit of these soldiers and statesmen, representing the nation in its collective capacity; though in the case of New Mexico there would of course ultimately have been a direct pressure of rifle-bearing settlers upon the people of the ranches and the mud-walled towns.

In such cases it is the government itself, rather than any individual or aggregate of individuals, which wins the new land for the race. When it is won without appeal to arms, the credit, which would otherwise be divided between soldiers and statesmen, of course accrues solely to the latter. Alaska, for instance, was acquired by mere diplomacy. No American settlers were thronging into Alaska. The desire to acquire it among the people at large was vague, and was fanned into sluggish activity only by the genius of the far-seeing statesmen who purchased it. The credit of such an acquisition really does belong to the men who secured the adoption of the treaty by which it was acquired. The honor of adding Alaska to the national domain belongs to the statesmen who at the time controlled the Washington government. They were not figureheads in the transaction. They were the vital, moving forces.

Just the contrary is true of cases like that of the conquest of Texas. The government of the United States had nothing to do with winning Texas for the English-speaking people of North America. The American frontiersmen won Texas for themselves, unaided either by the statesmen who controlled the politics of the Republic or by the soldiers who took their orders from Washington.

In yet other cases the action is more mixed. Statesmen and diplomats have some share in shaping the conditions under which a country is finally taken; in the eye of history they often usurp much more than their proper share; but in reality they are able to bring matters to a conclusion only because adventurous settlers, in defiance or disregard of governmental action, have pressed forward into the longed-for land. In such cases the function of the diplomats is one of some importance, because they lay down the conditions under which the land is taken; but the vital question as to whether the land shall be taken at all, upon no matter what terms, is answered not by the diplomats, but by the people themselves.

It was in this way that the Northwest was won from the British, and the boundaries of the Southwest established by treaty with the Spaniards. Adams, Jay, and Pinckney deserve much credit for the way they conducted their several negotiations; but there would have been nothing for them to negotiate about had not the settlers already thronged into the disputed territories or strenuously pressed forward against their boundaries.

So it was with the acquisition of Louisiana. Jefferson, Livingston, and their fellow statesmen and diplomats concluded the treaty which determined the manner in which it came into our possession; but they did not really have much to do with fixing the terms even of this treaty; and the part which they played in the acquisition of Louisiana in no way resembles, even remotely, the part which was played by Seward, for instance, in acquiring Alaska. If it had not been for Seward, and the political leaders who thought as he did, Alaska might never have been acquired at all; but the Americans would have won Louisiana in any event, even if the treaty of Livingston and Monroe had not been signed. The real history of the acquisition must tell of the great westward movement begun in 1769, and not merely of the feeble diplomacy of Jefferson's administration. In 1802 American settlers were already clustered here and there on the eastern fringe of the vast region which then went by the name of Louisiana. All the stalwart freemen who had made their rude clearings, and built their rude towns, on the hither side of the mighty Mississippi, were straining with eager desire against the forces which withheld them from seizing with strong hand the coveted province. They did not themselves know, and far less did the public men of the day realize, the full import and meaning of the conquest upon which they were about to enter. For the moment the navigation of the mouth of the Mississippi seemed to them of the first importance. Even the frontiersmen themselves put second to this the right to people the vast continent which lay between the Pacific and the Mississippi. The statesmen at Washington viewed this last proposition with positive alarm, and cared only to acquire New Orleans. The winning of Louisiana was due to no one man, and least of all to any statesman or set of statesmen. It followed inevitably upon the great westward thrust of the settler-folk—a thrust which was delivered blindly, but which no rival race could parry until it was stopped by the ocean itself.

Louisiana was added to the United States because the hardy backwoods settlers had swarmed into the valleys of the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and the Ohio by hundreds of thousands; and had hardly begun to build their raw hamlets on the banks of the Mississippi, and to cover its waters with their flat-bottomed craft. Restless, adventurous, hardy, they looked eagerly across the Mississippi to the fertile solitudes where the Spaniard was the nominal, and the Indian the real, master; and with a more immediate longing they fiercely coveted the creole province at the mouth of the river.

The Mississippi formed no barrier whatsoever to the march of the backwoodsmen. It could be crossed at any point; and the same rapid current which made it a matter of extreme difficulty for any power at the mouth of the stream to send reinforcements up against the current would have greatly facilitated the movements of the Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee levies downstream to attack the Spanish provinces. In the days of sails and oars a great river with rapid current might vitally affect military operations if these depended upon sending flotillas up or down stream. But such a river has never proved a serious barrier against a vigorous and aggressive race, where it lies between two peoples, so that the aggressors have merely to cross it. It offers no such shield as is afforded by a high mountain range. The Mississippi served as a convenient line of demarcation between the Americans and the Spaniards; but it offered no protection whatever to the Spaniards against the Americans.

Therefore the frontiersmen found nothing serious to bar their farther march westward; the diminutive Spanish garrisons in the little creole towns near the Missouri were far less capable of effective resistance than were most of the Indian tribes whom the Americans were brushing out of their path. Toward the south the situation was different. The Floridas were shielded by the great Indian confederacies of the Creeks and Choctaws, whose strength was as yet unbroken. What was much more important, the mouth of the Mississippi was commanded by the important seaport of New Orleans, which was accessible to fleets, which could readily be garrisoned by water, and which was the capital of a region that, by backwoods standards, passed for well settled. New Orleans, by its position, was absolute master of the foreign trade of the Mississippi valley; and any power in command of the seas could easily keep it strongly garrisoned. The vast region that was then known as upper Louisiana—the territory stretching from the Mississippi to the Pacific—was owned by the Spaniards, but only in shadowy fashion, and could not have been held by any European power against the sturdy westward pressure of the rifle-bearing settlers. But New Orleans and its neighborhood were held even by the Spaniards in good earnest; while a stronger power, once in possession, could with difficulty have been dislodged.

It naturally followed that for the moment the attention of the backwoodsmen was directed much more to New Orleans than to the trans-Mississippi territory. A few wilderness lovers, like Boone, a few reckless adventurers of the type of Philip Nolan, were settling around and beyond the creole towns of the North, or were endeavoring to found small buccaneering colonies in dangerous proximity to the Spanish commanderies in the Southwest. But the bulk of the Western settlers as yet found all the vacant territory they wished east of the Mississippi. What they needed at the moment was, not more wild land, but an outlet for the products yielded by the land they already possessed. The vital importance to the Westerners of the free navigation of the Mississippi has already been shown. Suffice it to say that the control of the mouth of the great Father of Waters was of direct personal consequence to almost every tree-feller, every backwoods farmer, every landowner, every townsman, who dwelt beyond the Alleghanies. These men did not worry much over the fact that the country on the farther bank of the Mississippi was still under the Spanish flag. For the moment they did not need it, and when they did, they knew they could take it without the smallest difficulty. But the ownership of the mouth of the Mississippi was a matter of immediate importance; and though none of the settlers doubted that it would ultimately be theirs, it was yet a matter of much consequence to them to get possession of it as quickly as possible, and with as little trouble as possible, rather than to see it held, perhaps for years, by a powerful hostile nation and then to see it acquired only at the cost of bloody and, perchance, checkered warfare.

This was the attitude of the backwoods people as with sinewy, strenuous shoulder they pressed against the Spanish boundaries. The Spanish attitude, on the other hand, was one of apprehension so intense that it overcame even anger against the American nation. For mere diplomacy, the Spaniards cared little or nothing; but they feared the Westerners. Their surrender of Louisiana was due primarily to the steady pushing and crowding of the frontiersmen, and the continuous growth of the Western commonwealths. In spite of Pinckney's treaty the Spaniards did not leave Natchez until fairly drowned out by the American settlers and soldiers. They now felt the same pressure upon them in New Orleans; it was growing steadily and was fast becoming intolerable. Year by year, almost month by month, they saw the numbers of their foes increase, and saw them settle more and more thickly in places from which it would be easy to strike New Orleans. Year by year the offensive power of the Americans increased in more than arithmetical ratio as against Louisiana.

The more reckless and lawless adventurers from time to time pushed southwest, even toward the borders of Texas and New Mexico, and strove to form little settlements, keeping the Spanish governors and intendants in a constant fume of anxiety. One of these settlements was founded by Philip Nolan, a man whom rumor had connected with Wilkinson's intrigues, and who, like many another lawless trader of the day, was always dreaming of empires to be carved from, or wealth to be won in, the golden Spanish realms. In the fall of 1800, he pushed beyond the Mississippi, with a score or so of companions, and settled on the Brazos. The party built pens or corrals, and began to catch wild horses, for the neighborhood swarmed not only with game, but with immense droves of mustangs. The handsomest animals they kept and trained, letting the others loose again. The following March these tamers of wild horses were suddenly set upon by a body of Spaniards, three hundred strong, with one field-piece. The assailants made their attack at daybreak, slew Nolan, and captured his comrades, who for many years afterward lived as prisoners in the Mexican towns.[1] The menace of such buccaneering movements kept the Spaniards alive to the imminent danger of the general American attack which they heralded.

Spain watched her boundaries with the most jealous care. Her colonial system was evil in its suspicious exclusiveness toward strangers; and her religious system was marked by an intolerance still almost as fierce as in the days of Torquemada. The Holy Inquisition was a recognized feature of Spanish political life; and the rulers of the Spanish-American colonies put the stranger and the heretic under a common ban. The reports of the Spanish ecclesiastics of Louisiana dwelt continually upon the dangers with which the oncoming of the backwoodsmen threatened the Church no less than the State.[1] All the men in power, civil, military, and religious alike, showed toward strangers, and especially toward American strangers, a spirit which was doubly unwise; for by their jealousy they created the impression that the lands they so carefully guarded must hold treasures of great price; and by their severity they created an anger which, when fully aroused, they could not well quell. The frontiersmen, as they tried to peer into the Spanish dominions, were lured on by the attraction they felt for what was hidden and forbidden; and there was enough danger in the path to madden them, while there was no exhibition of a strength sufficient to cow them.

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[1] Pike's letter, July 22, 1807, in Natchez *Herald;* in Colonel Durrett's collection; see Coues's edition of Pike's "Expedition," LII; also Gayarré, III, 447.

The Spanish rulers realized fully that they were too weak effectively to cope with the Americans, and as the pressure upon them grew ever heavier and more menacing, they began to fear not only for Louisiana, but also for Mexico. They clung tenaciously to all their possessions; but they were willing to sacrifice a part, if by so doing they could erect a barrier for the defense of the remainder. Such a chance was now seemingly offered them by France.

At the beginning of the century Napoleon was First Consul; and the France over which he ruled was already the mightiest nation in Europe, and yet had not reached the zenith of her power. It was at this time that the French influence over Spain was most complete. Both the Spanish king and the Spanish people were dazzled and awed by the splendor of Napoleon's victories. Napoleon's magnificent and wayward genius was always striving after more than merely European empire. As throne after throne went down before him he planned conquests which should include the interminable wastes of snowy Russia and the seagirt fields of England; and he always dreamed of yet vaster, more shadowy triumphs, won in the realms lying eastward of the Mediterranean, or among the islands and along the coasts of the Spanish Main. In 1800, his dream of Eastern conquest was over, but his lofty ambition was planning for France the re-establishment in America of that colonial empire which a generation before had been wrested from her by England.

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[1] Report of Bishop Peñalvert, November 1, 1795, Gayarré.

The need of the Spaniards seemed to Napoleon his opportunity. By the bribe of a petty Italian principality he persuaded the Bourbon King of Spain to cede Louisiana to the French, at the treaty of San Ildefonso, concluded in October, 1800. The cession was agreed to by the Spaniards on the express pledge that the territory should not be transferred to any other power; and chiefly for the purpose of erecting a barrier which might stay the American advance, and protect the rest of the Spanish possessions.

Every effort was made to keep the cession from being made public, and owing to various political complications it was not consummated for a couple of years; but meanwhile it was impossible to prevent rumors from going abroad, and the mere hint of such a project was enough to throw the West into a fever of excitement. Moreover, at this moment, before the treaty between France and Spain had been consummated, Morales, the intendant of New Orleans, deliberately threw down the gage of battle to the Westerners.[1] On October 16, 1802, he proclaimed that the Americans had forfeited their right of deposit in New Orleans. By Pinckney's treaty this right had been granted for three years, with the stipulation that it should then be extended for a longer period, and that if the Spaniards chose to revoke the permit so far as New Orleans was concerned, they should make some other spot on the river a port of free entry. The Americans had taken for granted that the privilege, when once conferred, would never be withdrawn; but Morales, under pretense that the Americans had slept on their rights by failing to discover some other spot as a treaty port, declared that the right of deposit had lapsed, and would not be renewed. The governor, Salcedo—who had succeeded Gayoso when the latter died of yellow fever, complicated by a drinking-bout with Wilkinson—was not in sympathy with the movement; but this mattered little. Under the cumbrous Spanish colonial system, the governor, though he disapproved of the actions of the intendant, could not reverse them, and Morales paid no heed to the angry protests of the Spanish minister at Washington, who saw that the Americans were certain in the end to fight rather than to lose the only outlet for the commerce of the West.[2] It seems probable that the intendant's action was due to the fact that he deemed the days of Spanish dominion numbered, and, in his jealousy of the Americans, wished to place the new French authorities in the strongest possible position; but the act was not done with the knowledge of France.

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[1] Gayarré, III, 456.

[2] *Ibid.*, 576. The King of Spain, at the instigation of Godoy, disapproved the order of Morales, but so late that the news of the disapproval reached Louisiana only as the French were about to take possession. However, the reversal of the order rendered the course of the further negotiations easier.

Of this, however, the Westerners were ignorant. They felt sure that any alteration in policy so fatal to their interests must be merely a foreshadowing of the course the French intended thereafter to follow. They believed that their worst fears were justified. Kentucky and Tennessee clamored for instant action, and Claiborne offered to raise in the Mississippi Territory alone a force of volunteer riflemen sufficient to seize New Orleans before its transfer into French hands could be effected.

Jefferson was President, and Madison secretary of state. Both were men of high and fine qualities who rendered, at one time or another, real and great service to the country. Jefferson in particular played in our political life a part of immense importance. But the country has never had two statesmen less capable of upholding the honor and dignity of the nation, or even of preserving its material well-being when menaced by foreign foes. They were peaceful men, quite unfitted to grapple with an enemy who expressed himself through deeds rather than words. When stunned by the din of arms they showed themselves utterly inefficient rulers.

It was these two timid, well-meaning statesmen who now found themselves pitted against Napoleon and Napoleon's minister, Talleyrand—against the greatest warrior and lawgiver and against one of the greatest diplomats of modern times; against two men, moreover, whose sodden lack of conscience was but heightened by the contrast with their brilliant genius and lofty force of character—two men who were unable to so much as appreciate that there was shame in the practice of venality, dishonesty, mendacity, cruelty, and treachery.

Jefferson was the least warlike of presidents, and he loved the French with a servile devotion. But his party was strongest in precisely those parts of the country where the mouth of the Mississippi was held to be of right the property of the United States; and the pressure of public opinion was too strong for Jefferson to think of resisting it. The South and the West were a unit in demanding that France should not be allowed to establish herself on the lower Mississippi. Jefferson was forced to tell his French friends that if their nation persisted in its purpose, America would be obliged to marry itself to the navy and army of England. Even he could see that for the French to take Louisiana meant war with the United States sooner or later; and as above all things else he wished peace, he made every effort to secure the coveted territory by purchase.

Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, of New York, represented American interests in Paris; but at the very close of the negotiation he was succeeded by Monroe, whom Jefferson sent over as a special envoy. The course of the negotiations was at first most baffling to the Americans.[1] Talleyrand lied with such unmoved calm that it was impossible to put the least weight upon anything he said; moreover, the Americans soon found that Napoleon was the sole and absolute master, so that it was of no use attempting to influence any of his subordinates, save in so far as these subordinates might, in their turn, influence him. For some time it appeared that Napoleon was bent upon occupying Louisiana in force and using it as a basis for the rebuilding of the French colonial power. The time seemed ripe for such a project. After a decade of war with all the rest of Europe, France in 1802 concluded the Peace of Amiens, which left her absolutely free to do as she liked in the New World. Napoleon thoroughly despised a republic, and especially a republic without an army or navy. After the Peace of Amiens he began to treat the Americans with contemptuous disregard, and he planned to throw into Louisiana one of his generals with a force of veteran troops sufficient to hold the country against any attack.

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[1] In Henry Adams's "History of the United States," the account of the diplomatic negotiations at this period between France, Spain, and the United States is the most brilliant piece of diplomatic history, so far as the doings of the diplomats themselves are concerned, that can be put to the credit of any American writer.

His hopes were in reality chimerical. At the moment, France was at peace with her European foes, and could send her ships of war and her transports across the ocean without fear of the British navy. It would, therefore, have been possible for Napoleon without molestation to throw a large body of French soldiers into New Orleans for some years against American attack, and might even have captured one or two of the American posts on the Mississippi, such as Natchez; but the instant it had landed in New Orleans the entire American people would have accepted France as their deadliest enemy, and all American foreign policy would have been determined by the one consideration of ousting the French from the mouth of the Mississippi. To the United States, France was by no means as formidable as Great Britain, because of her inferiority as a naval power. Even if unsupported by any outside alliance, the Americans would doubtless in the end have driven a French army from New Orleans, though very probably at the cost of one or two preliminary rebuffs. The West was stanch in support of Jefferson and Madison; but in time of stress it was sure to develop leaders of more congenial temper, exactly as it actually did develop Andrew Jackson a few years later. At this very time the French failed to conquer the negro republic which Toussaint l'Ouverture had founded in Hayti.

What they thus failed to accomplish in one island, against insurgent negroes, it was folly to think they could accomplish on the American continent, against the power of the American people. This struggle with the revolutionary slaves in Hayti hindered Napoleon from immediately throwing an army into Louisiana; but it did more, for it helped to teach him the folly of trying to carry out such a plan at all.

A very able and faithful French agent in the meanwhile sent a report to Napoleon, plainly pointing out the impossibility of permanently holding Louisiana against the Americans. He showed that on the Western waters alone it would be possible to gather armies amounting in the aggregate to twenty or thirty thousand men, all of them inflamed with the eager desire to take New Orleans.[1] The Mississippi ran so as to facilitate the movement of any expedition against New Orleans, while it offered formidable obstacles to counter-expeditions from New Orleans against the American commonwealths lying farther upstream. An expeditionary force sent from the mouth of the Mississippi, whether to assail the towns and settlements along the Ohio, or to defend the creole villages near the Missouri, could at the utmost hope for only transient success, while its ultimate failure was certain. On the other hand, a backwoods army could move downstream with comparative ease; and even though such an expedition were defeated, it was certain that the attempt would be repeated again and again, until, by degrees, the mob of hardy riflemen changed into a veteran army, and brought forth some general like "Old Hickory," able to lead to victory.

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[1] Pontalba's "Memoir." He hoped that Louisiana might, in certain contingencies, be preserved for the French, but he insisted that it could only be by keeping peace with the American settlers, and by bringing about an immense increase of population in the province.

The most intelligent French agents on the ground saw this. Some of Napoleon's ministers were equally far-sighted. One of them, Barbé Marbois, represented to him in the strongest terms the hopelessness of the undertaking on which he proposed to embark. He pointed out that the United States was sure to go to war with France if France took New Orleans, and that in the end such a war could only result in victory for the Americans.

We can now readily see that this victory was certain to come even had the Americans been left without allies. France could never have defended the vast region known as upper Louisiana, and sooner or later New Orleans itself would have fallen, though it may well be only after humiliating defeats for the Americans and much expenditure of life and treasure. But as things actually were, the Americans would have had plenty of powerful allies. The Peace of Amiens lasted but a couple of years before England again went to war. Napoleon knew, and the American statesmen knew, that the British intended to attack New Orleans upon the outbreak of hostilities if it were in French hands. In such event Louisiana would have soon fallen; for any French force stationed there would have found its reinforcements cut off by the English navy, and would have dwindled away until unable to offer resistance.

Nevertheless, European wars, and the schemes and fancies of European statesmen, could determine merely the conditions under which the catastrophe was to take place, but not the catastrophe itself. The fate of Louisiana was already fixed. It was not the diplomats who decided its destiny, but the settlers of the Western States. The growth of the teeming folk who had crossed the Alleghanies and were building their rude, vigorous commonwealths in the northeastern portion of the Mississippi basin, decided the destiny of all the lands that were drained by that mighty river. The steady westward movement of the Americans was the all-important factor in determining the ultimate ownership of New Orleans. Livingston, the American minister, saw plainly the inevitable outcome of the struggle. He expressed his wonder that other Americans should be uneasy in the matter, saying that for his part it seemed as clear as day that no matter what trouble might temporarily be caused, in the end Louisiana was certain to fall into the grasp of the United States.[1]

There were many Americans and many Frenchmen of note who were less clear-sighted. Livingston encountered rebuff after rebuff, and delay after delay. Talleyrand met him with his usual front of impenetrable duplicity. He calmly denied everything connected with the cession of Louisiana until even the details became public property, and then admitted them with unblushing equanimity. His delays were so tantalizing that they might well have revived unpleasant memories of the famous X Y Z negotiations, in which he tried in vain to extort bribe-money from the American negotiators;[2] but Livingston, and those he represented, soon realized that it was Napoleon himself who alone deserved serious consideration. Through Napoleon's character, and helping to make it great, there ran an imaginative vein which at times bordered on the fantastic; and this joined with his imperious self-will, brutality, and energy to make him eager to embark on a scheme which, when he had thought it over in cold blood, he was equally eager to abandon. For some time he seemed obstinately bent on taking possession of Louisiana, heedless of the attitude which this might cause the Americans to assume. He designated as commander of his army of occupation, Victor, a general as capable and brave as he was insolent, who took no pains to conceal from the American representatives his intention to treat their people with a high hand.

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[1] Livingston to Madison, September 1, 1802. Later, Livingston himself became uneasy, fearing lest Napoleon's wilfulness might plunge him into an undertaking which, though certain to end disastrously to the French, might meanwhile cause great trouble to the Americans.

[2] Jefferson was guilty of much weak and undignified conduct during these negotiations, but of nothing weaker and more petty than his attempt to flatter Talleyrand by pretending that the Americans disbelieved his admitted venality, and were indignant with those who had exposed it. See Adams.

Jefferson took various means, official and unofficial, of impressing upon Napoleon the strength of the feeling in the United States over the matter; and his utterances came as near menace as his pacific nature would permit. To the great French conqueror, however, accustomed to violence and to the strife of giants, Jefferson's somewhat vacillating attitude did not seem impressive; and the one course which would have impressed Napoleon was not followed by the American President. Jefferson refused to countenance any proposal to take prompt possession of Louisiana by force or to assemble an army which could act with immediate vigor in time of need; and as he was the idol of the southwesterners, who were bitterly anti-Federalist in sympathy, he was able to prevent any violent action on their part until events rendered this violence unnecessary. At the same time, Jefferson himself never for a moment ceased to feel the strong pressure of Southern and Western public sentiment; and so he continued resolute in his purpose to obtain Louisiana.

It was no argument of Jefferson's or of the American diplomats, but the inevitable trend of events, that finally brought about a change in Napoleon's mind.

The army he sent to Hayti wasted away by disease and in combat with the blacks, and thereby not only diminished the forces he intended to throw into Louisiana, but also gave him a terrible object-lesson as to what the fate of these forces was certain ultimately to be. The attitude of England and Austria grew steadily more hostile, and his most trustworthy advisers impressed on Napoleon's mind the steady growth of the Western-American communities, and the implacable hostility with which they were certain to regard any power that seized or attempted to hold New Orleans. Napoleon could not afford to hamper himself with the difficult defense of a distant province, and to incur the hostility of a new foe, at the very moment when he was entering on another struggle with his old European enemies. Moreover, he needed money in order to carry on the struggle. To be sure, he had promised Spain not to turn over Louisiana to another power; but he was quite as incapable as any Spanish statesman, or as Talleyrand himself, of so much as considering the question of breach of faith or loss of honor if he could gain any advantage by sacrificing either. Livingston was astonished to find that Napoleon had suddenly changed front, and that there was every prospect of gaining what for months had seemed impossible. For some time there was haggling over the terms. Napoleon at first demanded an exorbitant sum; but having once made up his mind to part with Louisiana his impatient disposition made him anxious to conclude the bargain. He rapidly abated his demands, and the cession was finally made for fifteen millions of dollars.

The treaty was signed in May, 1803. The definition of the exact boundaries of the ceded territory was purposely left very loose by Napoleon. On the east, the

Spanish Government of the Floridas still kept possession of what are now several parishes in the State of Louisiana. In the far West the boundary-lines which divided upper Louisiana from the possessions of Britain on the north and of Spain on the south led through a wilderness where no white man had ever trod, and they were of course unmapped, and only vaguely guessed at.

There was one singular feature of this bargain, which showed, as nothing else could have shown, how little American diplomacy had to do with obtaining Louisiana, and how impossible it was for any European power, even the greatest, to hold the territory in the face of the steady westward growth of the American people. Napoleon forced Livingston and Monroe to become the reluctant purchasers, not merely of New Orleans, but of all the immense territory which stretched vaguely northwestward to the Pacific. Jefferson, at moments, felt a desire to get all this Western territory; but he was too timid and too vacillating to insist strenuously upon anything which he feared Napoleon would not grant. Madison felt a strong disinclination to see the national domain extend west of the Mississippi; and he so instructed Monroe and Livingston. In their turn, the American envoys, with solemn fatuity, believed it might impress Napoleon favorably if they made much show of moderation, and they spent no small part of their time in explaining that they only wished a little bit of Louisiana, including New Orleans and the east bank of the lower Mississippi. Livingston indeed went so far as to express a very positive disinclination to take the territory west of the Mississippi at any price, stating that he should much prefer to see it remain in the hands of France or Spain, and suggesting, by way of apology for its acquisition, that it might be resold to some European power! But Napoleon saw clearly that if the French ceded New Orleans it was a simple physical impossibility for them to hold the rest of the Louisiana Territory. If his fierce and irritable vanity had been touched he might, through mere wayward anger, have dared the Americans to a contest which, however disastrous to them, would ultimately have been more so to him; but he was a great statesman, and a still greater soldier, and he did not need to be told that it would be worse than folly to try to keep a country when he had given up the key-position.

The region west of the Mississippi could become the heritage of no other people save that which had planted its populous communities along the eastern bank of the river. It was quite possible for a powerful European nation to hold New Orleans for some time, even though all upper Louisiana fell into the hands of the Americans; but it was entirely impossible for any European nation to hold upper Louisiana if New Orleans became a city of the United States. The Westerners, wiser than their rulers, but no wiser than Napoleon at the last, felt this, and were not in the least disturbed over the fate of Louisiana, provided they were given the control of the mouth of the Mississippi. As a matter of fact, it is improbable that the fate of the great territory lying west of the upper Mississippi would even have been seriously delayed had it been nominally under the control of France or Spain. With the mouth of the Mississippi once in American hands it was a physical impossibility in any way to retard the westward movement of the men who were settling Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

The ratification of the treaty brought on sharp debates in Congress. Jefferson had led his party into power as the special champion of States' rights and the special opponent of National Sovereignty. He and they rendered a very great service to the nation by acquiring Louisiana; but it was at the cost of violating every precept which they had professed to hold dear, and of showing that their warfare on the Federalists had been waged on behalf of principles which they were obliged to confess were shams the moment they were put to the test. But the Federalists of the Northeast, both in the Middle States and in New England, at this juncture behaved far worse than the Jeffersonian Republicans. These Jeffersonian Republicans did indeed by their performance give the lie to their past promise, and thereby emphasize the unworthiness of their conduct in years gone by; nevertheless, at this juncture they were right, which was far more important than being logical or consistent. But the northeastern Federalists, though with many exceptions, did as a whole stand as the opponents of national growth. They had very properly, though vainly, urged Jefferson to take prompt and effective steps to sustain the national honor, when it seemed probable that the country could be won from France only at the cost of war; but when the time actually came to incorporate Louisiana into the national domain, they showed that jealous fear of Western growth, which was the most marked defect in northeastern public sentiment until past the middle of the present century. It proved that the Federalists were rightly distrusted by the West; and it proved that at this crisis, the Jeffersonian Republicans, in spite of their follies, weaknesses, and crimes, were the safest guardians of the country because they believed in its future and strove to make it greater.

The Jeremiads of the Federalist leaders in Congress were the same in kind as those in which many cultivated men of the East always indulged whenever we enlarged our territory, and in which many persons like them would now indulge were we at the present day to make a similar extension. The people of the United States were warned that they were incorporating into their number men who were wholly alien in every respect, and who could never be assimilated. They were warned that when they thus added to their empire, they merely rendered it unwieldy and assured its being split into two or more confederacies at no distant day. Some of the extremists, under the lead of Quincy, went so far as to threaten dissolution of the Union, because of what was done, insisting that the Northeast ought by rights to secede because of the injury done it by adding strength to the South and West. Fortunately, however, talk of this kind did not affect the majority; the treaty was ratified and Louisiana became part of the United States.

Meanwhile, the creoles themselves accepted their very rapidly changing fates with something much like apathy. In March, 1803, the French Prefect Laussat arrived to make preparations to take possession of the country. He had no idea that Napoleon intended to cede it to the United States. On the contrary, he showed that he regarded the French as the heirs, not only to the Spanish territory, but of the Spanish hostility to the Americans. He openly regretted that the Spanish Government had reversed Morales's act in taking away from the Americans the right of deposit; and he made all his preparations as if on the theory that New Orleans was to become the centre of an aggressive military government.

His dislikes, however, were broad, and included the Spaniards as well as the Americans. There was much friction between him and the Spanish officials; he complained bitterly to the home government of the insolence and intrigues of the Spanish party. He also portrayed in scathing terms the gross corruption of the Spanish authorities. As to this corruption, he was borne out by the American observers. Almost every high Spanish official was guilty of peculation at the expense of the government, and of bribe-taking at the expense of the citizens.

Nevertheless, the creoles were far from ill-satisfied with Spanish rule. They were not accustomed to self-government, and did not demand it; and they cared very little for the fact that their superiors made money improperly. If they paid due deference to their lay and clerical rulers they were little interfered with; and they were in full accord with the governing classes concerning most questions, both of principle or lack of principle, and of prejudice. The creoles felt that they were protected, rather than oppressed, by people who shared their tastes, and who did not interfere with the things they held dear. On the whole, they showed only a tepid joy at the prospect of again becoming French citizens.

Laussat soon discovered that they were to remain French citizens for a very short time indeed; and he prepared faithfully to carry out his instructions, and to turn the country over to the Americans. The change in the French attitude greatly increased the friction with the Spaniards. The Spanish home government was furious with indignation at Napoleon for having violated his word, and only the weakness of Spain prevented war between it and France. The Spanish party in New Orleans muttered its discontent so loud that Laussat grew alarmed. He feared some outbreak on the part of the Spanish sympathizers, and, to prevent such a mischance, he not only embodied the comparatively small portion of the creole militia whom he could trust, but also a number of American volunteers, concerning whose fidelity in such a crisis as that he anticipated there could be no question. It was not until December 1, 1803, that he took final possession of the province. Twenty days afterward he turned it over to the American authorities.

Wilkinson, now commander of the American army—the most disgraceful head it has ever had—was intrusted with the governorship of all of upper Louisiana. Claiborne was made governor of lower Louisiana, officially styled the Territory of Orleans. He was an honest man, loyal to the Union, but had no special qualifications for getting on well with the creoles. He could not speak French, and he regarded the people whom he governed with a kindly contempt, which they bitterly resented. The Americans, pushing and masterful, were inclined to look down on their neighbors, and to treat them overbearingly; while the creoles in their turn disliked the Americans as rude and uncultivated barbarians. For some time they felt much discontent with the United States; nor was this discontent allayed when, in 1804, the Territory of Orleans was reorganized with a government much less liberal than that enjoyed by Indiana or Mississippi; nor even when in 1805 an ordinary territorial government was provided. A number of years were to pass before Louisiana felt itself, in fact no less than in name, part of the Union.

Naturally, there was a fertile field for seditious agitation in New Orleans, a city of mixed population, where the numerically predominant race felt a puzzled distrust for the nation of which it suddenly found itself an integral part, and from past experience firmly believed in the evanescent nature of any political connection it might have whether with Spain, France, or the United States. The creoles murmured because they were not given the same privileges as American citizens in the old States, and yet showed themselves indifferent to such privileges as they were given. They were indignant because the National Government prohibited the importation of slaves into Louisiana, and for the moment even the transfer thither of slaves from the old States—a circumstance, by the way, which curiously illustrated the dislike and disapproval of slavery then felt, even by an administration under Southern control. The creoles further complained of Claiborne's indifference to their wishes; and as he possessed little tact he also became embroiled with the American inhabitants, who were men of adventurous and often lawless temper, impatient of restraint. Representatives of the French and Spanish governments still remained in Louisiana, and by their presence and their words tended to keep alive a disaffection for the United States Government. It followed from these various causes that among all classes there was a willingness to talk freely of their wrongs and to hint at righting them by methods outlined with such looseness as to make it uncertain whether they did or did not comport with entire loyalty to the United States Government.

Furthermore, there already existed in New Orleans a very peculiar class, representatives of which are still to be found in almost every Gulf city of importance. There were in the city a number of men ready at any time to enter into any plot for armed conquest of one of the Spanish-American countries.[1] Spanish America was feeling the stir of unrest that preceded the revolutionary outbreak against Spain. Already insurrectionary leaders like Miranda were seeking assistance from the Americans. There were in New Orleans a number of exiled Mexicans who were very anxious to raise some force with which to invade Mexico, and there erect the banner of an independent sovereignty. The bolder spirits among the creoles found much that was attractive in such a prospect; and reckless American adventurers by the score and the hundred were anxious to join in any filibustering expedition of the kind. They did not care in the least what form the expedition took. They were willing to join the Mexican exiles in an effort to rouse Mexico to throw off the yoke of Spain, or to aid any province of Mexico to revolt from the rest, or to help the leaders of any defeated faction who wished to try an appeal to arms, in which they should receive aid from the sword of the stranger. Incidentally, they were even more willing to attempt the conquest on their own account; but they did not find it necessary to dwell on this aspect of the case when nominally supporting some faction which chose to make use of such watchwords as liberty and independence.

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[1] Wilkinson's "Memoirs," II, 284.

Under such conditions, New Orleans, even more than the rest of the West, seemed to offer an inviting field for adventurers whose aim was both revolutionary and piratical. A particularly spectacular adventurer of this type now appeared in the person of Aaron Burr. Burr's conspiracy attracted an amount of attention, both at home and in the pages of history, altogether disproportioned to its real consequence. His career had been striking. He had been Vice-President of the United States. He had lacked but one vote of being made President, when the election of 1800 was thrown into the House of Representatives. As friend or as enemy he had been thrown intimately and on equal terms with the greatest political leaders of the day. He had supplied almost the only feeling which Jefferson, the chief of the Democratic party, and Hamilton, the greatest Federalist, ever possessed in common; for bitterly though Hamilton and Jefferson had hated each other, there was one man whom each of them had hated more, and that was Aaron Burr. There was not a man in the country who did not know about the brilliant and unscrupulous party leader who had killed Hamilton in the most famous duel that ever took place on American soil, and who, by a nearly successful intrigue, had come within one vote of supplanting Jefferson in the presidency.

In New York, Aaron Burr had led a political career as stormy and checkered as the careers of New York politicians have generally been. He had shown himself as adroit as he was unscrupulous in the use of all the arts of the machine manager. The fitful and gusty breath of popular favor made him at one time the most prominent and successful politician in the State, and one of the two or three most prominent and successful in the nation. In the State, he was the leader of the Democratic party, which, under his lead, crushed the Federalists; and as a reward he was given the second highest office in the nation. Then his open enemies and secret rivals all combined against him. The other Democratic leaders in New York, and in the nation as well, turned upon the man whose brilliant abilities made them afraid, and whose utter untrustworthiness forbade their entering into alliance with him. Shifty and fertile in expedients, Burr made an obstinate fight to hold his own. Without hesitation, he turned for support to his old enemies, the Federalists; but he was hopelessly beaten. Both his fortune and his local political prestige were ruined; he realized that his chance for a career in New York was over.

He was no mere New York politican, however. He was a statesman of national reputation; and he turned his restless eyes toward the West, which for a score of years had seethed in a turmoil, out of which it seemed that a bold spirit might make its own profit. He had already been obscurely connected with separatist intrigues in the Northeast; and he determined to embark in similar intrigues on an infinitely grander scale in the West and Southwest. He was a cultivated man, of polished manners and pleasing address, and of great audacity and physical courage; and he had shown himself skilled in all the baser arts of political management.

It is small wonder that the conspiracy of which such a man was head should make a noise out of all proportion to its real weight. The conditions were such that if Burr journeyed West he was certain to attract universal attention, and to be received with marked enthusiasm. No man of his prominence in national affairs had ever travelled through the wild new commonwealths on the Mississippi. The men who were founding states and building towns on the wreck of the conquered wilderness were sure to be flattered by the appearance of so notable a man among them, and to be impressed not only by his reputation, but by his charm of manner and brilliancy of intellect. Moreover, they were quite ready to talk vaguely of all kinds of dubious plans for increasing the importance of the West. Very many, perhaps most, of them had dabbled at one time or another in the various separatist schemes of the preceding two decades; and they felt strongly that much of the Spanish domain would and should ultimately fall into their hands—and the sooner the better.

There was thus every chance that Burr would be favorably received by the West, and would find plenty of men of high standing who would profess friendship for him and would show a cordial interest in his plans so long as he refrained from making them too definite; but there was in reality no chance whatever for anything more than this to happen. In spite of Burr's personal courage he lacked entirely the great military qualities necessary to successful revolutionary leadership of the kind to which he aspired. Though in some ways the most practical of politicians, he had a strong element of the visionary in his character; it was perhaps this, joined to his striking moral defects, which brought about and made complete his downfall in New York. Great political and revolutionary leaders may, and often must, have in them something of the visionary; but it must never cause them to get out of touch with the practical. Burr was capable of conceiving revolutionary plans on so vast a scale as to be fairly appalling, not only from their daring, but from their magnitude. But when he tried to put his plans into practice, it at once became evident that they were even more unsubstantial than they were audacious. His wild schemes had in them too strong an element of the unreal and the grotesque to be in very fact dangerous.

Besides, the time for separatist movements in the West had passed, while the time for arousing the West to the conquest of part of Spanish America had hardly yet come. A man of Burr's character might perhaps have accomplished something mischievous in Kentucky when Wilkinson was in the first flush of his Spanish intrigues; or when the political societies were raving over

Jay's treaty; or when the Kentucky legislature was passing its nullification resolutions. But the West had grown loyal as the nineteenth century came in. The Westerners were hearty supporters of the Jeffersonian Democratic-Republican party; Jefferson was their idol; they were strongly attached to the Washington administration, and strongly opposed to the chief opponents of that administration, the northeastern Federalists. With the purchase of Louisiana all deep-lying causes of Western discontent had vanished. The West was prosperous, and was attached to the National Government. Its leaders might still enjoy a discussion with Burr or among themselves concerning separatist principles in the abstract, but such a discussion was at this time purely academic. Nobody of any weight in the community would allow such plans as those of Burr to be put into effect. There was, it is true, a strong buccaneering spirit, and there were plenty of men ready to enlist in an invasion of the Spanish dominions under no matter what pretext; but even those men of note who were willing to lead such a movement were not willing to enter into it if it was complicated with open disloyalty to the United States.

Burr began his treasonable scheming before he ceased to be Vice-President. He was an old friend and crony of Wilkinson; and he knew much about the disloyal agitations which had convulsed the West during the previous two decades. These agitations always took one or the other of two forms that at first sight would seem diametrically opposed. Their end was always either to bring about a secession of the West from the East by the aid of Spain or some other foreign power; or else a conquest of the Spanish dominions by the West, in defiance of the wishes of the East and of the

Central Government. Burr proposed to carry out both of these plans.

The exact shape which his proposals took would be difficult to tell. Seemingly, they remained nebulous even in his own mind. They certainly so remained in the minds of those to whom he confided them. At any rate his schemes, though in reality less dangerous than those of his predecessors in Western treason, were in theory much more comprehensive. He planned the seizure of Washington, the kidnapping of the President, and the corruption of the United States navy. He also endeavored to enlist foreign powers on his side. His first advances were made to the British. He proposed to put the new empire, no matter what shape it might assume, under British protection in return for the assistance of the British fleet in taking New Orleans. He gave to the British ministers full—and false—accounts of the intended uprising, and besought the aid of the British Government on the ground that the secession of the West would so cripple the Union as to make it no longer a formidable enemy of Great Britain. Burr's audacity and plausibility were such that he quite dazzled the British minister, who detailed the plans at length to his home government, putting them in as favorable a light as he could. The statesmen at London, however, although at this time almost inconceivably stupid in their dealings with America, were not sunk in such abject folly as to think Burr's schemes practicable, and they refused to have anything to do with them.

In April, 1805, Burr started on his tour to the West. One of his first stoppages was at an island on the Ohio, near Parkersburg, where an Irish gentleman named Blennerhassett had built what was, for the West, an unusually fine house. Only Mrs. Blennerhassett was at home at the time; but Blennerhassett later became a mainstay of the "conspiracy." He was a warm-hearted man, with no judgment and a natural tendency toward sedition, who speedily fell under Burr's influence, and entered into his plans with eager zeal. With him Burr did not have to be on his guard, and to him he confided freely his plans; but elsewhere, and in dealing with less emotional people, he had to be more guarded.

It is always difficult to find out exactly what a conspirator of Burr's type really intended, and exactly how guilty his various temporary friends and allies were. Part of the conspirator's business is to dissemble the truth, and in after-time it is nearly impossible to differentiate it from the false, even by the most elaborate sifting of the various untruths he has uttered. Burr told every kind of story, at one time or another, and to different classes of auditors. It would be unsafe to deny his having told a particular falsehood in any given case or to any given man. On the other hand, when once the plot was unmasked, those persons to whom he had confided his plans were certain to insist that he had really kept them in ignorance of his true intention. In consequence, it is quite impossible to say exactly how much guilty knowledge his various companions possessed. When it comes to treating of his relationship with Wilkinson all that can be said is that no single statement ever made by either man, whether during the conspiracy or after it, whether to the other or to an outsider, can be considered as either presumptively true or presumptively false.

It is, therefore, impossible to say exactly how far the Westerners with whom Burr was intimate were privy to his plans. It is certain that the great mass of the Westerners never seriously considered entering into any seditious movement under him. It is equally certain that a number of their leaders were more or less compromised by their associations with him. It seems probable that to each of these leaders he revealed what he thought would most attract him in the scheme; but that to very few did he reveal an outright proposition to break up the Union. Many of them were very willing to hear the distinguished Easterner make vague proposals for increasing the power of the West by means which were hinted at with sinister elusiveness; and many others were delighted to go into any movement which promised an attack upon the Spanish territory; but it seems likely that there were only a few men—Wilkinson, for instance, and Adair of Kentucky—who were willing to discuss a proposition to commit downright treason.

Burr stopped at Cincinnati, in Ohio, and at one or two places in Kentucky. In both States many prominent politicians, even United States senators, received him with enthusiasm. He then visited Nashville, where he became the guest of Andrew Jackson. Jackson was now major-general of the Tennessee militia; and the possibility of war, especially of war with the Spaniards, roused his hot nature to uncontrollable eagerness.[1] Burr probably saw through Jackson's character at once, and realized that with him it was important to dwell solely upon that part of the plan which contemplated an attack upon the Spaniards.

The United States was at this time on the verge of war with Spain. The Spanish governor and intendant remained in New Orleans after the cession, and by their conduct gave such offense that it finally became necessary to order them to leave. Jefferson claimed, as part of Louisiana, portions of both West Florida and Texas. The Spaniards refused to admit the justice of the claim and gathered in the disputed territories armies which, though small, outnumbered the few regular troops that Wilkinson had at his disposal. More than once a collision seemed imminent. The Westerners clamored for war, desiring above all things to drive the Spaniards by force from the debatable lands. For some time Jefferson showed symptoms of yielding to their wishes; but he was too timid and irresolute to play a high part, and in the end he simply did nothing. However, though he declined to make actual war on the Spaniards, he also refused to recognize their claims as just, and his peculiar, hesitating course tended to inflame the Westerners, and to make them believe that their government would not call them to account for acts of aggression. To Jackson, doubtless, Burr's proposals seemed quite in keeping with what he hoped from the United States Government. He readily fell in with views so like his own, and began to make preparations for an expedition against the Spanish dominions—an expedition which in fact would not have differed essentially from the expeditions he actually did make into the Spanish Floridas six or eight years afterward, or from the movement which still later his fellow Tennesseean, Houston, headed in Texas.

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[1] Adams, III, 221.

From Nashville, Burr drifted down the Cumberland, and at Fort Massac, on the Ohio, he met Wilkinson, a kindred spirit, who possessed neither honor nor conscience, and could not be shocked by any proposal. Moreover, Wilkinson much enjoyed the early stages of a seditious agitation, when the risk to himself seemed slight; and as he was at this time both the highest military officer of the United States, and also secretly in the pay of Spain, the chance to commit a double treachery gave an added zest to his action. He entered cordially into Burr's plans, and as soon as he returned to his headquarters, at St. Louis, he set about trying to corrupt his subordinates, and seduce them from their allegiance.

Meanwhile, Burr passed down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where he found himself in the society of persons who seemed more willing than any others he had encountered to fall in with his plans. Even here he did not clearly specify his purposes, but he did say enough to show that they bordered on the treasonable; and he was much gratified at the acquiescence of his listeners. His gratification, however, was overhasty. The creoles, and some of the Americans, were delighted to talk of their wrongs and to threaten any course of action which they thought might yield vengeance but they had little intention of proceeding from words to deeds. Claiborne, a straightforward and honest man, set his face like a flint against all of Burr's doings.

From New Orleans Burr retraced his steps and visited Wilkinson at St. Louis. But Wilkinson was no longer in the same frame of mind as at Fort Massac. He had tested his officers, to see if they could be drawn into any disloyal movement, and had found that they were honorable men, firm in their attachment to the Union; and he was beginning to perceive that the people generally were quite unmoved by Burr's intrigues. Accordingly, when Burr reached him he threw cold water on his plans, and though he did not denounce or oppose them, he refrained from taking further active part in the seditious propaganda.

After visiting Harrison, the governor of the Indiana Territory, Burr returned to Washington. If he had possessed the type of character which would have made him really dangerous as a revolutionist, he would have seen how slight was his hope of stirring up revolt in the West; but he would not face facts, and he still believed he could bring about an uprising against the Union in the Mississippi valley. His immediate need was money. This he hoped to obtain from some foreign government. He found that nothing could be done with Great Britain; and then, incredible though it may seem, he turned to Spain, and sought to obtain from the Spaniards themselves the funds with which to conquer their own territories.

This was the last touch necessary to complete the grotesque fantasy which his brain had evolved. He approached the Spanish minister first through one of his fellow conspirators, and then in his own person. At one time he made his request on the pretense that he wished to desert the other filibusters, and save Spain by committing a double treachery, and betraying the treasonable movement into which he had entered; and again he asked funds on the ground that all he wished to do was to establish a separate government in the West, and thus destroy the power of the United States to molest Spain. However, his efforts came to naught, and he was obliged to try what he could do unaided in the West.

In August, 1806, he again crossed the Alleghanies. His first stop of importance was at Blennerhassett's. Blennerhassett was the one person of any importance who took his schemes so seriously as to be willing to stake his fortune on their success. Burr took with him to Blennerhassett's his daughter, Theodosia, a charming woman, the wife of a South Carolinian, Allston.

The attractions of the daughter, and Burr's own address and magnetism, completely overcame both Blennerhassett and his wife. They gave the adventurer all the money they could raise, with the understanding that they would receive it back a hundredfold as the result of a land speculation which was to go hand in hand with the expected revolution. Then Blennerhassett began, in a very noisy and ineffective way, to make what preparations were possible in the way of rousing the Ohio settlers, and of gathering a body of armed men to serve under Burr when the time came. It was all done in a way that savored of farce rather than of treason.

There was much less comedy, however, in what went on in Kentucky and Tennessee, where Burr next went. At Nashville he was received with open arms by Jackson and Jackson's friends. This was not much to Jackson's credit, for by this time he should have known Burr's character; but the temptation of an attack on the Spaniards proved irresistible. As major-general, he called out the militia of West Tennessee, and began to make ready in good earnest to invade Florida or Mexico. At public dinners he and his friends and Burr made speeches in which they threatened immediate war against Spain, with which country the United States was at peace; but they did not threaten any attack on the Union, and indeed Jackson exacted from Burr a guarantee of his loyalty to the Union.

From Nashville the restless conspirator returned to Kentucky to see if he could persuade the most powerful of the Western States to take some decided step in his favor. Senator John Adair, former companion-in-arms of Wilkinson in the wars against the northwestern Indians, enlisted in support of Burr with heart and soul.

Kentucky society generally received him with enthusiasm. But there was in the State a remnant of the old Federalist party, which, although not formidable in numbers, possessed weight because of the vigor and ability of its leaders. The chief among them were Humphrey Marshall, former United States senator, and Joseph H. Daveiss, who was still district attorney, not having, as yet, been turned out by Jefferson.[1] These men saw—what Eastern politicians could not see—the connection between Burr's conspiracy and the former Spanish intrigues of men like Wilkinson, Sebastian, and Innes. They were loyal to the Union; and they felt a bitter factional hatred for their victorious foes, in whose ranks were to be found all the old-time offenders; so they attacked the new conspiracy with a double zest. They not only began a violent newspaper war upon Burr and all the former conspirators, but also proceeded to invoke the aid of the courts and the legislature against them. Their exposure of the former Spanish intrigues, as well as of Burr's plots, attracted wide-spread attention in the West, even at New Orleans;[2] but the Kentuckians, though angry and ashamed, were at first reluctant to be convinced. Twice Daveiss presented Burr for treason before the grand jury; twice the grand jury declared in his favor; and the leaders of the Kentucky Democracy gave him their countenance, while Henry Clay acted as his counsel. Daveiss, by a constant succession of letters, kept Jefferson fully informed of all that was done. Though his attacks on Burr for the moment seemed failures, they really accomplished their object. They created such uneasiness that the prominent Kentuckians made haste to clear themselves of all possible connection with any treasonable scheme. Henry Clay demanded and received from Burr a formal pledge that his plans were in nowise hostile to the Union; and the other people upon whom Burr counted most, both in Ohio and Kentucky, hastily followed this example. This immediate defection showed how hopeless Burr's plans were. The moment he attempted to put them into execution, their utter futility was certain to be exposed.

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[1] For the Kentucky episode, see Marshall and Green. Gayarré is the authority for what occurred in New Orleans. For the whole conspiracy, see Adams.

[2] Gayarré, IV, 180.

Meanwhile Jefferson's policy with the Spaniards, which neither secured peace nor made ready for war, kept up constant irritation on the border. Both the Spanish Governor Folch, in West Florida, and the Spanish General Herrera, in Texas, menaced the Americans.[1] Wilkinson hurried with his little army toward Herrera, until the two stood face to face, each asserting that the other was on ground that belonged to his own nation. Just at this time Burr's envoys, containing his final propositions, reached Wilkinson. But Wilkinson now saw as clearly as any one that Burr's scheme was foredoomed to fail; and he at once determined to make use of the only weapon in which he was skilled—treachery. At this very time he, the commander of the United States army, was in the pay of Spain, and was in secret negotiation with the Spanish officials against whom he was supposed to be acting; he had striven to corrupt his own army and had failed; he had found out that the people of the West were not disloyal. He saw that there was no hope of success for the conspirators; and he resolved to play the part of defender of the nation, and to act with vigor against Burr. Having warned Jefferson, in language of violent alarm, about Burr's plans, he prepared to prevent their execution. He first made a truce with Herrera in accordance with which each was to retire to his former position, and then he started for the Mississippi.

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[1] Gayarré, IV, 137, 151, etc.

When Burr found that he could do nothing in Kentucky and Tennessee, he prepared to go to New Orleans. The few boats that Blennerhassett had been able to gather were sent hurriedly downstream lest they should be interfered with by the Ohio authorities. Burr had made another visit to Nashville. Slipping down the Cumberland, he joined his little flotilla, passed Fort Massac, and began the descent of the Mississippi.

The plot was probably most dangerous at New Orleans, if it could be said to be dangerous anywhere. Claiborne grew very much alarmed about it, chiefly because of the elusive mystery in which it was shrouded. But when the pinch came it proved as unsubstantial there as elsewhere. The leaders who had talked most loosely about revolutionary proceedings grew alarmed, as the crisis approached, lest they might be called on to make good their words; and they hastened to repudiate all connection with Burr, and to avow themselves loyal to the Union. Even the creole militia—a body which Claiborne regarded with just suspicion—volunteered to come to the defense of the government when it was thought that Burr might actually attack the city.

But Burr's career was already ruined. Jefferson, goaded into action, had issued a proclamation for his arrest; and even before this proclamation was issued, the fabric of the conspiracy had crumbled into shifting dust. The Ohio legislature had passed resolutions, demanding prompt action against the conspirators; and the other Western communities followed suit. There was no real support for Burr anywhere. All his plot had been but a dream; at the last he could not do anything which justified, in even the smallest degree, the alarm and curiosity he had excited. The men of keenest insight and best judgment feared his unmasked efforts less than they feared Wilkinson's dark and tortuous treachery.[1] As he drifted down the Mississippi with his little flotilla, he was overtaken by Jefferson's proclamation, which was sent from one to another of the small Federal garrisons. Near Natchez, in January, 1807, he surrendered his flotilla, without resistance, to the acting governor of Mississippi Territory. He himself escaped into the land of the Choctaws and Creeks, disguised as a Mississippi boatman; but a month later he was arrested near the Spanish border, and sent back to Washington.

Thus ended ingloriously the wildest, most spectacular, and least dangerous, of all the intrigues for Western disunion. It never contained within itself the least hope of success. It was never a serious menace to the National Government. It was not by any means even a good example of Western particularistic feeling. It was simply a sporadic illustration of the looseness of national sentiment, here and there, throughout the country; but of no great significance, because it was in no sense a popular movement, and had its origin in the fantastic imagination of a single man.

It left scarcely a ripple in the West. When the danger was over Wilkinson appeared in New Orleans, where he strutted to the front for a little while, playing the part of a fussy dictator and arresting, among others, Adair, of Kentucky. As the panic subsided, they were released. No Louisianian suffered in person or property from any retaliatory action of the government;

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[1] E. G. Cowles Meade; see Gayarré, IV, 169.

but lasting good was done by the abject failure of the plot and by the exhibition of unused strength by the American people. The creoles ceased to mutter discontent, and all thought of sedition died away in the province.

The chief sufferers, aside from Blennerhassett, were Sebastian and Innes, of Kentucky. The former resigned from the bench, and the latter lost a prestige he never regained. A few of their intimate friends also suffered. But their opponents did not fare much better. Daveiss and Marshall were the only men in the West whose action toward Burr had been thoroughly creditable, showing alike vigor, intelligence, and loyalty. To both of them the country was under an obligation. Jefferson showed his sense of this obligation in a not uncharacteristic way by removing Daveiss from office; Marshall was already in private life, and all that could be done was to neglect him.

As for Burr, he was put on trial for high treason with Wilkinson as State's evidence. Jefferson made himself the especial champion of Wilkinson. Nevertheless, the general cut a contemptible figure at the trial, for no explanation could make his course square with honorable dealing. Burr was acquitted on a technicality. Wilkinson, the double traitor, the bribe-taker, the corrupt servant of a foreign government, remained at the head of the American army.

CHAPTER X

THE EXPLORERS OF THE FAR WEST

1804–1807

THE far West, the West beyond the Mississippi, had been thrust on Jefferson, and given to the nation, by the rapid growth of the Old West, the West that lay between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. The actual title to the new territory had been acquired by the United States Government, acting for the whole nation. It remained to explore the territory thus newly added to the national domain. The government did not yet know exactly what it had acquired, for the land was not only unmapped but unexplored. Nobody could tell what were the boundary-lines which divided it from British America on the north and Mexico on the south, for nobody knew much of the country through which these lines ran; of most of it, indeed, nobody knew anything. On the new maps the country now showed as part of the United States; but the Indians who alone inhabited it were as little affected by the transfer as was the game they hunted.

Even the northwestern portion of the land definitely ceded to the United States by Great Britain in Jay's treaty was still left in actual possession of the Indian tribes, while the few whites who lived among them were traders owing allegiance to the British Government. The headwaters of the Mississippi and the beautiful country lying round them were known only in a vague way; and it was necessary to explore and formally take possession of this land of lakes, glades, and forests.

Beyond the Mississippi all that was really well known was the territory in the immediate neighborhood of the little French villages near the mouth of the Missouri. The creole traders of these villages, and an occasional venturous American, had gone up the Mississippi to the country of the Sioux and the Mandans, where they had trapped and hunted and traded for furs with the Indians. At the northernmost points that they reached they occasionally encountered traders who had travelled south or southwesterly from the wintry regions where the British fur companies reigned supreme. The headwaters of the Missouri were absolutely unknown; nobody had penetrated the great plains, the vast seas of grass through which the Platte, the Little Missouri, and the Yellowstone ran. What lay beyond them, and between them and the Pacific, was not even guessed at. The Rocky Mountains were not known to exist, so far as the territory newly acquired by the United States was concerned, although under the name of "Stonies" their northern extensions in British America were already down on some maps.

The West had passed beyond its first stage of uncontrolled individualism. Neither exploring nor fighting was thenceforth to be the work only of the individual settlers. The National Government was making its weight felt more and more in the West, because the West was itself becoming more and more an important integral portion of the Union. The work of exploring these new lands fell, not to the wild hunters and trappers, such as those who had first explored Kentucky and Tennessee, but to officers of the United States army, leading parties of United States soldiers, in pursuance of the command of the government or of its representatives. The earliest and most important expeditions of Americans into the unknown country which the nation had just purchased were led by young officers of the regular army.

The first of these expeditions was planned by Jefferson himself and authorized by Congress. Nominally its purpose was in part to find out the most advantageous places for the establishment of trading stations with the Indian tribes over which our government had acquired the titular suzerainty; but in reality it was purely a voyage of exploration, planned with intent to ascend the Missouri to its head, and thence to cross the continent to the Pacific. The explorers were carefully instructed to report upon the geography, physical characteristics, and zoology of the region traversed, as well as upon its wild human denizens. Jefferson was fond of science, and in appreciation of the desirability of non-remunerative scientific observation and investigation he stood honorably distinguished among the public men of the day. To him justly belongs the credit of originating this first exploring expedition ever undertaken by the United States Government.

The two officers chosen to carry through the work belonged to families already honorably distinguished for service on the Western border. One was Captain Meriwether Lewis, representatives of whose family had served so prominently in Dunmore's war; the other was Lieutenant (by courtesy Captain) William Clark, a younger brother of George Rogers Clark.[1] Clark had served with credit through Wayne's campaigns, and had taken part in the victory of the Fallen Timbers.[2] Lewis had seen his first service when he enlisted as a private in the forces which were marshalled to put down the whiskey insurrection. Later he served under Clark in Wayne's army. He had also been President Jefferson's private secretary.

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[1] He had already served as captain in the army; see Coues's edition of the "History of the Expedition," LXXI.

[2] See his letters, quoted in Chapter V. There is a good deal of hitherto unused material about him in the Draper MSS.

The young officers started on their trip accompanied by twenty-seven men who intended to make the whole journey. Of this number one, the interpreter and incidentally the best hunter of the party, was a half-breed; two were French voyageurs; one was a negro servant of Clark; nine were volunteers from Kentucky; and fourteen were regular soldiers. All, however, except the black slave, were enlisted in the army before starting, so that they might be kept under regular discipline. In addition to these twenty-seven men there were seven soldiers and nine voyageurs who started only to go to the Mandan villages on the Missouri, where the party intended to spend the first winter. They embarked in three large boats, abundantly supplied with arms, powder, and lead, clothing, gifts for the Indians, and provisions.

The starting-point was St. Louis, which had only just been surrendered to the United States Government by the Spaniards, without any French intermediaries. The explorers pushed off in May, 1804, and soon began stemming the strong current of the muddy Missouri, to whose unknown sources they intended to ascend. For two or three weeks they occasionally passed farms and hamlets. The most important of the little towns was St. Charles, where the people were all creoles; the explorers in their journal commented upon the good temper and vivacity of these *habitants*, but dwelt on the shiftlessness they displayed and their readiness to sink back toward savagery, although they were brave and hardy enough. The next most considerable town was peopled mainly by Americans, who had already begun to make numerous settlements in the new land. The last squalid little village they passed claimed as one of its occasional residents old Daniel Boone himself.

After leaving the final straggling log cabins of the settled country, the explorers, with sails and paddles, made their way through what is now the State of Missouri. They lived well, for their hunters killed many deer and wild turkey and some black bear and beaver, and there was an abundance of breeding water-fowl. Here and there were Indian encampments, but not many, for the tribes had gone westward to the great plains of what is now Kansas to hunt the buffalo. Already buffalo and elk were scarce in Missouri, and the party did not begin to find them in any numbers until they reached the neighborhood of what is now southern Nebraska.

From there onward the game was found in vast herds and the party began to come upon those characteristic animals of the great plains which were as yet unknown to white men of our race. The buffalo and the elk had once ranged eastward to the Alleghanies and were familiar to early wanderers through the wooded wilderness; but in no part of the East had their numbers ever remotely approached the astounding multitudes in which they were found on the great plains. The curious prongbuck or prong-horned antelope was unknown east of the great plains. So was the blacktail, or mule-deer, which our adventurers began to find here and there as they gradually worked their way northwestward. So were the coyotes, whose uncanny wailing after nightfall varied the sinister baying of the gray wolves; so were many of the smaller animals, notably the prairie-dogs, whose populous villages awakened the lively curiosity of Lewis and Clark.

In their note-books the two captains faithfully described all these new animals and all the strange sights they saw. They were men with no pretensions to scientific learning, but they were singularly close and accurate observers and truthful narrators. Very rarely have any similar explorers described so faithfully not only the physical features but the animals and plants of a newly discovered land. Their narrative was not published until some years later, and then it was badly edited, notably the purely scientific portion; yet it remains the best example of what such a narrative should be. Few explorers who did and saw so much that was absolutely new have written of their deeds with such quiet absence of boastfulness, and have drawn their descriptions with such complete freedom from exaggeration.

Moreover, what was of even greater importance, the two young captains possessed in perfection the qualities necessary to pilot such an expedition through unknown lands and among savage tribes. They kept good discipline among the men; they never hesitated to punish severely any wrong-doer; but they were never oversevere; and as they did their full part of the work, and ran all the risks and suffered all the hardship exactly like the other members of the expedition, they were regarded by their followers with devoted affection, and were served with loyalty and cheerfulness. In dealing with the Indians they showed good humor and common sense mingled with ceaseless vigilance and unbending resolution. Only men who possessed their tact and daring could have piloted the party safely among the warlike tribes they encountered. Any act of weakness or timidity on the one hand, or of harshness or cruelty on the other, would have been fatal to the expedition; but they were careful to treat the tribes well and to try to secure their good-will, while at the same time putting an immediate stop to any insolence or outrage. Several times they were in much jeopardy when they reached the land of the Dakotas and passed among the various ferocious tribes whom they knew, and whom we yet know, as the Sioux. The French traders frequently came upriver to the country of the Sioux, who often maltreated and robbed them. In consequence Lewis and Clark found that the Sioux were inclined to regard the whites as people whom they could safely oppress. The resolute bearing of the newcomers soon taught them that they were in error, and after a little hesitation the various tribes in each case became friendly.

With all the Indian tribes the two explorers held councils, and distributed presents, especially medals, among the head chiefs and warriors, informing them of the transfer of the territory from Spain to the United States and warning them that henceforth they must look to the President as their protector, and not to the King, whether of England or of Spain. The Indians all professed much satisfaction at the change, which of course they did not in the least understand, and for which they cared nothing. This easy acquiescence gave much groundless satisfaction to Lewis and Clark, who further, in a spirit of philanthropy, strove to make each tribe swear peace with its neighbors. After some hesitation the tribe usually consented to this also, and the explorers, greatly gratified, passed on. It is needless to say that as soon as they had disappeared the tribes promptly went to war again; and that in reality the Indians had only the vaguest idea as to what was meant by the ceremonies, and the hoisting of the American flag. The wonder is that Clark, who had already had some experience with Indians, should have supposed that the councils, advice, and proclamations would have any effect of the kind hoped for upon these wild savages. However, together with the love of natural science inculcated by the fashionable philosophy of the day, they also possessed the much less admirable, though entirely amiable, theory of universal and unintelligent philanthropy which was embodied in this philosophy. A very curious feature of our dealings with the Indians, not only in the days of Lewis and Clark, but since, has been the combination of extreme and indeed foolish benevolence of purpose on the part of the government, with, on the part of the settlers, a brutality of action which this benevolent purpose could in nowise check or restrain.

As the fall weather grew cold the party reached the Mandan village, where they halted and went into camp for the winter, building huts and a stout stockade, which they christened Fort Mandan. Traders from St. Louis and also British traders from the North reached these villages, and the inhabitants were accustomed to dealing with the whites. Throughout the winter the party was well treated by the Indians, and kept in good health and spirits; the journals frequently mention the fondness the men showed for dancing, although without partners of the opposite sex. Yet they suffered much from the extreme cold, and at times from hunger, for it was hard to hunt in the winter weather, and the game was thin and poor. Generally game could be killed in a day's hunt from the fort; but occasionally small parties of hunters went off for a trip of several days, and returned laden with meat; in one case they killed thirty-two deer, eleven elk, and a buffalo; in another forty deer, sixteen elk, and three buffalo; thirty-six deer and fourteen elk, etc., etc. The buffalo remaining in the neighborhood during the winter were mostly old bulls, too lean to eat; and as the snows came on most of the antelope left for the rugged country farther west, swimming the Missouri in great bands. Before the bitter weather began the explorers were much interested by the methods of the Indians in hunting, especially when they surrounded and slaughtered bands of buffalo on horseback; and by the curious pens, with huge V-shaped wings, into which they drove antelope.

In the spring of 1805, Lewis and Clark again started westward, first sending downstream ten of their companions, to carry home the notes of their trip so far, and a few valuable specimens. The party that started westward numbered thirty-two adults, all told; for one sergeant had died, and two or three persons had volunteered at the Mandan villages, including a rather worthless French "squaw-man," with an intelligent Indian wife, whose baby was but a few weeks old.

From this point onward, when they began to travel west instead of north, the explorers were in a country where no white man had ever trod. It was not the first time the continent had been crossed. The Spaniards had crossed and recrossed it, for two centuries, farther south. In British America Mackenzie had already penetrated to the Pacific, while Hearne had made a far more noteworthy and difficult trip than Mackenzie, when he wandered over the terrible desolation of the Barren Grounds, which lie under the arctic circle. But no man had ever crossed or explored that part of the continent which the United States had just acquired; a part far better fitted to be the home of our stock than the regions to the north or south. It was the explorations of Lewis and Clark, and not those of Mackenzie on the north or of the Spaniards in the south, which were to bear fruit, because they pointed the way to the tens of thousands of settlers who were to come after them, and who were to build thriving commonwealths in the lonely wilderness which they had traversed.

From the Little Missouri on to the head of the Missouri proper the explorers passed through a region where they saw few traces of Indians. It literally swarmed with game, for it was one of the finest hunting-grounds in all the world.[1] There were great numbers of sage-fowl, sharp-tailed prairie-fowl, and ducks of all kinds; and swans, and tall white cranes; and geese, which nested in the tops of the cottonwood-trees. But the hunters paid no heed to birds, when surrounded by such teeming myriads of big game. Buffalo, elk, and antelope, whitetail and blacktail deer, and bighorn sheep swarmed in extraordinary abundance throughout the lands watered by the upper Missouri and the Yellowstone; in their journals the explorers dwell continually on the innumerable herds they encountered while on these plains, both when travelling upstream and again the following year when they were returning. The antelopes were sometimes quite shy; so were the bighorn; though on occasions both kinds seemed to lose their wariness, and in one instance the journal specifies the fact that, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, the deer were somewhat shy, while the antelope, like the elk and buffalo, paid no heed to the men whatever. Ordinarily all the kinds of game were very tame. Sometimes one of the many herds of elk that lay boldly, even at midday, on the sand-bars, or on the brush-covered points, would wait until the explorers were within twenty yards of them before starting. The buffalo would scarcely move out of the path at all, and the bulls sometimes even when unmolested, threatened to assail the hunters. Once, on the return voyage, when Clark was descending the Yellowstone River, a vast herd of buffalo, swimming and wading, ploughed its way across the stream where it was a mile broad, in a column so thick that the explorers had to draw up on shore and wait for an hour, until it passed by, before continuing their journey. Two or three times the expedition was thus brought to a halt; and as the buffalo were so plentiful, and so easy to kill, and as their flesh was very good, they were the mainstay for the explorers' table. Both going and returning this wonderful hunting country was a place of plenty. The party of course lived almost exclusively on meat, and they needed much; for, when they could get it, they consumed either a buffalo, or an elk and a deer, or four deer, every day.

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[1] It so continued for three-quarters of a century. Until after 1880 the region around the Little Missouri was essentially unchanged from what it was in the days of Lewis and Clark; game swarmed, and the few white hunters and trappers who followed the buffalo, the elk, and the beaver, were still at times in conflict with hunting-parties from various Indian tribes. While ranching in this region I myself killed every kind of game encountered by Lewis and Clark.

There was one kind of game which they at times found altogether too familiar. This was the grizzly bear, which they were the first white men to discover. They called it indifferently the grizzly, gray, brown, and even white bear, to distinguish it from its smaller, glossy, black-coated brother with which they were familiar in the Eastern woods. They found that the Indians greatly feared these bears, and after their first encounters they themselves treated them with much respect. The grizzly was then the burly lord of the Western prairie, dreaded by all other game, and usually shunned even by the Indians. In consequence it was very bold and savage. Again and again these huge bears attacked the explorers of their own accord, when neither molested nor threatened. They galloped after the hunters when they met them on horseback even in the open; and they attacked them just as freely when they found them on foot. To go through the brush was dangerous; again and again one or another of the party was charged and forced to take to a tree, at the foot of which the bear sometimes mounted guard for hours before going off. When wounded the beasts fought with desperate courage, and showed astonishing tenacity of life, charging any number of assailants, and succumbing but slowly even to mortal wounds. In one case a bear that was on shore actually plunged into the water and swam out to attack one of the canoes as it passed. However, by this time all of the party had become good hunters, expert in the use of their rifles, and they killed great numbers of their ursine foes.

Nor were the bears their only brute enemies. The rattlesnakes were often troublesome. Unlike the bears, the wolves were generally timid, and preyed only on the swarming game; but one night a wolf crept into camp and seized a sleeper by the hand; when driven off he jumped upon another man, and was shot by a third. A less intentional assault was committed by a buffalo bull which one night blundered past the fires, narrowly escaped trampling on the sleepers, and had the whole camp in an uproar before it rushed off into the darkness. When hunted the buffalo occasionally charged; but there was not much danger in their chase.

All these larger foes paled into insignificance compared with the mosquitoes. There are very few places on earth where these pests are so formidable as in the bottom-lands of the Missouri, and for weeks and even months they made the lives of our explorers a torture. No other danger, whether from hunger or cold, Indians or wild beasts, was so dreaded by the explorers as these tiny scourges.

In the plains country the life of the explorers was very pleasant save only for the mosquitoes and the incessant clouds of driving sand along the river-bottoms. On their journey west through these true happy hunting-grounds they did not meet with any Indians, and their encounters with the bears were only just sufficiently dangerous to add excitement to their life. Once or twice they were in peril from cloudbursts, and they were lamed by the cactus spines on the prairie, and by the stones and sand of the river-bed while dragging the boats against the current; but all these trials, labors, and risks were only enough to give zest to their exploration of the unknown land. At the Great Falls of the Missouri they halted, and were enraptured with their beauty and majesty; and here, as everywhere, they found the game so abundant that they lived in plenty. As they journeyed upstream through the bright summer weather, though they worked hard, it was work of a kind which was but a long holiday. At nightfall they camped by the boats on the river-bank. Each day some of the party spent in hunting, either along the river-bottoms through the groves of cottonwoods with shimmering, rustling leaves, or away from the river where the sunny prairies stretched into seas of brown grass, or where groups of rugged hills stood, fantastic in color and outline, and with stunted pines growing on the sides of their steep ravines. The only real suffering was that which occasionally befell some one who got lost, and was out for days at a time, until he exhausted all his powder and lead before finding the party.

Fall had nearly come when they reached the headwaters of the Missouri. The end of the holiday time was at hand, for they had before them the labor of crossing the great mountains so as to strike the headwaters of the Columbia. Their success at this point depended somewhat upon the Indian wife of the Frenchman who had joined them at Mandan. She had been captured from one of the Rocky Mountain tribes and they relied on her as interpreter. Partly through her aid, and partly by their own exertions, they were able to find, and make friends with, a band of wandering Shoshones, from whom they got horses. Having cached their boats and most of their goods they started westward through the forest-clad passes of the Rockies; before this they had wandered and explored in several directions through the mountains and the foot-hills. The open country had been left behind, and with it the time of plenty. In the mountain forests the game was far less abundant than on the plains and far harder to kill; though on the tops of the high peaks there was one new game animal, the white antelope-goat, which they did not see, though the Indians brought them hides. The work was hard, and the party suffered much from toil and hunger, living largely on their horses, before they struck one of the tributaries of the Snake sufficiently low down to enable them once more to go by boat.

They now met many Indians of various tribes, all of them very different from the Indians of the Western plains. At this time the Indians, both east and west of the Rockies, already owned numbers of horses. Although they had a few guns, they relied mainly on the spears and tomahawks, and bows and arrows with which they had warred and hunted from time immemorial; for only the tribes on the outer edges had come in contact with the whites, whether with occasional French and English traders who brought them goods, or with the mixed bloods of the northern Spanish settlements, upon which they raided. Around the mouth of the Columbia, however, the Indians knew a good deal about the whites; the river had been discovered by Captain Gray of Boston thirteen years before, and ships came there continually, while some of the Indian tribes were occasionally visited by traders from the British fur companies.

With one or two of these tribes the explorers had some difficulty, and owed their safety to their unceasing vigilance, and to the prompt decision with which they gave the Indians to understand that they would tolerate no bad treatment; while yet themselves refraining carefully from committing any wrong. By most of the tribes they were well received, and obtained from them not only information of the route, but also a welcome supply of food. At first they rather shrank from eating the dogs which formed the favorite dish of the Indians; but after a while they grew quite reconciled to dog's flesh; and in their journals noted that they preferred it to lean elk and deer meat, and were much more healthy while eating it.

They reached the rain-shrouded forests of the coast before cold weather set in, and there they passed the winter; suffering somewhat from the weather, and now and then from hunger, though the hunters generally killed plenty of elk, and deer of a new kind, the black-tail of the Columbia.

In March, 1806, they started eastward to retrace their steps. At first they did not live well, for it was before the time when the salmon came upstream, and game was not common. When they reached the snow-covered mountains[1] there came another period of toil and starvation, and they were glad indeed when they emerged once more on the happy hunting-grounds of the great plains. They found their caches undisturbed. Early in July they separated for a time, Clark descending the Yellowstone and Lewis the Missouri, until they met at the junction of the two rivers. The party which went down the Yellowstone at one time split into two, Clark taking command of one division, and a sergeant of the other; they built their own canoes, some of them made out of hollowed trees, while the others were bull-boats, made of buffalo-hides stretched on a frame. As before they revelled in the abundance of the game. They marvelled at the incredible numbers of the buffalo whose incessant bellowing at this season filled the air with one continuous roar, which terrified their horses; they were astonished at the abundance and tameness of the elk; they fought their old enemies the grizzly bears; and they saw and noted many strange and wonderful beasts and birds.

To Lewis there befell other adventures. Once, while he was out with three men, a party of eight Blackfoot warriors joined them and suddenly made a treacherous attack upon them and strove to carry off their guns and horses. But the wilderness veterans sprang to arms with a readiness that had become second nature. One of them killed an Indian with a knife-thrust; Lewis himself shot another Indian, and the remaining six fled, carrying with them one of Lewis's horses, but losing four of their own, which the whites captured. This was the beginning of the long series of bloody skirmishes between the Blackfeet and the Rocky Mountain explorers and trappers. Clark, at about the same time, suffered at the hands of the Crows, who stole a number of his horses.

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[1] The Bitter Root range, which they had originally crossed. For the bibliography, etc., of this expedition, see Coues's book. The MS. diary of one of the soldiers, Gass, has since been discovered in the Draper collection.

None of the party were hurt by the Indians, but some time after the skirmish with the Blackfeet Lewis was accidentally shot by one of the Frenchmen of the party and suffered much from the wound. Near the mouth of the Yellowstone Clark joined him, and the reunited company floated down the Missouri. Before they reached the Mandan villages they encountered two white men, the first strangers of their own color the party had seen for a year and a half. These were two American hunters named Dickson and Hancock, who were going up to trap the headwaters of the Missouri on their own account. They had come from the Illinois country a year before, to hunt and trap; they had been plundered, and one of them wounded, in an encounter with the fierce Sioux, but were undauntedly pushing forward into the unknown wilderness toward the mountains.

These two hardy and daring adventurers formed the little vanguard of the bands of hunters and trappers, the famous Rocky Mountain men, who were to roam hither and thither across the great West in lawless freedom for the next three-quarters of a century. They accompanied the party back to the Mandan village; there one of the soldiers joined them, a man named Colter, so fascinated by the life of the wilderness that he was not willing to leave it, even for a moment's glimpse of the civilization from which he had been so long exiled.[1]

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[1] For Colter, and the first explorers of this region, see "The Yellowstone National Park," by Captain H. M. Chittenden.

The three turned their canoe upstream, while Lewis and Clark and the rest of the party drifted down past the Sioux.

The further voyage of the explorers was uneventful. They had difficulties with the Sioux of course, but they held them at bay. They killed game in abundance, and went downstream as fast as sails, oars, and current could carry them. In September, they reached St. Louis and forwarded to Jefferson an account of what they had done.

They had done a great deed, for they had opened the door into the heart of the far West. Close on their tracks followed the hunters, trappers, and fur traders who themselves made ready the way for the settlers whose descendants were to possess the land. As for the two leaders of the explorers, Lewis was made governor of Louisiana Territory, and a couple of years afterward died, as was supposed, by his own hand, in a squalid log cabin on the Chickasaw trace—though it was never certain that he had not been murdered. Clark was afterward governor of the Territory, when its name had been changed to Missouri, and he also served honorably as Indian agent. But neither of them did anything further of note; nor indeed was it necessary, for they had performed a feat which will always give them a place on the honor roll of American worthies.

While Lewis and Clark were descending the Columbia and recrossing the continent from the Pacific coast, another army officer was conducting explorations which were only less important than theirs. This was Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike. He was not by birth a Westerner, being from New Jersey, the son of an officer of the Revolutionary army; but his name will always be indelibly associated with the West. His two voyages of exploration, one to the headwaters of the Mississippi, the other to the springs of the Arkansas and the Rio Grande, were ordered by Wilkinson, without authority from Congress. When Wilkinson's name was smirched by Burr's conspiracy the lieutenant likewise fell under suspicion, for it was believed that his southwestern trip was undertaken in pursuance of some of Wilkinson's schemes. Unquestionably this trip was intended by Pike to throw light on the exact nature of the Spanish boundary claims. In all probability he also intended to try to find out all he could of the military and civil situation in the northern provinces of Mexico. Such information could be gathered but for one purpose; and it seems probable that Wilkinson had hinted to him that part of his plan which included an assault of some kind or other on Spanish rule in Mexico; but Pike was an ardent patriot, and there is not the slightest ground for any belief that Wilkinson dared to hint to him his own disloyalty to the Union.

In August, 1805, Pike turned his face toward the headwaters of the Mississippi, his purpose being both to explore the sources of that river, and to show to the Indians, and to the British fur traders among them, that the United States was sovereign over the country in fact as well as in theory. He started in a large keelboat, with twenty soldiers of the regular army. The voyage upstream was uneventful. The party lived largely on game they shot, Pike himself doing rather more hunting than any one else and evidently taking much pride in his exploits; though in his journal he modestly disclaimed any pretensions to special skill. Unlike the later explorers, but like Lewis and Clark, Pike could not avail himself of the services of hunters having knowledge of the country. He and his regulars were forced to be their own pioneers and to do their own hunting, until, by dint of hard knocks and hard work, they grew experts, both as riflemen and as woodsmen.

The expedition occasionally encountered parties of Indians. The savages were nominally at peace with the whites, and although even at this time they occasionally murdered some solitary trapper or trader, they did not dare meddle with Pike's well-armed and well-prepared soldiers, confining themselves to provocation that just fell short of causing conflict. Pike handled them well, and speedily brought those with whom he came into contact to a proper frame of mind, showing good temper and at the same time prompt vigor in putting down any attempt at bullying. On the journey upstream only one misadventure befell the party. A couple of the men got lost while hunting and did not find the boat for six days, by which time they were nearly starved, having used up all their ammunition, so that they could not shoot game.

The winter was spent in what is now Minnesota. Pike made a permanent camp where he kept most of his men, while he himself travelled hither and thither, using dog-sleds after the snow fell. They lived almost purely on game, and Pike, after the first enthusiasm of the sport had palled a little, commented on the hard slavery of a hunter's life and its vicissitudes; for on one day he might kill enough meat to last the whole party a week and when that was exhausted they might go three or four days without anything at all.[1] Deer and bear were the common game, though they saw both buffalo and elk, and killed several of the latter. Pike found his small-bore rifle too light for the chase of the buffalo.

At the beautiful falls of St. Anthony, Pike held a council with the Sioux, and got them to make a grant of about a hundred thousand acres in the neighborhood of the falls; and he tried vainly to make peace between the Sioux and the Chippewas. In his search for the source of the Mississippi he penetrated deep into the lovely lake-dotted region of forests and prairies which surrounds the headwaters of the river. He did not reach Lake Itasca; but he did explore the Leech Lake drainage system, which he mistook for the true source.

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[1] Pike's *Journal*, entry of November 16, 1865.

At the British trading-posts, strong log structures fitted to repel Indian attacks, Pike was well received. Where he found the British flag flying he had it hauled down and the American flag hoisted in its place, making both the Indians and the traders understand that the authority of the United States was supreme in the land. In the spring he floated downstream and reached St. Louis on the last day of April, 1806.

In July he was again sent out, this time on a far more dangerous and important trip. He was to march west to the Rocky Mountains, and explore the country toward the head of the Rio Grande, where the boundary-line between Mexico and Louisiana was very vaguely determined. His party numbered twenty-three all told, including Lieutenant J. B. Wilkinson, a son of the general, and a Doctor J. H. Robinson, whose special business it was to find out everything possible about the Spanish provinces, or, in plain English, to act as a spy. The party was also accompanied by fifty Osage Indians, chiefly women and children who had been captured by the Pottawatomies, and whose release and return to their homes had been brought about by the efforts of the United States Government. The presence of these redeemed captives of course kept the Osages in good humor with Pike's party.

The party started in boats, and ascended the Osage River as far as it was navigable. They then procured horses and travelled to the great Pawnee village known as the Pawnee Republic, which gave its name to the Republican River. Before reaching the Pawnee village they found that a Spanish military expedition, several hundred strong, under an able commander named Malgares, had anticipated them, by travelling through the debatable land, and seeking to impress upon the Indians that the power of the Spanish nation was still supreme. Malgares had travelled from New Mexico across the Arkansas into the Pawnee country; during much of his subsequent route Pike followed the Spaniard's trail. The Pawnees had received from Malgares Spanish flags, as tokens of Spanish sovereignty. Doubtless the ceremony meant little or nothing to them; and Pike had small difficulty in getting the chiefs and warriors of the village to hoist the American flag instead. But they showed a very decided disinclination to let him continue his journey westward. However, he would not be denied. Though with perfect good temper, he gave them to understand that he would use force if they ventured to bar his passage; and they finally let him go by. Later he had a somewhat similar experience with a large Pawnee war-party.

The explorers had now left behind them the fertile, tree-clad country, and had entered on the great plains, across which they journeyed to the Arkansas, and then up that river. Like Lewis and Clark, Pike found the country literally swarming with game; for all the great plains region, from the Saskatchewan to the Rio Grande, formed at this time one of the finest hunting-grounds to be found in the whole world. At one place just on the border of the plains Pike mentions that he saw from a hill buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, and panther, all in sight at the same moment. When he reached the plains proper the three characteristic animals were the elk, antelope, and, above all, the buffalo.

The myriads of huge shaggy-maned bison formed the chief feature in this desolate land; no other wild animal of the same size, in any part of the world, then existed in such incredible numbers. All the early travellers seem to have been almost equally impressed by the interminable seas of grass, the strange, shifting, treacherous plains, rivers, and the swarming multitudes of this great wild ox of the West. Under the blue sky the yellow prairie spread out in endless expanse; across it the horseman might steer for days and weeks through a landscape almost as unbroken as the ocean. It was a region of light rainfall; the rivers ran in great curves through beds of quicksand, which usually contained only trickling pools of water, but in times of freshet would in a moment fill from bank to bank with boiling muddy torrents. Hither and thither across these plains led the deep buffalo trails, worn by the hoofs of the herds that had passed and repassed through countless ages. For hundreds of miles a traveller might never be out of sight of buffalo. At noon they lay about in little groups all over the prairie, the yellow calves clumsily frisking beside their mothers, while on the slight mounds the great bulls moaned and muttered and pawed the dust. Toward nightfall the herds filed down in endless lines to drink at the river, walking at a quick, shuffling pace, with heads held low and beards almost sweeping the ground. When Pike reached the country the herds were going south from the Platte toward their wintering-grounds below the Arkansas. At first he passed through nothing but droves of bulls. It was not until he was well toward the mountains that he came upon great herds of cows.

The prairie was dotted over with innumerable antelope. These have always been beasts of the open country; but the elk, once so plentiful in the great Eastern forests, and even now plentiful in parts of the Rockies, then also abounded on the plains, where there was not a tree of any kind, save the few twisted and wind-beaten cottonwoods that here and there in sheltered places fringed the banks of the rivers.

Lewis and Clark had seen the Mandan horsemen surround the buffalo-herds and kill the great clumsy beasts with their arrows. Pike records with the utmost interest how he saw a band of Pawnees in similar fashion slaughter a great gang of elk, and he dwells with admiration on the training of the horses, the wonderful horsemanship of the naked warriors, and their skill in the use of bow and spear. It was a wild hunting scene, such as belonged properly to times primeval. But indeed the whole life of these wild red nomads, the plumed and painted horse Indians of the great plains, belonged to time primeval. It was at once terrible and picturesque, and yet mean in its squalor and laziness. From the Blackfeet in the north to the Comanches in the south they were all alike; grim lords of war and the chase; warriors, hunters, gamblers, idlers; fearless, ferocious, treacherous, inconceivably cruel; revengeful and fickle; foul and unclean in life and thought; disdaining work, but capable at times of undergoing unheard-of toil and hardship, and of braving every danger; doomed to live with ever before their eyes death in the form of famine or frost, battle or torture, and schooled to meet it, in whatever shape it came, with fierce and mutterless fortitude.[1]

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[1] Fortunately these horse Indians, and the game they chiefly hunted, have found a fit historian. In his books, especially upon the Pawnees and Blackfeet, Mr. George Bird Grinnell has portrayed them with a master hand; it is hard to see how his work can be bettered.

When the party reached the Arkansas late in October Wilkinson and three or four men journeyed down it and returned to the settled country. Wilkinson left on record his delight when he at last escaped from the bleak wind-swept plains and again reached the land where deer supplanted the buffalo and antelope and where the cottonwood was no longer the only tree.

The others struck westward into the mountains, and late in November reached the neighborhood of the bold peak which was later named after Pike himself. Winter set in with severity soon after they penetrated the mountains. They were poorly clad to resist the bitter weather, and they endured frightful hardships while endeavoring to thread the tangle of high cliffs and sheer canyons. Moreover, as winter set in, the blacktail deer, upon which the party had begun to rely for meat, migrated to the wintering-grounds, and the explorers suffered even more from hunger than from cold. They had nothing to eat but the game, not even salt.

The travelling through the deep snow, whether exploring or hunting, was heart-breaking work. The horses suffered most; the extreme toil and scant pasturage weakened them so that some died from exhaustion; others fell over precipices; and the magpies proved evil foes, picking the sore backs of the wincing, saddle-galled beasts. In striving to find some pass for the horses the whole party was more than once strung out in detachments miles apart, through the mountains. Early in January, near the site of the present Canyon City, Pike found a valley where deer were plentiful. Here he built a fort of logs, and left the saddle band and pack-animals in charge of two of the members of the expedition; intending to send back for them when he had discovered some practicable route.

He himself, with a dozen of the hardiest soldiers, struck through the mountains toward the Rio Grande. Their sufferings were terrible. They were almost starved, and so cold was the weather that at one time no less than nine of the men froze their feet. Pike and Robinson proved on the whole the hardiest, being kept up by their indomitable will, though Pike mentions with gratification that but once, in all their trials, did a single member of the party so much as grumble.

Pike and Robinson were also the best hunters; and it was their skill and stout-heartedness, shown in the time of direst need, that saved the whole party from death. In the Wet Mountain valley, which they reached in mid-January, 1807, at the time that nine of the men froze their feet, starvation stared them in the face. There had been a heavy snow-storm; no game was to be seen; and they had been two days without food. The men with frozen feet, exhausted by hunger, could no longer travel. Two of the soldiers went out to hunt, but got nothing. At the same time, Pike and Robinson started, determined not to return at all unless they could bring back meat. Pike wrote that they had resolved to stay out and die by themselves, rather than to go back to camp "and behold the misery of our poor lads." All day they tramped wearily through the heavy snow. Toward evening they came on a buffalo, and wounded it; but faint and weak from hunger, they shot badly, and the buffalo escaped; a disappointment literally as bitter as death. That night they sat up among some rocks, all night long, unable to sleep because of the intense cold, shivering in their thin rags; they had not eaten for three days. But they were men of indomitable spirit, and next day trudging painfully on, they at last succeeded, after another heart-breaking failure, in killing a buffalo. At midnight they staggered into camp with the meat, and all the party broke their four days' fast. Two men lost their feet through frost-bite, and had to be left in this camp, with all the food. Only the fact that a small band of buffalo was wintering in the valley had saved the whole expedition from death by starvation.

After leaving this valley Pike and the remaining men of the expedition finally reached the Rio Grande, where the weather was milder and deer abounded. Here they built a little fort over which they flew the United States flag, though Pike well knew that he was in Spanish territory. When the Spanish commander at Sante Fé learned of their presence he promptly sent out a detachment of troops to bring them in, though showing great courtesy, and elaborately pretending to believe that Pike had merely lost his way.

From Santa Fé Pike was sent home by a roundabout route through Chihuahua, and through Texas, where he noted the vast droves of wild horses, and the herds of peccaries. He was much impressed by the strange mixture of new-world savagery and old-world feudalism in the provinces through which he passed. A nobility and a priesthood which survived unchanged from the Middle Ages held sway over serfs and made war upon savages. The Apache and Comanche raided on the outlying settlements; the mixed bloods, and the "tame" Indians on the great ranches and in the hamlets were in a state of peonage; in the little walled towns, the Spanish commanders lived in half-civilized, half-barbaric luxury, and shared with the priests absolute rule over the people roundabout. The American lieutenant, used to the simplicity of his own service, was struck by the extravagance and luxury of the Spanish officers, who always travelled with sumpter mules laden with delicacies; and he was no less struck with the laxity of discipline in all ranks. The Spanish cavalry were armed with lances and shields; the militia carried not only old-fashioned carbines but lassos and bows and arrows. There was small wonder that the Spanish authorities, civil, military, and ecclesiastical alike, should wish to keep intruders out of the land, and should jealously guard the secret of their own weakness.

When Pike reached home he found himself in disfavor, as was every one who was suspected of having any intimate relations with Wilkinson. However, he soon cleared himself, and continued to serve in the army. He rose to be a brigadier-general and died gloriously in the hour of triumph, when in command of the American force which defeated the British and captured York.

Lewis, Clark, and Pike had been the pioneers in the exploration of the far West. The wandering trappers and traders were quick to follow in their tracks, and to roam hither and thither exploring on their own accord. In 1807 one of these restless adventurers reached Yellowstone Lake, and another Lake Itasca; and their little trading stations were built far up the Missouri and the Platte.

While these first rough explorations of the far West were taking place, the old West was steadily filling with population and becoming more and more a coherent portion of the Union. In the treaties made from time to time with the northwestern Indians, they ceded so much land that at last the entire northern bank of the Ohio was in the hands of the settlers. But the Indians still held northwestern Ohio and the northern portions of what are now Indiana and Illinois, so that the settlement at Detroit was quite isolated; as were the few little stockades, or groups of fur traders' huts, in what are now northern Illinois and Wisconsin. The Southern Indians also surrendered much territory, in various treaties. Georgia got control of much of the Indian land within her State limits. All the country between Knoxville and Nashville became part of Tennessee, so that the eastern and middle portions of the State were no longer sundered by a jutting fragment of wilderness, infested by Indian war-parties whenever there were hostilities with the savages. The only Indian lands in Tennessee or Kentucky were those held by the Chickasaws, between the Tennessee and the Mississippi; and the Chickasaws were friendly to the Americans.

Year by year the West grew better able to defend itself if attacked, and more formidable in the event of its being necessary to undertake offensive warfare. Kentucky and Tennessee had become populous States, no longer fearing Indian inroads; but able on the contrary to equip powerful armies for the aid of the settlers in the more scantily peopled regions north and south of them. Ohio was also growing steadily; and in the Territory of Indiana, including what is now Illinois, and the Territory of Mississippi, including what is now northern Alabama, there were already many settlers.

Nevertheless the shadow of desperate war hung over the West. Neither the Northern nor the Southern Indians were yet subdued; sullen and angry they watched the growth of the whites, alert to seize a favorable moment to make one last appeal to arms before surrendering their hunting-grounds. Moreover in New Orleans and Detroit the Westerners possessed two outposts which it would be difficult to retain in the event of war with England, the only European nation that had power seriously to injure them. These two outposts were sundered from the rest of the settled Western Territory by vast regions tenanted only by warlike Indian tribes. Detroit was most in danger from the Indians, the British being powerless against it unless in alliance with the formidable tribes that had so long battled against American supremacy. Their superb navy gave the British the power to attack New Orleans at will. The Westerners could rally to the aid of New Orleans much more easily than to the aid of Detroit; for the Mississippi offered a sure channel of communication, and New Orleans, unlike Detroit, possessed some capacity for self-defense; whereas the difficulties of transit through the Indian-haunted wilderness south of the Great Lakes were certain to cause endless dangers and delays if it became necessary for the Westerners either to reinforce or to recapture the little city which commanded the straits between Huron and Erie.

During the dozen years which opened with Wayne's campaigns, saw the treaties of Jay and Pinckney, and closed with the explorations of Lewis, Clark, and Pike, the West had grown with the growth of a giant, and for the first time had achieved peace; but it was not yet safe from danger of outside attack. The territories which had been won by war from the Indians and by treaty from Spain, France, and England, and which had been partially explored, were not yet entirely our own. Much had been accomplished by the deeds of the Indian fighters, treaty-makers, and wilderness-wanderers; far more had been accomplished by the steady push of the settler-folk themselves, as they thrust ever westward, and carved states out of the forest and the prairie; but much yet remained to be done before the West would reach its natural limits, would free itself forever from the pressure of outside foes, and would fill from frontier to frontier with populous commonwealths of its own citizens.

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX A

It is a pleasure to be able to say that the valuable Robertson manuscripts are now in course of publication, under the direction of a most competent editor in the person of Mr. W. R. Garrett, Ph.D. They are appearing in the *American Historical Magazine*, at Nashville, Tenn.; the first instalment appeared in January, and the second in April, 1896. The magazine is doing excellent work, exactly where this work is needed; and it could not render a better service to the study of American history than by printing these Robertson papers.

After the present volume was in press Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, of Harvard, most kindly called my attention to the *Knox Papers*, in the archives of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, of Boston. These papers are of great interest. They are preserved in a number of big volumes. I was able to make only a most cursory examination of them; but Mr. Villard with great kindness went carefully through them, and sent me copies of those which I deemed important. There are a number of papers referring to matters connected with the campaigns against the Western Indians. The most interesting and valuable is a long letter from Colonel Darke giving a very vivid picture of St. Clair's defeat, and of the rout which followed. While it can hardly be said to cast any new light on the defeat, it describes it in a very striking manner, and brings out well the gallantry of the officers and the inferior quality of the rank and file; and it gives a very unpleasant picture of St. Clair and Hamtranck.

Besides the Darke letter there are several other manuscripts containing information of value. In vol.

XXIII, p. 169, there is a letter from Knox to General Harmar, dated New York, September 3, 1790. After much preliminary apology, Knox states that it "has been reported, and under circumstances which appear to have gained pretty extensive credit on the frontiers, that you are too apt to indulge yourself to excess in a convivial glass"; and he then points out the inevitable ruin that such indulgence will bring to the general.

A letter from St. Clair to Knox, dated Lexington, September 4, 1791, runs in part: "Desertion and sickness have thinned our ranks. Still, if I can only get them into action before the time of the levies expires, I think my force sufficient, though that opinion is founded on the calculation of the probable number that is opposed to us, having no manner of information as to the force collected to oppose us." On the 15th he writes from Fort Washington about the coming expiration of enlistments and says: "I am very sensible how hazardous it is to approach, under such circumstances, and my only expectation is that the men will find themselves so far engaged that it will be obviously better to go forward than to return, at the same time it precludes the establishment of another post of communication however necessary, but that indeed is precluded also from our decreasing numbers, and the very little dependence that is to be placed upon the militia."

Colonel Winthrop Sargent writes to General Knox from Fort Washington, on January 2, 1792. He states that there were fourteen hundred Indians opposed to St. Clair in the battle, and repeats a rumor that six hundred Indians from the Lakes quarrelled with the Miamis over the plunder, and went home without sharing any part, warning their allies that thereafter they should fight their battles alone. Sargent dwells upon the need of spies, and the service these spies would have rendered St. Clair. A few days afterward he writes in reference to a rumor that his own office is to be dispensed with, protesting that this would be an outrage, and that he has always discharged his duties well, having entered the service simply from a desire to be of use to his country. He explains that the money he receives would hardly do more than equip him, and that he only went into the army because he valued reputation and honor more than fortune.

The letters of the early part of 1792 show that the survivors of St. Clair's army were torn by jealousy, and that during the winter following his defeat there was much bitter wrangling among the various officers. Wilkinson frequently wrote to Knox giving his estimate of the various officers, and evidently Knox thought very well of him. Wilkinson spoke well of Sargent; but most of the other officers, whom he mentions at all, he mentions with some disfavor, and he tells at great length of the squabbles among them, his narrative being diversified at times by an account of some other incident such as "a most lawless outrage" by "a party of the soldiery on the person of a civil magistrate in the village of Cincinnati." Knox gives his views as to promotions in a letter to Washington, which shows that he evidently felt a good deal of difficulty in getting men whom he deemed fit for high command, or even for the command of a regiment.

One of the worst quarrels was that of the quartermaster, Hodgdon, first with Major Zeigler and then with Captain Ford. The major resigned, and the captain publicly insulted the quartermaster and threatened to horsewhip him.

In one letter Caleb Swan, on March 11, 1792, advises Wilkinson that he had been to Kentucky and had paid off the Kentucky militia who had served under St. Clair. Wilkinson, in a letter of March 13, expresses the utmost anxiety for the retention of St. Clair in command.

Among the numerous men whom Wilkinson had complained of was Harmar, who, he said, was not only addicted to drink, but was also a bad disciplinarian. He condemned the quartermaster also, although less severely than most of the other officers.

Darke's letter is worth quoting in full. Its spelling and punctuation are extraordinary; and some of the words cannot be deciphered.

Letter from Col. Darke to George Washington, president of the U. S., dated at Fort Washington, Nineth of Novr. 1791.

(*Knox Papers*, vol. XXX, p. 12.)

I take the liberty to Communicate to your Excellency the disagreeable News of our defeat.

We left fort Washington the Begining of Septr a Jornel of our march to the place of action and the whole proseeding on our march I hoped to have had the honour to inclose to you but that and all other papers cloathing & &c., was Taken by the Indians. This Jornel I know would have gave you pain but thought it not amis to Give you a State of facts and Give you every Information in my power and had it Ready to Send to you the Very Morning we were actacked.

We advanced 24 miles from fort Washington and bult a Small fort which we I thought were long about from thence we advanced along the banks of the Meamme River where the fort was arected 44½ Miles on a Streight Line by the Compass west ¼ north though farther the way the Road went and bult another fort. which we Left on the 23 October and from that time to the 3d Novr Got 31 Miles where we incamped in two Lines about 60 yards apart the Right whing in frunt Commanded by General Butler, the Left in the Rear which I commanded, our piccquets Decovered Some Sculking Indians about Camp in the Night and fired on them. Those we expected were hors-stealers as they had Taken Many of our horses near fort Washington, and on the way and killed a few of our Men.

As Soon as it was Light in the Morning of the 4th Novr the advanced Guards of the Meletia fired the Meletia Being incamped a Small distance in frunt a Scattering fire Soon Commenced The Troops were instandly formed to Reserve them and the pannack Struck Meletia Soon broke in to the Center of our incampment in a few Munites our Guards were drove in and our whole Camp Surrounded by Savages advencing up nere to our Lines and Made from behind trees Logs &c., Grate Havoke with our Men I for Some time having no orders [indevanced?] to pervent the Soldiers from braking and Stil finding the enemy Growing More bold and Coming to the very Mouths of our Cannon and all the brave artilery officers Killed I ordered the Left whing to Charge which with the assistance of the Gallent officers that were then Left I with deficuaty prevailed on them to do, the Second U S Regt was then the Least disabled the Charge begat with them on the Left of the Left whing I placed a Small Company of Rifelmen on that flank on the Bank of a Small Crick and persued the enemy about four hundred yards who Ran off in all directions but this time the Left flank of the Right whing Gave way and Number of the Indians Got into our Camp and Got possession of the Artilery and Scalped I Sopose a hundred men or more I turned back and beat them quite off the Ground and Got posesion of the Cannon and had it been possible to Get the troops to form and push them we Should then have Soon beat them of the Ground but those that Came from the Lelf whing Run in a huddle with those of the Right the enemys fire being allmost over for Many Munites and all exertions Made by many of the brave officer to Get them in Some order to persue Victory was all in Vain. they would not form in any order in this Confution they Remained until the enemy finding they were not pushed and I dare say Active officers with them and I believe Several of them white they Came on again, and the whole Army Ran toGether Like a Mob at a fair and had it not been for the Gratest Exertions of the officers would have stood there til all killed the Genl then Sent to me if possible to Get them off that Spot by Making a Charge I found my Endevours fruitless for Some time but at Length Got Several Soldiers together that I had observed behaving brave and

Incoraged them to lead off which they did with charged bayonetts Success the whole followed with Grate Rapidity I then endevoured to halt the frunt to Get them in Some order to turn and fire a few Shots but the horse I Rode being Good for little and I wounded in the thigh Early in the Action and having fatigued my Self much was So Stif I could make a poor hand of Running. the Confution in the Retreat is beyound description the Men throughing away their arms not withstanding all the indevour of the few Remaining Brave officers I think we must have Lost 1000 Stand of arms Meletia included. It is impossible to Give any Good account of the Loss of men at this time but from the Loss of officers you may Give Some Gess a list of their Names you have In Closed the Brave and Much to be Lemented G. B. at their Head I have Likewise in Closed you a Small Rough Scetch of the feald of battle. I at this time am Scarcely able to write being worn out with fatigue Not having Slept 6 hours Since the defeat. This fatigue has been occasioned by the Cowardly behaviour of Major John F. Hamtramck, and I am Sorry to say Not the Same exertions of the Govenor that I expected. Hamtramck was about Twenty four Miles in our Rear with the first U S Regiment Consisting of upwards of 300 effective men and on hearing of our defeat insted of Coming on as his orders was I believe to follow us Retreated back 7 miles to fort Jefferson we knowing of his being on his march after us and was in hopes of Grate Releif from him in Covering the Retreat of perhaps upwards of 200 or 300 wounded men Many of whom might easily bean Saved with that fresh Regiment with whom I should not have bean afraid to have passed the whole Indian army if they had persued as the would have bean worn down with the Chace and in Grate Disorder when we Got to the fort 31 miles in about 9 hours no one having eat any from the day before the action. we found the Garison without more than than one days bred and no meat having bean on half alowence two days there was a Council Called to which I aftar I beleive they had agreed what was to be done was called it was Concluded to march of & Recommence the Retreat at 10 oclock which was begun I think an hour before that time more than 300 wounded and Tired in our Rear the Govenor assured me that he expected provition on every hour I at first Concluded to stay with my Son who was very dangerously and I expected Mortaly wounded but after Geting Several officers dressed and as well provided for as possible and Seing the Influance Hamtramck had with the Genl about twelve oclock I got a horse and followed the army as I thought from apearences that Major Hamtramck had Influance anough to pervent the Garison from being Supplied with the provition Coming on by Keeping the first Regt as a guard for himself I Rode alone about ten Miles from twelve oclock at night until I overtook the Regiment and the Genl I still kept on until I met the pack horses about daylight Much alarmed at having heard Something of the defeat, the Horse master Could Not prevail on the drivers to Go on with him until I assured then I would Go back with them Lame as I was I ordered the horses to be loaded immediately and I Returned as fast as I could to hault the first Regiment as a guard, and when I met them told them to halt and make fires to Cook immediately as I made Sure they would be sent back with the provitions, but when I met the Govenor and Major Hamtramck I pervailed with Genl St. Clair to order 60 men back only which was all I could possibly get and had the bulock drivers known that was all the guard they were to have they would not have gone on nuther would the horse drivers I believe in Sted of the 120 hors loads Got on all the Rest went back with the army and though the Men had bean So Long Sterving and we then 47 miles from the place of action I could not pervail on them the Genl and his fammily or [advisers?] to halt for the sterved worn down Soldiers to Cook, nor did they I believe even Kill a bullock for their Releaf I went back to fort Jefferson that Night with the flour beaves &c. where they was No kind of provision but a Miserable Poor old horse and many Valuable officers wound there and perhaps 200 soldiers it was Night when I Got back I Slept not one moment that Night my son and other officers being in Such Distress. the next day I was busy all day—Getting — made to Carry of the wounded officers there being no Medison there Nor any Nourishment not even a quart of Salt but they were not able to bare the Motion of the horses. That Night I Set off for this place and Rode til about 12 oclock by which time my thigh was amassingly Sweld Near as large as my body and So hot that I could feel the warmth with my hand 2 foot off of it I could Sleep none and have Slept very Little Since the wounds begin to Separate and are much esier I am aprehensive that fort Jeferson is now beseiged by the indians as Certain Information has bean Received that a large body were on Sunday night within fifteen miles of it Coming on the Road we Marched out and I am Sorey to Se no exertions to Releive it I Cannot tel whether they have the Cannon they took from us or Not if they have not, they Cannot take it Nor I don't think they Can with for want of Ball which they have No Grate Number of. They took from us eight pieces of ordenence 130 bullocks, about 300 horses upwards of 200 Tents and a Considerable quantity of flour amunition and all the officers and Soldiers Cloathing and bagage except what they had on I believe they gave quarters to none as most of the Women were Killed before we left the Ground I think the Slaughter far Grater than Bradocks there being 33 brave officers Killd Dead on the Ground 27 wounded that we know of and Some Mising exclusive of the Meletia and I know their Cole. and two Captains were Killed I do not think our Loss so Grate as to Strike the Surviving officers with Ideas of despair as it Seems to. the Chief of the Men Killd are of the Levies and indeed many of them are as well out of the world as in it as for the Gallent officers they are much to be Lamented as the behaviour of allmost all of them would have done honour to the first Veterans in the world. the few that escaped without wounds it was Chiefly axedent that Saved them as it is impossible to Say more in their praise than they deserve.

In the few horse officers though they had no horses Good for anything Capt. Truman Lieut. Sedam Debuts Boins and Gleer behaved Like Soldiers. Capt. Snowder is I think Not Calculated for the army and Suliven Quartermaster and Commt is as Grate a poltoon as I ever saw in the world.[1]

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[1] Written and lined as above.

Ensign Shambury of the first United States Regiment is as brave Good and determined a Hero as any in the work Lieutenent James Stephenson from Berkeley of the Levies aded to one of the most unspoted and Respectable Carectors in the world in private Life as Good an officer as ever drew breth, his Gallent behavior in Action drew the attention of every officer that was Near him more than any other, There is one Bisel perhaps a volenteer in the Second U S Regiment who Richly deserved preferment for his bravery through the whole action he made the freeest use of the Baonet of any Man I noticed in the Carcases of the Savages. John Hamelton I cant say too much in praise of who was along with the army a packhorse master he picked up the dead mens guns and used them freely when he found them Loaded and when the Indians entered the Camp he took up an ax and at them with it. I am Intirely at a loss to Give you any idea what General St. Clair intends to do. I well know what I would do if I was in his place and would venture to forfet my Life if the Indians have not moved the Cannon farther than the Meamme Towns if I did not Retake them by Going there in three days insted of two months I well know the have Lost many of their braves & wariors and I make no doubt the have Near 100 wounded Their killed I cannot think Bare any perpotion to ours as they Lay so Concealed but many I know were killd and those the most dareing fellows which has weakened them Grately and I know we were able to beat them and that a violent push with one hundred brave men when the Left whing Returned from persuing them would have turned the Scale in our favor indeed I think fifty would in the Scatered State they were in and five or Six hundred Mounted Riflemen from Conetuck aded to the force we have would Be as Sure of Suchsess as they went many have offer to Go with me a number of officers ofer to Go as privates and I never was Treated with So much Respect in any part of the world as I have bean this day in this wilderness in the time I am offered My Choice of any horse belonging to the town as I Lost all my own horses I shall Se the General in the morning and perhaps be no more Satisfied than I am now. Though I have Spoke of all the officers with that Respect they Richly deserve I Cannot in Justice to Capt. Hannah help mentioning him as when all his men were killed wounded and Scatered except four Got a (?) that belonged to Capt. Darkes Company when the Cannon was Retaken the Artilery men being all killed and Lying in heaps about the Peases who he draged away and Stood to the Cannon himSelf til the Retreat and then within a few yards of the enemy Spiked the Gun with his Baonet Capt. Brack (?) and all the Captains of the Maryland Line I cannot Say too much in their praise. I have taken the Liberty of Writing So perticculer to you as I think no one Can Give a better account nor do I think you will Get an account from any that Saw So much of the action Genl. St. Clair not Being able to Run about as I was if his inclination had been as Grate I hope in the Course of the winter to have the pleasure of Seeing you when I may have it in my power to answer any questions you are pleased to ask Concerning the unfortunate Campain. I

Have the Honour to be
your Excellencys most obt.
and most humble servent
Wm. Darke.

10 Novr. I have prevailed on the Good Genl. to send a Strong party To Carry Supplies to fort Jeferson which I hope will be able to Releve it and as I have polticed wound and the Swelling much Asswaged if I find myself able to Set on hors back will Go with the party as I Can be very warm by Laping myself with blankets.

Wm. Darke.

His Excellency
The President of the United States.

APPENDIX B

INTRODUCTION TO THE NARRATIVE COVERING THE FOUNDING OF THE TRANS-ALLEGHANY COMMONWEALTH

1780–1790

THE period covered in this division includes the seven years immediately succeeding the close of the Revolutionary War. It was during these seven years that the Constitution was adopted, and actually went into effect —an event, if possible, even more momentous for the West than for the East. The time was one of vital importance to the whole nation—alike to the people of the inland frontier and to those of the seaboard. The course of events during these years determined whether we should become a mighty nation, or a mere snarl of weak and quarrelsome little commonwealths, with a history as bloody and meaningless as that of the Spanish-American states.

At the close of the Revolution the West was peopled by a few thousand settlers, knit by but the slenderest ties to the Federal Government. A remarkable inflow of population followed. The warfare with the Indians, and the quarrels with the British and Spaniards over boundary questions, reached no decided issue. But the rifle-bearing freemen, who founded their little republics on the Western waters, gradually solved the question of combining personal liberty with national union. For years there was much wavering. There were violent separatist movements, and attempts to establish complete independence of the Eastern States. There were corrupt conspiracies between some of the Western leaders and various high Spanish officials, to bring about a disruption of the Confederation. The extraordinary little backwoods State of Franklin began and ended a career unique in our annals. But the current, though eddying and sluggish, set toward union. By 1790 a firm government had been established west of the mountains, and the trans-Alleghany commonwealths had become parts of the Federal Union.

T. R.

Sagamore Hill, Long Island,
October, 1894.

APPENDIX C

INTRODUCTION TO THE RECORD OF THE ACCESSION OF THE TERRITORY OF LOUISIANA AND THE NORTHWEST

1791–1807

This division covers the period which followed the checkered but finally successful war waged by the United States Government against the northwestern Indians, and deals with the acquisition and exploration of the vast region that lay beyond the Mississippi. It was during this period that the West rose to real power in the Union. The boundaries of the old West were at last made certain, and the new West, the far West, the country between the Mississippi and the Pacific, was added to the national domain. The steady stream of incoming settlers broadened and deepened year by year; Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio became States, Louisiana, Indiana, and Mississippi Territories. The population in the newly settled regions increased with a rapidity hitherto unexampled; and this rapidity, alike in growth of population and in territorial expansion, gave the West full weight in the national councils.

The victorious campaigns of Wayne in the North, and the innumerable obscure forays and reprisals of the Tennesseeans and Georgians in the South, so cowed the Indians, that they all, North and South alike, made peace—the first peace the border had known for fifty years. At the same time the treaties of Jay and Pinckney gave us in fact the boundaries which the peace of 1783 had only given us in name. The execution of these treaties put an end in the North to the intrigues of the

British, who had stirred the Indians to hostility against the Americans; and in the South to the far more treacherous intrigues of the Spaniards, who showed astounding duplicity, and whose intrigues extended not only to the Indians, but also to the baser separatist leaders among the Westerners themselves.

The cession of Louisiana followed. Its true history is to be found, not in the doings of the diplomats, who determined merely the terms upon which it was made, but in the Western growth of the people of the United States from 1769 to 1803, which made it inevitable. The men who settled and peopled the Western wilderness were the men who won Louisiana; for it was surrendered by France merely because it was impossible to hold it against the American advance. Jefferson, through his agents at Paris, asked only for New Orleans; but Napoleon thrust upon him the great West, because Napoleon saw, what the American statesmen and diplomats did not see, but what the Westerners felt—he saw that no European power could hold the country beyond the Mississippi when the Americans had made good their foothold upon the hither bank.

It remained to explore the unknown land; and this task fell, not to mere wild hunters, such as those who had first penetrated the wooded wilderness beyond the Alleghanies, but to officers of the regular army, who obeyed the orders of the National Government. Lewis, Clark, and Pike were the pioneers in the exploration of the vast Territory the United States had just gained.

The names of the Indian-fighters, the treaty-makers, the wilderness-wanderers, who took the lead in winning and exploring the West, are memorable. More memorable still are the lives and deeds of the settler-folk for whom they fought and toiled; for the feats of the leaders were rendered possible only by the lusty and vigorous growth of the young commonwealths built up by the throng of westward-pushing pioneers. The raw, strenuous, eager social life of these early dwellers on the Western waters must be studied before it is possible to understand the conditions that determined the continual westward extension of the frontier. Tennessee, during the years immediately preceding her admission to Statehood, is especially well worth study, both as a typical frontier community, and because of the opportunity afforded to examine in detail the causes and course of the Indian wars.

In this division I have made use of the material to which reference was made in the preface of 1889; besides the *American State Papers*, I have drawn on the Canadian Archives, the Draper Collection, including especially the papers from the Spanish Archives, the Robertson MSS., and the Clay MSS. for hitherto unused matter. I have derived much assistance from the various studies and monographs on special phases of Western history; I refer to each in its proper place. I regret that Mr. Stephen B. Weeks's valuable study of the Martin family did not appear in time for me to use it while writing about the little State of Franklin in an earlier division of this narrative.

T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL, LONG ISLAND,
May, 1896.

APPENDIX D

THE NORTHWEST IN THE NATION[1]

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THE NORTHWEST IN THE NATION. Address before the Wisconsin Historical Society, Madison, Wis., January 24, 1893. First published in the "Proceedings" of that society, vol. XL, 1893, pp. 92–99.

A few separate copies were printed from the type of the "Proceedings" with the pagination unchanged but with the addition of the following title-page: THE NORTHWEST IN THE NATION. Biennial address before the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, January 24, 1893. By Theodore Roosevelt. (Reprinted from the "Proceedings" of the Fortieth Annual Meeting, Wisconsin State Historical Society, 1893.)

92–99 pp., 8vo, issued without wrappers.

I ALMOST wish I had chosen as a title "The Heart of Our Country," for I am speaking of the old Northwest, not of the new Northwest in the Rocky Mountains and on the Pacific slope, but of what was the Northwest at the beginning of this century, of the States that have grown up around the Great Lakes and in the valley of the upper Mississippi, the States which are destined to be the greatest, the richest, the most prosperous of all the great, rich and prosperous commonwealths which go to make up the mightiest republic the world has ever seen. These States, among which Wisconsin stands as the proud equal of her proud peers, form the heart of the country geographically, and they will soon become the heart in population and in political and social importance. Favored by a combination of soil and climate hardly elsewhere to be found, seated on the headwaters of the most important of navigable rivers and by the shores of the greatest inland seas of all the world, and peopled already by millions upon millions of a peculiarly thrifty and enterprising population, the material prosperity of these States of the woodland and the prairie is assured beyond all peradventure. Although the sowing is little more than begun we are already reaping and garnering a golden harvest. Yet I should be sorry indeed to think that before these States there loomed a future of material prosperity merely. I regard this section of the country as the heart of true American sentiment; I believe that here our native art and our native literature will receive no small portion of their full development. And when I speak of the literary development I cannot forbear touching for a moment upon that kind of literary development which is promoted by just such an institution as that at the request of which I am here to-night. If the proper study of mankind is man, then the proper study of a nation is its own history, and all true patriots should encourage in every way the associations which record the great deeds, and the successes and failures alike, of the forefathers of their people. Especially should such a society as the State Historical Society of Wisconsin be encouraged, for it is not only the father of all such societies in the West, but it may safely be said to have done more in the interests of American historical study than any other one society of the kind in any other State.

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[1] Address before the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, January 24, 1893. Published by the Society.

I hope to see you, my countrymen here, act as leaders of the American school of political thought, of the school native born and reared on our own principles, and in accordance with our own beliefs, the school which believes in fearlessly demanding one's own rights and instantly conceding the rights of others, which believes in justice to all, and frowns upon every species of civil or religious tyranny, whether the tyranny of the few or the tyranny of the many; in short, the school whose greatest exponent was the greatest American of the present century, Abraham Lincoln. I can speak to you to-night all the more freely because I know that deep in the hearts of every man in this Northwest is the belief that he is not only a citizen of his own State, but first of all a citizen of the entire United States; that he is an American first and above everything; and so I, your fellow American, have a right to glory, as you do, in every deed of your ancestors, in every feat performed by the people of your State as by the people of my own, precisely as I challenge as my own, and as all other Americans', every rood of land between the Atlantic and the Pacific, from the Red River of the North to the Rio Grande.

Prior to the Revolutionary War, the history of the Northwest enters but slightly and remotely into the history of the people who founded the United States. The Indians who roamed over the soil held relations, sometimes of war, sometimes of peace, with the French voyageurs and fur traders, who formed little villages here and there in the wilderness; and small parties of troops, carrying sometimes the banner of Spain, more often the haughty standard of Britain, here and there erected stockaded forts, and exacted or coaxed a precarious allegiance from Indian and Frenchman alike. But the Northwest only became a part of our country as a consequence of the expedition of that adventurous hero, George Rogers Clark.

The first Continental Congress was a thing of the past; the second Continental Congress had been held, the Declaration of Independence signed, Lexington and Bunker Hill had been fought, the terrible sufferings of the winter at Valley Forge had been endured, Trenton had been won, Burgoyne's army had been captured, and the United States had definitely taken its position among the nations of the earth, and still the country between the Ohio and the Great Lakes remained unchanged in the hands of its former masters. Then, in the midst of the stress of the Revolutionary War, Clark, on his own motion, but with the co-operation of the great Virginians, Jefferson and Patrick Henry, raised a small force of some two hundred hardy frontiersmen, descended the Ohio, and falling unexpectedly upon the French towns of the Illinois wrested them from the control of Britain. Vincennes, too, fell into his hands. The British commandant, marching down with a large force of British regulars, French volunteers, and Indian auxiliaries from Detroit, retook the latter; but Clark, striking across country with a resolute band of picked riflemen, defying every species of fatigue and hardship, surprised and captured the British garrison. From that time on the flag of the United States floated without serious molestation in the country adjoining the Ohio; and by the treaty of 1783 the entire Northwest was awarded to the United States. Nevertheless, the British remained in possession for a dozen years longer, and a series of desperate wars was waged by the United States armies against the northwestern Indians, who were supplied with arms and ammunition, and even with allies and leaders, from the British trading and military posts of the Great Lakes; and it was not until after Mad Anthony Wayne won the battle of the Fallen Timbers from the Shawnese, Wyandots, Delawares, and their confederates, and until Jay, with the approval of Washington, had negotiated his treaty with England, that the entire country passed under American control.

The Northwest was not won as was the Southwest. In the Southwest it was the individual initiative of the frontier settlers which added to our country State after State. This was true in the days when Daniel Boone crossed through the frowning Alleghany forests and wandered to and fro for months in the beautiful country of Kentucky without seeing a human face; in the years when the free settlers formed on their own motion the short-lived and well-nigh forgotten commonwealths of Wautauga, Transylvania, Franklin, and Cumberland, and out of them built the States of Kentucky and Tennessee; at the time that Andrew Jackson led his pioneer soldiery against the Creeks, and again when Austin brought his first colony to Texas, and Davy Crockett fell at the Alamo, and Houston won the battle of San Jacinto. The movements of the southwesterners were in advance of governmental action.

In the Northwest, too, there was much movement of the same sort. The stark frontier fighters, the pioneer settlers, the backwoods hunters, men like Brady and McCullough, Weitzel and Mansker, of English, Scotch, Irish, and German stock, with a few Huguenots and Hollanders mixed in (men of the kind immortalized in the works of Fenimore Cooper) were cast in the same mould, whether they dwelt in the valleys of the Monongahela and the Alleghany, or in those of the Cumberland and the Tennessee.

They were stout of body and strong of will, these our pioneer forefathers. They had the typically American capacity for self-help; they were self-reliant of spirit, and on the other hand they possessed also the power of organization and combination. Each man struck off into the wilderness by himself, provided with the two characteristic weapons and tools of the American backwoodsman, the long rifle and the shapely light-headed axe. Each cleared a section of the forest for himself, built his own rude log cabin, tilled with his own hands the stump-dotted clearing, and protected himself by his own skill and prowess against the assaults of brute or human foes. But as rapidly as the settlers became at all numerous they united to form some kind of town, county, or village government, electing their own peace officers to supervise their domestic concerns, precisely as they elected their own military leaders in time of warfare against the savages. Each little community took as a matter of right a full measure of local self-government from the beginning, and at the same time accepted in an almost equal matter-of-course way the primary fact that all these communities were to be regarded as united in a national whole. This attitude of mind, this combination of individual liberty on the one hand, with on the other a strong sense of nationality and appreciation of that orderly government which can only come through the supremacy of law, and by the recognition of the headship of the federal authority, was highly typical. It marks the sharp contrast between the successful settlement of the country north of the Rio Grande by the men of our people, and the disintegration and bloody chaos through which the South American republics are passing in emerging from the condition of colonial vassalage into that of sovereign statehood.

It is very interesting to read of the ways of life and habits of thought of these old pioneers, especially in their own journals and records, couched in the vigorous, homely English which was the tongue of their ordinary household use.

As we read these documents they bring before us the pictures of the pioneers themselves as they went about their various pursuits and duties. We can see the family or group of families journeying wearily through the wilderness, the laden pack-animals driven in single file, with maybe a gaunt cow or two and a yoke of oxen; the women ride, and the young children are carried in panniers on some quiet old horse, the boys drive the loose stock, and the older men slouch ahead, rifle on shoulder, ever alert for ambush and sudden attack. Or, perhaps they drift down some broad river in huge flat-bottomed, square-ended scows, always in dread of the Indians when they have to land at night, or when the current sweeps them too near the impenetrable forests which line the banks. We can see the cabin with its walls of chinked, unhewn logs, its puncheon floor, great fireplace and rude furniture, the skins of bear, elk, or buffalo lying on the bed; and the blockhouses and stockaded hamlets in which the population gather for refuge during Indian forays; and the rude log schoolhouse and the rude log meeting-house which are raised in each straggling frontier village as the children of the settlers grow up. We can see the stark husbandman wielding his axe or tilling the ground, while his wife indoors is busy with that woman's work which never ceases, whether getting ready the dinner to which the men are summoned from the fields by a blast from the conch shell, or working on the home-made garments with which her family are clothed. The hunters, the daring Indian fighters, stand out in their picturesque dress, with their fringed leggings and their tasselled hunting-shirts belted in at the waist with the girdle from which hang tomahawk and hunting-knife, and wearing on their heads caps of coon-skin or wolf-skin. Or again, brief records bring before us the magistrates of the little colony assembled in the improvised court-house to deal out that justice which is in accordance with the spirit rather than in the letter of the law.

These frontiersmen lived a life which is now fast vanishing away; there is no longer any frontier; and yet even to-day their analogues can be seen in the farther West. There they are the heroes of rope and revolver, who wander their lives long over the great plains, guarding the innumerable herds of branded cattle and shaggy horses, or living as hunters and trappers in the innermost recesses of the Rockies. The grim hunters of the mountains and wild rough riders of the plains are the true spiritual descendants and representatives of that hardy frontier folk which, daring the mystery of the unknown, plunged into the vast forests of the Ohio basin and into the regions lying around the Great Lakes, and in their blood and sweat laid the foundations of fair States.

Nevertheless, fully admitting the immense part played in the history of the Northwest by the essentially American spirit of individualism, which was so conspicuous in the Southwest, another fact must be taken into account. The Northwest, unlike the Southwest, was essentially the child of the Federal Government; it was essentially the creature of the Union, and it is right and fitting that it should now be the heart and head of the Union. Whereas in most of the Southwest the struggle against the original lord of the land, whether Indian or Spaniard, was made by the frontiersmen fighting for their own hand, in the Northwest the decisive and telling conflicts were those waged by Federal armies commanded by Federal generals—although of course in the ranks of these armies the sinewy pioneers themselves usually formed the bulk of the force. It was a national army, organized under the direction of Washington and led by that fine old Revolutionary hero, Mad Anthony Wayne, which won the fight of the Fallen Timbers from the warriors of the banded tribes of the Northwest, within sight and hearing of the British fort whence these Indians had drawn their supplies and arms. A few years later we were again plunged into war with the Indians and British for the possession of this region, and the British commissioners appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace at first insisted that there should be established here in the Northwest, including this very State, a great neutral zone of territory between the United States and Canada, to be allotted in perpetuity to the Indian tribes. That this was not done was due to the final outcome of the dreary campaigns which began with the triumph of

Tippecanoe, were rendered memorable by such disasters as that of the River Raisin, and closed with the victorious fight on the River Thames, in Canadian territory; while the American commissioners at Ghent, acting for the whole nation, stood firmly for the Western people; and the decisive battle was that won by Perry and the national squadron on Lake Erie. Thus here again we see the struggle for the Northwest maintained by the Federal armies under Federal leadership, and backed by Federal diplomacy.

It was thus with the affairs of peace quite as markedly as those of war. Whereas the Southwestern Territories grew each as seemed right in its own eye, the States around the Great Lakes sprang into being under that famous ordinance, almost the last passed by the Continental Congress which prohibited all slavery in the Northwestern Territory. Several times attempts were made by the Territorial legislatures to get Congress to nullify this ordinance, but in each instance Congress steadily refused. The far-reaching effects of this action of the National Government upon the welfare and prosperity not only of the Northwest but of the whole Union are incalculable and almost incredible, and this was a boon gained by the action of the Federal Government itself. In the same way the first permanent settlement of American citizens beyond the Ohio was undertaken with the direct aid and encouragement of the central authorities.

Thus the old Northwest, the middle or northern West of to-day, was the true child of the Federal Government, and the States now composing it, the States lying around the Great Lakes and in the valley of the upper Mississippi, sprang into being owing to the direct action of the Union founded by Washington. It was a striking instance of historic justice that in the second great crisis of this nation's history, the Northwest, the child of the Union, should have saved the Union, and should have developed in Abraham Lincoln, the one American who has the right to stand alongside of Washington; while it was from the Northwest that those great soldiers sprang, under whose victorious leadership the Northern armies fought to a finish, once and for all, the terrible Civil War. It was the Northwest which preserved the Union in the times that tried men's souls, and it is the Northwest which to-day typifies alike in inner life and in bodily prosperity those conditions which give us ground for the belief that our Union will be perpetual, and that this great nation has before it a career such as in all the ages of the past has never been vouchsafed to any other.

MEN OF ACTION

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES ON HISTORICAL PERSONALITIES
AND EVENTS

EDITOR'S NOTE

UNDER the title, "Men of Action," the Editor has brought together a number of Mr. Roosevelt's addresses and brief papers, dealing with notable events in American history, with certain heroic figures of the past, and with a score or more of eminent contemporaries. The papers belong to various periods of Mr. Roosevelt's life; the earliest to the time when he was Civil Service Commissioner, the latest to the years of the Great War, when, deprived of a place in the field, he was giving his body and spirit to the struggle on that other battlefront which divided true Americans from the foes of their own household. They deal with the services of men whose valiant souls found expression in one field or another of action which was of benefit to mankind—warriors, statesmen, diplomats, judges, artists, explorers, hunters, naturalists. They are done in broad lines and primary colors with a large stroke, forbidding analytical detail; dealing ostensibly with yesterday but dealing with it only as a point for quick departure into to-day and to-morrow.

These papers are in no sense historical studies; they are appeals to service, shouts to the bystanders to come into the battle, from one who is himself in the smoke and dust; vibrant and earnest, yet not without the touch of humor which gleams in the eyes of most good fighting men. They are warm with the glow of enthusiasm alike for noble causes and for the high souls who do not hesitate "to pay with their bodies for their souls' desire"; for Washington and Lincoln, first of all; for

Marshall and for Jackson; for Grant and for Lee; and for the men whom he personally knew and trusted, his mentors, some of them; his lieutenants, many of them; some of them his companions in silent places. "Here was a man!" he says in effect again and again. "Who would not be like him?"

The papers have been gathered from many sources. Some have been printed only in magazines, in *The Outlook*, mainly; some have appeared only in pamphlet form or as prefaces to books by others, or in memorial volumes privately printed. A dozen or more have been published in various editions of Mr. Roosevelt's presidential papers; two, the addresses on General Grant and Admiral Dewey, have hitherto been included in the volume entitled "The Strenuous Life." Great as is the interval of time which separates some from others, they are all in their nature akin, though one may express the young warrior's devotion to his first leader, and another the old, scarred Colonel's reverence for the youthful Galahad who found the cup and filled it with his own heart's blood.

H. H.

PREFACE[1]

A NATION must be judged in part by the character of its public men, not merely by their ability but by their ideals and the measure in which they realize these ideals; by their attitude in private life, and much more by their attitude in public life, both as regards their conception of their duties toward their country and their conception of the duty of that country, embodied in its government, toward its own people and toward foreign nations.

While the private life of a public man is of secondary importance, it is certainly a mistake to assume that it is of no importance. Of course, excellence of private conduct—that is, domestic morality, punctuality in the payment of debts, being a good husband and father, being a good neighbor—do not, taken together, furnish adequate reason for reposing confidence in a man as a public servant. But lack of these qualities certainly does establish a presumption against any public man. One function of any great public leader should be to exert an influence upon the community at large, especially upon the young men of the community; and therefore it is idle to say that those interested in the perpetuity of good government should not take into account the fact of a public man's example being something to follow or to avoid, even in matters not connected with his direct public services.

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[1] This Preface has been taken from an article entitled "National Character and the Characters of National Statesmen," which appeared in *The Outlook*, January 23, 1909.

But of course the public services themselves furnish the real test. The first duty of a general is to win campaigns. The first duty of a statesman is efficiently to work for the betterment of his country and for its good relations with the rest of the world. He must have high ideals, and in addition he must possess the practical sagacity and force that will enable him measurably to realize them. If he does not possess the high ideals, then the greater his ability the more dangerous he is and the more essential it is to hunt him out of public life. Sagacity, courage, all that makes for efficiency—these are of use only if the man's character is such that he will use them for good and not for evil. On the other hand, fine aspirations, no matter how good, are useless if a man lacks either strength and courage or else the practical good sense which will enable him to face facts as they actually are and to work with his fellows under existing conditions, instead of confining himself to complaints about the conditions, or to railing at the men because they are not other than he finds them.

It is the peculiar good fortune of the United States that in its two greatest citizens, Washington and Lincoln, it has developed men whose ideals were lofty, not only as regards their conduct toward their fellow citizens within the borders of their own land, but also as to the way in which their country should behave in dealing with other countries. These men were the greatest of their type, the type of Timoleon and Hampden, and it is no small honor to America that this, the highest, type of statesmanship should have here received its highest development. The fundamental difference between this type of public servant, the Washington-Lincoln type, and other types of public men as strong, as forceful, and as effective, is that the men of this type clearly recognize the fundamental principles of morality as applying among men and as applying among nations. They acknowledge moral obligations as of supreme force, and as binding them not only in their relations to their fellow countrymen but in their relations to all mankind. Both Washington and Lincoln were devoted Americans, devoted patriots. Each was willing to pour out the blood of the bravest and best in the land for a high and worthy cause, and each was a practical man, as far removed as possible from the sentimentalist and the doctrinaire. But each lived his life in accordance with a high ideal of right which forbade him to wrong his neighbor, and which when he became head of the state forbade him to inflict international wrong, as it forbade him to inflict private wrong. Each left to his countrymen as a priceless heritage the ennobling memory of a life which achieved great success through rendering far greater service, of a life lived in practical fashion for the achievement of lofty ideals, of a life lived in accordance with a standard of duty which forbade maltreatment of one man by another, which forbade maltreatment by one nation of another.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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MEN OF YESTERDAY

1

JOHN MARSHALL[1]

JOHN MARSHALL is one of the six or eight foremost figures of American statesmanship. He stands among the men who actually did the constructive work of building a coherent national fabric out of the loose jumble of exhausted and squabbling little commonwealths left on the Atlantic coast by the ebb of the Revolutionary War. This was an incredibly difficult work, because it had to be forced on a suspicious, short-sighted, and reluctant people by a small number of really great leaders. Foremost among these great leaders was Washington. Behind him, and serving him and his principles with fervent loyalty, were Hamilton and Marshall. Hamilton's extraordinary career of usefulness was crowded into the half-dozen years following the Constitutional Convention—a short period, but one during which his services were as signal as any ever rendered a nation in time of peace, while in intellect he showed a combination of brilliancy and solidity literally unparalleled in political annals. Marshall's career of greatness and usefulness really began only after Hamilton's had come to an end. It was less showy than Hamilton's, but much more long-continued, and the resulting benefit to the nation was as substantial.

Mr. Beveridge is peculiarly fitted to write the biography[2] of the great nationalist Chief Justice. He has himself played a distinguished part in our political life, and during his brilliant service of twelve years in the United States Senate he championed with fidelity all the honorable causes for which Marshall and his fellow Federalists stood a century before; he emulated their devoted nationalism, their advocacy of military preparedness, their insistence upon a wide application of the powers of the government under the national Constitution, and their refusal to worship shams instead of facts; and he followed Abraham Lincoln in refusing to follow the Federalists where they were wrong—that is, in their distrust of and high-spirited impatience with the people.

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[1] *The Outlook*, July 18, 1917.

[2] "The Life of John Marshall," by Albert J. Beveridge. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Only the first two volumes of the "Life" have been published. Their quality is such that, if the remaining volumes (which will deal with the overshadowingly important part of Marshall's career while he was chief justice) are as good, Mr. Beveridge will have produced a book which in serious worth will belong among the very few books of American political biography which stand in the first rank and form a class by themselves. Zeal, research, impartiality, acuteness of observation, and the power to write with interest and charm—all these combine to make Beveridge's life of Marshall almost as interesting to the cultivated general reader as to the man who is by profession a student of politics.

John Marshall came of the ordinary, plain, colonial stock; on his father's side, at least, his ancestors were of the usual successful immigrant type, which did not in colonial days differ essentially from the type of to-day, save as regards some special groups which came over to avoid religious or political persecution. Marshall himself was in the best sense of the term a self-made man. As a very young man he served in the Continental army under Washington, honorably but without special distinction. He earned his living as a hard-working Virginia lawyer; and Mr. Beveridge gives us interesting glimpses of his home life and of the pleasant, thoroughly provincial social life of the Virginia of his day. As a lawyer he showed marked ability, and Mr. Beveridge points out in striking fashion the boldness with which he relied on his own reasoning and the comparatively scant attention which he paid to precedents. This is an admirable quality in a profession like the law, which always tends to become formalized or fossilized; and it it is not merely an admirable, but an indispensable, quality in a great judge of the American type. The American judges who have left their mark deepest on history did so while acting, not really as judges at all, but as lawgivers; for, although nominally they only interpreted, in reality they made the law. In consequence, a judge like Marshall occupies in history a place such as no European judge could possibly have occupied.

Marshall was an entirely democratic man in every sense of the word which makes it a word of praise. He had not a particle of arrogance in dealing with others; was simple, straightforward, and unaffected, being at ease in the court-room or in any public gathering, with any neighbor of no matter what social standing. There was about him none of that starched self-consciousness which men who are more anxious to seem great than to be great are so apt to mistake for dignity. Indeed, it is apparent that in dress and in manner he was rather easy-going; during the years before he became chief justice the Jeffersonians complained bitterly that his specious aspect of democracy misled people into believing that he was not at heart an aristocrat. As a matter of fact, it was his democracy which was real and theirs which was spurious. He despised and detested shams. He was a struggling man of moderate means, like his great fellow Federalist Hamilton; neither had in him one touch of the demagogue or the insincere rhetorician; each regarded with scorn the mob spirit, especially when manifested in ferocious and lawbreaking envy of upright men of means; but each also sincerely endeavored to judge every man on his worth as a man and to shape the institutions and policy of his country with an eye single to the large national interests of the people as a whole.

Politically Marshall followed Washington, and steadily and earnestly supported and developed Washington's great policies. This inevitably threw him into sharp opposition to Jefferson, who was the underhanded but malignantly bitter leader of the anti-national forces which gradually rallied against the Washington policies. Virginia was then the leading State of the Union, and its attitude was of vital consequence. It was in a way proud of Washington, and his great character carried immense weight among Virginians as among all other Americans. There were certain Virginian leaders, among whom Marshall and "Lighthorse Harry" Lee were the most important, who were as strongly national in their beliefs and sympathies as Washington himself, and who were his consistent supporters; and there were other Virginian leaders who at one crisis or another supported Washington and the vital cause of national union—Madison at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, which Patrick Henry opposed, and Patrick Henry at the time of the nullification of the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions, which Madison fathered jointly with Jefferson, showing sheep-like submission to the abler, more crafty, and more unscrupulous man. Mr. Beveridge brings out clearly the way in which, partly owing to the adroit and successful demagogy of Jefferson, Virginia finally became so estranged from Washington that when his administration was closing the legislature actually refused to pass a formal resolution approving the wisdom of his course as President.

During the dozen years subsequent to the meeting of the convention which produced the Constitution that made us a nation Marshall practised law at intervals, and between times served in the State legislature, went as one of a commission on the famous "X. Y. Z." mission to the Republic of France, served a term in Congress, served a few months in President John Adams's Cabinet, and was appointed chief justice by Adams just before the latter left the presidency. He was a strong Federalist, but, unlike the dominant men of the party after they lost their leader, Washington, he never lost his head, and declined to go with his party when it unwisely defied popular feeling (in the case of the Alien and Sedition laws) by enacting legislation which the people *ought* to have approved, but which, as a matter of fact, they did not. No man was more ready to defy popular feeling when the crisis was so vital as to demand such defiance; but he was far too wise to treat this defiance as being normally desirable, or, indeed, as being desirable at all unless the case really was exceptional. Moreover, from the very fact that he lived in Virginia, which was rapidly becoming anti-national, he was himself far more truly national, with a far broader understanding of the national feelings and needs, than the New England and New York Federalists.

One of the grimly amusing features of his experience was the way in which the Jeffersonian or anti-national opponents of the adoption of the Constitution soon after turned round and simulated excessive zeal for the letter of the Constitution in order to destroy its spirit. Marshall, the champion of the Constitution when its adoption was in question and its greatest expounder after its adoption, was, of course, the leader in giving it a broad construction, in reading into it whatever was necessary in order to make it fulfil its purpose of securing justice for the people as a whole, in their national capacity. He was utterly incapable of treating it as a fetich or as a strait-jacket. The very men, however, who had opposed the adoption of the Constitution, immediately after it was adopted began, in the name of the Constitution, to oppose as "unconstitutional" the measures most necessary in order to make it effective as an instrument of national growth and defense. Jefferson and his followers took precisely the attitude adopted by the disciples of Calhoun during Jackson's presidency and by the Vallandighams and Seymours during Lincoln's presidency. Substantially the same attitude has been taken in our own time by the beneficiaries of abuses of a different kind, who likewise invoked the name of the Constitution in order to nullify efforts made to secure efficiency and justice for the plain, every-day citizens as a whole, through and under a broad construction of the Constitution.

Marshall had a rather bitter experience of popular folly in connection with the French Revolutionary craze which swept over the country. The Federalists did badly enough; their antagonism to the un-American and indeed quasi-treasonable championship of France against America by their opponents finally led them into an equally un-American and quasi-treasonable championship of England; but during the last decade of the eighteenth century it was these opponents, the Jeffersonians, who were wholly in the wrong.

The majority of the men who had done the real fighting in our own Revolutionary War became stanch Nationalists, and saw so much of the evil that springs from weak government and from lawlessness and disorder that they were among the strongest upholders of a strong government and of the efficient military forces without which there can be no strength. But the mass of those people who had shirked fighting were loud in mere talk against Great Britain and against monarchy, and in favor, not merely of a republican France, but even of the French Government when it had sunk under the control of groups of corrupt and blood-stained bandits to whom both liberty and honesty were in practice terms of derision. Marshall found on his mission to France that the highest French officials, including Talleyrand, expected to be bribed to perform even their ordinary official duties, and were as callously indifferent to all right and decency as the most obscurantist despot. Yet on his return he found Jefferson and his followers utterly indifferent both to the character of the French rulers and to the outrages committed by France against America, and anxious only to use the international situation as a means of humiliating their party antagonists, at no matter what cost to their country. Moreover, they combined with exquisite nicety two separate kinds of folly: the folly that blusteringly invites war, and the folly that rejects all preparation for war—like those present-day anti-Japanese agitators who have demanded or condoned action offensive to the Japanese while they have also screamed in favor of applied pacifism.

At the end of the eighteenth century the voters of this type were so numerous that Washington found himself wholly without the means of supporting the national honor and interest by war, or the serious threat of war, against the two powerful nations, France and England, which rivalled one another in outrages against the United States. The only course open to him under such conditions was a strict neutrality and the negotiation of treaties which saved as much of our credit as was possible, but which were humiliating, indeed, compared to what they would have been if Washington had possessed the ships and the army to warrant his taking a bold stand. And the very men who refused all his demands to build up the military strength of the country were also the very men who denounced him for following the only policy which the lack of military strength left open to him.

It is small wonder that strong, self-respecting, fearless men like John Marshall and Lighthorse Harry Lee grew to regard such men with scornful aversion. And their feeling of mingled bitterness and contempt was rendered only more intense by the triumph of their adversaries. The Federalists upheld the honor and the interest of the country, and, on the whole, represented what was highest and best in the American character. But their leading statesmen were riven by jealousies, and they developed very little of the not very high, but in popularly governed communities absolutely necessary, ability for political manipulation. Their opponents on the other side developed two past masters of adroit partisan politics in Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, and Aaron Burr, of New York; and when New York joined Virginia (Jefferson and Burr being their party's candidates for President and Vice-President respectively) the election went against Adams. With his defeat the Federalist party vanished forever from the field of national influence, save for one vital exception. Just before Adams left office he appointed as chief justice the man who for the next thirty years was to be the one great force for American nationalism—John Marshall.

2

ANDREW JACKSON[1]

Andrew Jackson, one of the men whose good fortune it has been to leave an indelible mark on American history, was born on March 15, 1767, almost on the dividing-line separating the western portions of what were then the English colonies of North and South Carolina. Like so many of the men who played a leading part in settling and raising to power the West and Southwest, he belonged to that stern and virile race, the Presbyterian Irish. During the middle decades of the eighteenth century the most important of the swarms of immigrants who came to America were these so-called Scotch-Irish. At that time they were more bitterly hostile to England than the Celtic-Irish themselves, and they and their sons and grandsons were enthusiastic supporters of the Patriot party during our Revolution.

Jackson himself was too young to take any part in the revolution as a soldier; but his kin-people and their friends fought and suffered for the American cause, and young Andrew helped them as well as a resolute, hardy boy might. The fortunes of the war in the Southern States were very various, and during one period of disaster the Royal troops overran the county where Jackson's family lived and treated the inhabitants with much brutality, as was too often the custom among both Whigs and Tories in those days though neither side ever began to behave with such brutality as did the English and Irish in Ireland, in 1798, or the French and other nations of Continental Europe at the same time. The Jacksons themselves were among those who were thus ill-treated. Young Andrew was struck by a British officer, with a sword, for refusing to pull off his boots, when made captive with other American militia after an unsuccessful fight. The sword scarred both his head and the hand with which he sought to ward the blow, and Jackson, as implacable in enmity as he was persistent in friendship, never forgot nor forgave the injury, and never cherished any save feelings of hostility toward the nation of the officer who inflicted it. After being thus captured he was for some time imprisoned, and was not released until famine and fever had brought him almost to death's door.

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[1] *The Chautauquan*, Jan., 1891.

After the close of the war he resided for some years in western North Carolina. He grew up a tall, spare young man, of fiery, resolute temper and high animal spirits, fond of all athletic sports and of horse-racing and cock-fighting and games of chance. His physical prowess and hot courage rendered him a most redoubtable foe, and there were few bullies of the neighborhood who did not shun an encounter with him. His early mental training was received at an "old-field" school; afterward he went to a log "academy" of somewhat more pretentious character. As he approached years of maturity he studied, and began the practice of, law.

When twenty-one years old he made up his mind to better his fortune by removing to what was then the far West, and accordingly he journeyed through the wilderness to Nashville, Tenn. Nashville was at that time a straggling village of rude log huts planted down in the midst of the beautiful forest country of middle

Tennessee. It had scarcely grown beyond the stockade stage, and was even yet at times in mortal dread of Indian attack. Small bodies of savages harassed the outskirts, killing stragglers and driving off horses, and also infested the trails which led from the town southward to Natchez, northward to Kentucky, or eastward to the older settled country along the headwaters of the Clinch and Holston.

Jackson had precisely the qualities fitted to render him a man of mark in this turbulent backwoods community. The Indian fighters, game-hunters, and frontier farmers who made up the population had many faults and shortcomings; but they were, after all, essentially a manly race, and they respected the young lawyer both for his indomitable courage and physical prowess, and for the resolute determination with which he stood by his friends and upheld the cause of order—as order was understood in that place and at that time. When Tennessee was made a State, in 1796, Jackson was elected as its first congressman, and shortly afterward as one of its senators. He took little part in the proceedings while a member of the national legislature. In the backwoods, love of freedom tended to confound itself with lawlessness, and the Federalist party had comparatively few supporters. Jackson himself was a radical Democrat in his feelings at this time, and he carried his party spirit so far as to refuse to take part in any measure designed to recognize the wisdom and beneficence of Washington's administration. In after-years it is not likely that even Jackson, little prone though he was to feel regret for anything he had done, cared to remember his attitude of sullen hostility to the founder of the Federal Government.

In 1798 Jackson returned to live in Tennessee, being made a judge of the supreme court of the State. He had already become a man of so much prominence as to be thrown into hostile collision with Governor Sevier, the famous Indian fighter and backwoods warrior, who was then easily first in the affections of the Tennesseeans. Duels and street-fights were at that time the recognized methods whereby gentlemen expressed their discontent with one another, and Sevier and Jackson indulged in several abortive scuffles; but as a matter of fact, each had such a reputation as a fighter that the other was a little bit cautious in pushing him to extremities, and their difficulties were finally patched up. This was not always the result in Jackson's duels, however, notably in one which he fought with a man named Dickenson. Dickenson was a crack shot and got the first fire, wounding Jackson severely in the body. The latter, however, made no sign of having been hit, and, firing back with the utmost steadiness, inflicted a mortal wound on his foe.

When Jackson was but twenty-four years old he married Mrs. Rachael Robards, the daughter of one of the old Nashville pioneers, Donaldson. Mrs. Robards's husband was living at the time, and being of a very jealous nature and having had many quarrels with his wife, was striving to obtain a divorce. Both Jackson and Mrs. Robards thought the divorce had been obtained, and it was not until they had been married for some time that they learned that such was not the case; and as a matter of fact it was not granted for two years afterward. Jackson was devoted to the wife whom he married under these rather inauspicious circumstances, and to the day of her death treated her with the most loving and tender kindness and respect. The peculiar circumstances of their marriage made him extremely sensitive to the least reflection upon it. It was the one subject to which no man dared allude, save with all possible respect, in his presence, or at any time when there was a chance of the allusion being brought to his ears.

During the first decade of the present century he tilled a plantation and kept a small store for a living, having taken up his home at The Hermitage, outside of Nashville, his house being then merely a large log cabin two stories high with a piazza and a huge, roaring fireplace. He remained, however, one of the leading spirits of Tennessee, and the War of 1812 brought him at once into national prominence.

He went heartily into the war from the first; was commissioned as a general, and took the field with a column of raw militia. The first campaign, however, resulted in nothing. The insubordination and fickleness of the militia and the intrigues of rivals rendered all Jackson's efforts abortive. In 1813 he was back at Nashville, and together with two of his friends got involved in a by-no-means-creditable affray with the Bentons, during the course of which he was severely wounded; but in the fall of that year the opportunity for distinction came, in the Creek war.

When the Creeks rose and opened the war with the terrible massacre at Fort Mimms, all Tennessee was at once thrown into a ferment of excitement. Troops were speedily raised for a campaign into the country of the hostile Indians, the Red Sticks, as they were styled. The column which Jackson commanded, after suffering some vicissitudes of fortune, finally won the decisive battle of the Horseshoe Bend, in which the defeated Creeks, after a desperate resistance, were butchered almost to a man. Immediately afterward, the hostile chief, Weathersford, galloped into Jackson's camp entirely alone and surrendered himself.

Jackson's name was now well known at Washington, and to him was allotted the defense of the Gulf Coast. With an army composed mainly of Tennesseeans he marched southward to the Gulf, drove the Spaniards from Pensacola and took his post at New Orleans, which was at that moment menaced by the attack of the most formidable British force sent to America during the war. During the next few days Jackson showed military talent of a very high order. With his raw troops he threw himself furiously on the British vanguard in a night attack, and handled it so roughly as to bring the whole forward movement of the enemy to a standstill until he had time to make preparations for a defense. When the British again advanced they found the American lines covered by strong earthworks, mounting a number of heavy guns and manned by the best marksmen of the Tennessee backwoods. They first attempted to batter down the earthworks with artillery, and were fairly beaten by the superior dexterity of the American gunners. Then, on January 8, 1815, they attempted to carry the lines by assault and were repulsed with terrible slaughter, their commander-in-chief himself being among the slain. A few days afterward they disembarked, and almost at the same time the news of peace was brought.

Jackson's success was achieved against the best troops of all Europe, while his own soldiers were militia or raw regulars whom he himself had trained. He was almost the only commander who ever succeeded in making the backwoodsmen amenable to discipline, but they loved and admired him extremely, and feared him not a little —a fear by no means without foundation, as he, and he alone among backwoods commanders, summarily punished in various ways, even by death, those of his men who were guilty of any flagrant disobedience of orders or breach of discipline.

The battle of New Orleans at once made Jackson one of the heroes of the country. His military service was even yet not at an end, for in 1818 the Seminole war broke out and he was sent against these refractory Indians. After a few months of wearisome campaign he reduced them to order for the time being, and incidentally, with a characteristic contempt for the niceties of international law, captured one or two Spanish forts which he deemed to be on American territory, and hung offhand a couple of Englishmen whom he found among the Spaniards, and whom he decided were spies.

At this time the political leadership of the country still remained in the hands of the men who had helped at the foundation of the government. Virginia, and after her Massachusetts, were the two leading States. But there was a great feeling of unrest growing up in the country at large, and the rising tide of democracy had long been chafing at the restraints imposed upon it by the old-school politicians of the stamp of Madison, Monroe, Gallatin, and Adams. This rampant democracy eagerly pitched upon Andrew Jackson as its fit champion and representative. The year 1824 saw the complete break-up of the Jeffersonian democracy, which had taken office in 1801. The presidency was scrambled for by four candidates, one of whom was Jackson. The friends of Adams, of Massachusetts, and the friends of Clay, of Kentucky, united, however, and elected the former, who put Clay into his Cabinet as secretary of state. Jackson furiously denounced this as a corrupt bargain, with, so far as appears, little or no justification. He had been reluctant at first to be drawn into political contests, but once in, the joy of battle overcame him, and his desire to succeed and to humble his foes took strong hold upon him. His followers began to call themselves first Jackson men and then Democrats, while the supporters of Adams and Clay became known as Whigs. In 1828 the fight was between Jackson and Adams, and the defeat of the latter was complete, Jackson carrying the entire West, almost all the South, and most of the Middle States. In 1832 he was re-elected over Clay.

As President, Jackson did much good and much evil. He was wholly incapable of distinguishing between a public and a private foe. To him an enemy of his own was of necessity an enemy of the nation, and he followed both with inveterate hostility. He wrought the nation permanent harm by introducing the most virulent form of the "spoils" system of politics into national affairs, turning out his political opponents wholesale and supplying their places with men whose only virtue was their partisanship. As a natural result, the public service deteriorated largely in efficiency, and embezzlement and fraud in connection with the public moneys became more frequent than ever before or since. He also became involved in a savage war with the United States Bank, a war in which he was ultimately successful. He had much justice on his side in this contest, and the destruction of the bank was by no means altogether to be regretted; but he created a worse evil than he destroyed when he undertook to meddle with the finances and help out divers wildcat State banks. The tremendous commercial panic in 1837 was due in part to his wild financial policy, although there were other causes as potent in producing it. However, there was one point where Jackson did so well that a lover of the nation must needs forgive him much for its sake. At this time South Carolina had entered on a career of nullification and incipient secession. Jackson had many faults, but he was devotedly attached to the Union, and he had no thought of fear when it came to defending his country. By his resolute and defiant bearing and his fervent championship of the Federal Government he overawed the Disunionist party and staved off for thirty years the attempt at secession.

After leaving the presidency, in 1837, he retired to The Hermitage, where he lived peacefully and happily until 1845, dying on June 8th of that year. With the exception of Washington and Lincoln, no man has left a deeper mark on American history; and though there is much in his career to condemn, yet all true lovers of America can unite in paying hearty respect to the memory of a man who was emphatically a true American, who served his country valiantly on the field of battle against a foreign foe, and who upheld with the most stanch devotion the cause of the great Federal Union.

3

LINCOLN THE PRACTICAL IDEALIST[1]

IMMEDIATELY after Lincoln's re-election to the presidency, in an offhand speech, delivered in response to a serenade by some of his admirers on the evening of November 10, 1864, he spoke as follows:

"It has long been a grave question whether any government not too strong for the liberties of its people can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies. On this point, the present rebellion brought our Republic to a severe test, and the presidential election, occurring in regular course during the rebellion, added not a little to the strain. . . . The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts in the case. What has occurred in this case must ever occur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men of this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us therefore study the incidents in this as philosophy to learn wisdom from and none of them as wrongs to be avenged. . . . Now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a re-election and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think for their own good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result."

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[1] Preface to the writings of Abraham Lincoln, ed. by Arthur Brooks Lapsley. N. Y., Putnam's, 1905. The Connoisseur's Federal edition. The Preface bears the date, Sagamore Hill, September 22, 1905.

This speech has not attracted much general attention, yet it is in a peculiar degree both illustrative and typical of the great statesman who made it, alike in its strong common sense and in its lofty standard of morality. Lincoln's life, Lincoln's deeds and words, are not only of consuming interest to the historian, but should be intimately known to every man engaged in the hard practical work of American political life. It is difficult to overstate how much it means to a nation to have as the two foremost figures in its history men like Washington and Lincoln. It is good for every man in any way concerned in public life to feel that the highest ambition any American can possibly have will be gratified just in proportion as he raises himself toward the standards set by these two men.

It is a very poor thing, whether for nations or individuals, to advance the history of great deeds done in the past as an excuse for doing poorly in the present; but it is an excellent thing to study the history of the great deeds of the past, and of the great men who did them, with an earnest desire to profit thereby so as to render better service in the present. In their essentials, the men of the present day are much like the men of the past, and the live issues of the present can be faced to better advantage by men who have in good faith studied how the leaders of the nation faced the dead issues of the past. Such a study of Lincoln's life will enable us to avoid the twin gulfs of immorality and inefficiency —the gulfs which always lie one on each side of the careers alike of man and of nation. It helps nothing to have avoided one if shipwreck is encountered in the other. The fanatic, the well-meaning moralist of unbalanced mind, the parlor critic who condemns others but has no power himself to do good and but little power to do ill—all these were as alien to Lincoln as the vicious and unpatriotic themselves. His life teaches our people that they must act with wisdom, because otherwise adherence to right will be mere sound and fury without substance; and that they must also act high-mindedly, or else what seems to be wisdom will in the end turn out to be the most destructive kind of folly.

Throughout his entire life, and especially after he rose to leadership in his party, Lincoln was stirred to his depths by the sense of fealty to a lofty ideal; but throughout his entire life, he also accepted human nature as it is, and worked with keen, practical good sense to achieve results with the instruments at hand. It is impossible to conceive of a man farther removed from baseness, farther removed from corruption, from mere self-seeking; but it is also impossible to conceive of a man of more sane and healthy mind—a man less under the influence of that fantastic and diseased morality (so fantastic and diseased as to be in reality profoundly immoral) which makes a man in this workaday world refuse to do what is possible because he cannot accomplish the impossible.

In the fifth volume of Lecky's "History of England," the historian draws an interesting distinction between the qualities needed for a successful political career in modern society and those which lead to eminence in the spheres of pure intellect or pure moral effort. He says: " . . . the moral qualities that are required in the higher spheres of statesmanship (are not) those of a hero or a saint. Passionate earnestness and self-devotion, complete concentration of every faculty on an unselfish aim, uncalculating daring, a delicacy of conscience and a loftiness of aim far exceeding those of the average of men, are here likely to prove rather a hindrance than an assistance. The politician deals very largely with the superficial and the commonplace; his art is in a great measure that of skilful compromise, and in the conditions of modern life, the statesman is likely to succeed best who possesses secondary qualities to an unusual degree, who is in the closest intellectual and moral sympathy with the average of the intelligent men of his time, and who pursues common ideals with more than common ability. . . . Tact, business talent, knowledge of men, resolution, promptitude and sagacity in dealing with immediate emergencies, a character which lends itself easily to conciliation, diminishes friction and inspires confidence, are especially needed, and they are more likely to be found among shrewd and enlightened men of the world than among men of great original genius or of an heroic type of character."

The American people should feel profoundly grateful that the greatest American statesman since Washington, the statesman who in this absolutely democratic Republic succeeded best, was the very man who actually combined the two sets of qualities which the historian thus puts in antithesis. Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter, the Western country lawyer, was one of the shrewdest and most enlightened men of the world, and he had all the practical qualities which enable such a man to guide his countrymen; and yet he was also a genius of the heroic type, a leader who rose level to the greatest crisis through which this nation or any other nation had to pass in the nineteenth century.[1]

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[1] For an illuminating analysis of Lincoln as "a wise and cautious radical," the reader is referred to Mr. Roosevelt's essay entitled "Washington and Lincoln," in "The Foes of Our Own Household," included in vol. XXI of this edition.

4

LINCOLN'S WORD AND LINCOLN'S DEED[1]

HERE where we meet to-day there occurred one of those memorable scenes in accordance with which the whole future history of nations is moulded. Here were spoken winged words that flew through immediate time and that will fly through that portion of eternity recorded in the history of our race. Here was sounded the key-note of the struggle which after convulsing the nation, made it in fact what it had only been in name—at once united and free. It is eminently fitting that this monument, given by the women of this city in commemoration of the great debate that here took place, should be dedicated by the men whose deeds made good the words of Abraham Lincoln—the soldiers of the Civil War. The word was mighty. Had it not been for the word the deeds could not have taken place; but without the deeds the word would have been the idlest breath. It is forever to the honor of our nation that we brought forth the statesman who, with far-sighted vision, could pierce the clouds that obscured the sight of the keenest of his fellows, could see what the future inevitably held; and moreover that we had back of the statesman, and behind him, the men to whom it was given to fight in the greatest war ever waged for the good of mankind, for the betterment of the world.

I have literally only a moment here, but I could not resist the chance that was offered me to stop and dedicate this monument, for greatly though we now regard

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[1] Address at Freeport, Ill., June 3, 1903.

Abraham Lincoln, my countrymen, the future will put him on an even higher pinnacle than we have put him. In all history I do not believe that there is to be found an orator whose speeches will last as enduringly as certain of the speeches of Lincoln; and in all history, with the sole exception of the man who founded this Republic, I do not think there will be found another statesman at once so great and so single-hearted in his devotion to the weal of his people. We cannot too highly honor him; and the highest way in which we can honor him is to see that our homage is not only homage of words; that to lip loyalty we join the loyalty of the heart; that we pay honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln by so conducting ourselves, by so carrying ourselves as citizens of this Republic, that we shall hand on undiminished to our children and our children's children the heritage we received from the men who upheld the statesmanship of Lincoln in the council, who made good the soldiership of Grant in the field.

5

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: CENTENARY ADDRESS[1]

We have met here to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the two greatest Americans; of one of the two or three greatest men of the nineteenth century; of one of the greatest men in the world's history. This rail-splitter, this boy who passed his ungainly youth in the dire poverty of the poorest of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor, lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life. After long years of iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory, he at last rose to the leadership of the Republic, at the moment when that leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time. He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save that which springs from doing well a painful and a vital task. Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow, but his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted him was to pour out like water the life-blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fibre the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him. As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front, high of heart, and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever.

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[1] Address at Hodgenville, Ky., February 12, 1909.

As a people we are indeed beyond measure fortunate in the characters of the two greatest of our public men, Washington and Lincoln. Widely though they differed in externals, the Virginia landed gentleman and the Kentucky backwoodsman, they were alike in essentials, they were alike in the great qualities which made each able to render service to his nation and to all mankind such as no other man of his generation could or did render. Each had lofty ideals, but each in striving to attain these lofty ideals was guided by the soundest common sense. Each possessed inflexible courage in adversity, and a soul wholly unspoiled by prosperity. Each possessed all the gentler virtues commonly exhibited by good men who lack rugged strength of character. Each possessed also all the strong qualities commonly exhibited by those towering masters of mankind who have too often shown themselves devoid of so much as the understanding of the words by which we signify the qualities of duty, of mercy, of devotion to the right, of lofty disinterestedness in battling for the good of others. There have been other men as great and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great. Widely though the problems of to-day differ from the problems set for solution to Washington when he founded this nation, to Lincoln when he saved it and freed the slave, yet the qualities they showed in meeting these problems are exactly the same as those we should show in doing our work to-day.

Lincoln saw into the future with the prophetic imagination usually vouchsafed only to the poet and the seer. He had in him all the lift toward greatness of the visionary, without any of the visionary's fanaticism or egotism, without any of the visionary's narrow jealousy of the practical man and inability to strive in practical fashion for the realization of an ideal. He had the practical man's hard common sense and willingness to adapt means to ends; but there was in him none of that morbid growth of mind and soul which blinds so many practical men to the higher things of life. No more practical man ever lived than this homely backwoods idealist; but he had nothing in common with those practical men whose consciences are warped until they fail to distinguish between good and evil, fail to understand that strength, ability, shrewdness, whether in the world of business or of politics, only serve to make their possessor a more noxious, a more evil member of the community, if they are not guided and controlled by a fine and high moral sense.

We of this day must try to solve many social and industrial problems, requiring to an especial degree the combination of indomitable resolution with cool-headed sanity. We can profit by the way in which Lincoln used both these traits as he strove for reform. We can learn much of value from the very attacks which following that course brought upon his head, attacks alike by the extremists of revolution and by the extremists of reaction. He never wavered in devotion to his principles, in his love for the Union, and in his abhorrence of slavery. Timid and lukewarm people were always denouncing him because he was too extreme; but as a matter of fact he never went to extremes, he worked step by step; and because of this the extremists hated and denounced him with a fervor which now seems to us fantastic in its deification of the unreal and the impossible. At the very time when one side was holding him up as the apostle of social revolution because he was against slavery, the leading abolitionist denounced him as the "slave hound of Illinois." When he was the second time candidate for President, the majority of his opponents attacked him because of what they termed his extreme radicalism, while a minority threatened to bolt his nomination because he was not radical enough. He had continually to check those who wished to go forward too fast, at the very time that he overrode the opposition of those who wished not to go forward at all. The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously, without either halt or hurry, as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene.

Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the America of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which Lincoln could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed. In the hour of a triumph that would have turned any weaker man's head, in the heat of a struggle which spurred many a good man to dreadful vindictiveness, he said truthfully that so long as he had been in his office he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom, and besought his supporters to study the incidents of the trial through which they were passing as philosophy from which to learn wisdom and not as wrongs to be avenged; ending with the solemn exhortation that, as the strife was over, all should reunite in a common effort to save their common country.

He lived in days that were great and terrible, when brother fought against brother for what each sincerely deemed to be the right. In a contest so grim the strong men who alone can carry it through are rarely able to do justice to the deep convictions of those with whom they grapple in mortal strife. At such times men see through a glass darkly; to only the rarest and loftiest spirits is vouchsafed that clear vision which gradually comes to all, even to the lesser, as the struggle fades into distance, and wounds are forgotten, and peace creeps back to the hearts that were hurt. But to Lincoln was given this supreme vision. He did not hate the man from whom he differed. Weakness was as foreign as wickedness to his strong, gentle nature; but his courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering of dark passion. He saw clearly that the same high qualities, the same courage, and willingness for self-sacrifice, and devotion to the right as it was given them to see the right, belonged both to the men of the North and to the men of the South. As the years roll by, and as all of us, wherever we dwell, grow to feel an equal pride in the valor and self-devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, so this whole nation will grow to feel a peculiar sense of pride in the man whose blood was shed for the union of his people and for the freedom of a race; the lover of his country and of all mankind; the mightiest of the mighty men who mastered the mighty days; Abraham Lincoln.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S PEW[1]

A MAN would be a poor citizen of this country if he could sit in Abraham Lincoln's pew and not feel the solemn sense of the associations borne in upon him; and I wish to thank the people of this church for that reverence for the historic past, for the sense of historic continuity, which has made them keep this pew unchanged. I hope it will remain unchanged in this church as long as our country endures. We have not too many monuments of the past; let us keep every bit of association with that which is highest and best of the past as a reminder to us, equally of what we owe to those who have gone before and of how we should show our appreciation. This evening I sit in this pew of Abraham Lincoln's, together with Abraham Lincoln's private secretary, who, for my good fortune, now serves as secretary of state in my Cabinet.

If ever there lived a President who during his term of service needed all of the consolation and of the strength that he could draw from the unseen powers above him, it was Abraham Lincoln, who worked and suffered for the people, and when he had lived for them to good end gave his life at the end. If ever there was a man who practically applied what was taught in our churches, it was Abraham Lincoln. The other day I was rereading —on the suggestion of Mr. Hay—a little speech not often quoted of his, yet which seems to me one of the most remarkable that he ever made; delivered right after his re-election, I think, to a body of serenaders who had come, if my memory is correct, from Maryland, and called for an address from him from the White House. It is extraordinary to read that speech, and to realize that the man who made it had just come successfully through a great political contest in which he felt that so much was at stake for the nation that he had no time to think whether or not anything was at stake for himself. The speech is devoid of the least shade of bitterness. There is not a word of unseemly triumph over those who have been defeated. There is not a word of glorification of himself, or in any improper sense of his party. There is an earnest appeal, now that the election is over, now that the civic strife has been completed, for all decent men who love the country to join together in service to the country; and in the speech he uses a thoroughly Lincoln-like phrase when he says "I have not willingly planted a thorn in the breast of any man," thus trying to make clear that he has nothing to say against any opponent, no bitterness toward any opponent; that all he wishes is that those who opposed him should join with those who favored him in working toward a common end. In reading his works and addresses, one is struck by the fact that as he went higher and higher all personal bitterness seemed to die out of him. In the Lincoln-Douglas debates one can still catch now and then a note of personal antagonism; the man was in the arena, and as the blows were given and taken you can see that now and then he had a feeling against his antagonist. When he became President and faced the crisis that he had to face, from that time on I do not think that you can find an expression, a speech, a word of Lincoln's, written or spoken, in which bitterness is shown to any man. His devotion to the cause was so great that he neither could nor would have feeling against any individual.

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[1] Address at the Centennial exercises in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., Nov. 16, 1903.

7

GRANT[1]

In the long run every great nation instinctively recognizes the men who peculiarly and pre-eminently represent its own type of greatness. Here in our country we have had many public men of high rank—soldiers, orators, constructive statesmen, and popular leaders. We have even had great philosophers who were also leaders of popular thought. Each one of these men has had his own group of devoted followers, and some of them have at times swayed the nation with a power such as the foremost of all hardly wielded. Yet as the generations slip away, as the dust of conflict settles, and as through the clearing air we look back with keener wisdom into the nation's past, mightiest among the mighty dead loom the three great figures of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. There are great men also in the second rank; for in any gallery of merely national heroes Franklin and Hamilton, Jefferson and Jackson, would surely have their place. But these three greatest men have taken their place among the great men of all nations, the great men of all time. They stood supreme in the two great crises of our history, on the two great occasions when we stood in the van of all humanity and struck the most effective blows that have ever been struck for the cause of human freedom under the law, for that spirit of orderly liberty which must stand at the base of every wise movement to secure to each man his rights, and to guard each from being wronged by his fellows.

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[1] Address at Galena, Ill., April 27, 1900.

Washington fought in the earlier struggle, and it was his good fortune to win the highest renown alike as soldier and statesman. In the second and even greater struggle the deeds of Lincoln the statesman were made good by those of Grant the soldier, and later Grant himself took up the work that dropped from Lincoln's tired hands when the assassin's bullet went home, and the sad, patient, kindly eyes were closed forever.

It was no mere accident that made our three mightiest men, two of them soldiers, and one the great war President. It is only through work and strife that either nation or individual moves on to greatness. The great man is always the man of mighty effort, and usually the man whom grinding need has trained to mighty effort. Rest and peace are good things, are great blessings, but only if they come honorably; and it is those who fearlessly turn away from them, when they have not been earned, who in the long run deserve best of their country. In the sweat of our brows do we eat bread, and though the sweat is bitter at times, yet it is far more bitter to eat the bread that is unearned, unwon, undeserved. America must nerve herself for labor and peril. The men who have made our national greatness are those who faced danger and overcame it, who met difficulties and surmounted them, not those whose lines were cast in such pleasant places that toil and dread were ever far from them.

Neither was it an accident that our three leaders were men who, while they did not shrink from war, were nevertheless heartily men of peace. The man who will not fight to avert or undo wrong is but a poor creature; but, after all, he is less dangerous than the man who fights on the side of wrong. Again and again in a nation's history the time may, and indeed sometimes must, come when the nation's highest duty is war. But peace must be the normal condition, or the nation will come to a bloody doom. Twice in great crises, in 1776 and 1861, and twice in lesser crises, in 1812 and 1898, the nation was called to arms in the name of all that makes the words "honor," "freedom," and "justice" other than empty sounds. On each occasion the net result of the war was greatly for the benefit of mankind. But on each occasion this net result was of benefit only because after the war came peace, came justice and order and liberty. If the Revolution had been followed by bloody anarchy, if the Declaration of Independence had not been supplemented by the adoption of the Constitution, if the freedom won by the sword of Washington had not been supplemented by the stable and orderly government which Washington was instrumental in founding, then we should have but added to the chaos of the world, and our victories would have told against and not for the betterment of mankind. So it was with the Civil War. If the four iron years had not been followed by peace, they would not have been justified. If the great silent soldier, the Hammer of the North, had struck the shackles off the slave only, as so many conquerors in civil strife before him had done, to rivet them around the wrists of freemen, then the war would have been fought in vain, and worse than in vain. If the Union, which so many men shed their blood to restore, were not now a union in fact, then the precious blood would have been wasted. But it was not wasted; for the work of peace has made good the work of war, and North and South, East and West, we are now one people in fact as well as in name; one in purpose, in fellow-feeling, and in high resolve, as we stand to greet the new century, and, high of heart, to face the mighty tasks which the coming years will surely bring.

Grant and his fellow soldiers who fought through the war, and his fellow statesmen who completed the work partly done by the soldiers, not only left us the heritage of a reunited country and of a land from which slavery had been banished, but left us what was quite as important, the great memory of their great deeds, to serve forever as an example and an inspiration, to spur us on so that we may not fall below the level reached by our fathers. The rough, strong poet of democracy has sung of Grant as "the man of mighty days, and equal to the days." The days are less mighty now, and that is all the more reason why we should show ourselves equal to them. We meet here to pay glad homage to the memory of our illustrious dead; but let us keep ever clear before our minds the fact that mere lip-loyalty is no loyalty at all, and that the only homage that counts is the homage of deeds, not of words. It is but an idle waste of time to celebrate the memory of the dead unless we, the living, in our lives strive to show ourselves not unworthy of them. If the careers of Washington and Grant are not vital and full of meaning to us, if they are merely part of the storied past, and stir us to no eager emulation in the ceaseless, endless war for right against wrong, then the root of right thinking is not in us; and where we do not think right we cannot act right.

It is not my purpose in this address to sketch, in even the briefest manner, the life and deeds of Grant. It is not even my purpose to touch on the points where his influence has told so tremendously in the making of our history. It is part of the man's greatness that now we can use his career purely for illustration. We can take for granted the fact that each American who knows the history of the country must know the history of this man, at least in its broad outline; and that we no more need to explain Vicksburg and Appomattox than we need to explain Yorktown. I shall ask attention, not to Grant's life, but to the lessons taught by that life as we of to-day should learn them.

Foremost of all is the lesson of tenacity, of stubborn fixity of purpose. In the Union armies there were generals as brilliant as Grant, but none with his iron determination. This quality he showed as President no less than as general. He was no more to be influenced by a hostile majority in Congress into abandoning his attitude in favor of a sound and stable currency than he was to be influenced by check or repulse into releasing his grip on beleaguered Richmond. It is this element of unshakable strength to which we are apt specially to refer when we praise a man in the simplest and most effective way, by praising him as a man. It is the one quality which we can least afford to lose. It is the only quality the lack of which is as unpardonable in the nation as in the man. It is the antithesis of levity, fickleness, volatility, of undue exaltation, of undue depression, of hysteria and neuroticism in all their myriad forms. The lesson of unyielding, unflinching, unfaltering perseverance in the course upon which the nation has entered is one very necessary for a generation whose preachers sometimes dwell overmuch on the policies of the moment. There are not a few public men, not a few men who try to mould opinion within Congress and without, on the stump and in the daily press, who seem to aim at instability, who pander to and thereby increase the thirst for overstatement of each situation as it arises, whose effort is, accordingly, to make the people move in zigzags instead of in a straight line. We all saw this in the Spanish War, when the very men who at one time branded as traitors everybody who said there was anything wrong in the army at another time branded as traitors everybody who said there was anything right. Of course such an attitude is as unhealthy on one side as on the other, and it is equally destructive of any effort to do away with abuse.

Hysterics of this kind may have all the results of extreme timidity. A nation that has not the power of endurance, the power of dogged insistence on a determined policy, come weal or woe, has lost one chief element of greatness. The people who wish to abandon the Philippines because we have had heavy skirmishing out there, or who think that our rule is a failure whenever they discover some sporadic upgrowth of evil, would do well to remember the two long years of disaster this nation suffered before the July morning when the news was flashed to the waiting millions that Vicksburg had fallen in the West and that in the East the splendid soldiery of Lee had recoiled at last from the low hills of Gettysburg. Even after this nearly two years more were to pass before the end came at Appomattox. Throughout this time the cry of the prophets of disaster never ceased. The peace-at-any-price men never wearied of declaiming against the war, of describing the evils of conquest and subjugation as worse than any possible benefits that could result therefrom. The hysterical minority passed alternately from unreasoning confidence to unreasoning despair; and at times they even infected for the moment many of their sober, steady countrymen. Eighteen months after the war began the State and congressional elections went heavily against the war-party, and two years later the opposition party actually waged the presidential campaign on the issue that the war was a failure. Meanwhile there was plenty of blundering at the front, plenty of mistakes at Washington. The country was saved by the fact that our people, as a whole, were steadfast and unshaken. Both at Washington and at the front the leaders were men of undaunted resolution, who would not abandon the policy to which the nation was definitely committed, who regarded disaster as merely a spur to fresh effort, who saw in each blunder merely something to be retrieved, and not a reason for abandoning the long-determined course. Above all, the great mass of the people possessed a tough and stubborn fibre of character.

There was then, as always, ample room for criticism, and there was every reason why the mistakes should be corrected. But in the long run our gratitude was due primarily, not to the critics, not to the faultfinders, but to the men who actually did the work; not to the men of negative policy, but to those who struggled toward the given goal. Merciful oblivion has swallowed up the names of those who railed at the men who were saving the Union, while it has given us the memory of these same men as a heritage of honor forever; and brightest among their names flame those of Lincoln and Grant, the steadfast, the unswerving, the enduring, the finally triumphant.

Grant's supreme virtue as a soldier was his doggedness, the quality which found expression in his famous phrases of "unconditional surrender" and "fighting it out on this line if it takes all summer." He was a master of strategy and tactics, but he was also a master of hard hitting, of that "continuous hammering" which finally broke through even Lee's guard. While an armed foe was in the field, it never occurred to Grant that any question could be so important as his overthrow. He felt nothing but impatient contempt for the weak souls who wished to hold parley with the enemy while that enemy was still capable of resistance.

There is a fine lesson in this to the people who have been asking us to invite the certain destruction of our power in the Philippines, and therefore the certain destruction of the islands themselves, by putting any concession on our part ahead of the duty of reducing the islands to quiet at all costs and of stamping out the last embers of armed resistance. At the time of the Civil War the only way to secure peace was to fight for it, and it would have been a crime against humanity to have stopped fighting before peace was conquered. So in the far less important, but still very important, crisis which confronts us to-day, it would be a crime against humanity if, whether from weakness or from mistaken sentimentalism, we failed to perceive that in the Philippines the all-important duty is to restore order; because peace, and the gradually increasing measure of self-government for the islands which will follow peace, can only come when armed resistance has completely vanished.

Grant was no brawler, no lover of fighting for fighting's sake. He was a plain, quiet man, not seeking for glory; but a man who, when aroused, was always in deadly earnest, and who never shrank from duty. He was slow to strike, but he never struck softly. He was not in the least of the type which gets up mass-meetings, makes inflammatory speeches or passes inflammatory resolutions, and then permits overforcible talk to be followed by overfeeble action. His promise squared with his performance. His deeds made good his words. He did not denounce an evil in strained and hyperbolic language; but when he did denounce it, he strove to make his denunciation effective by his action. He did not plunge lightly into war, but once in, he saw the war through, and when it was over, it was over entirely. Unsparing in battle, he was very merciful in victory. There was no let-up in his grim attack, his grim pursuit, until the last body of armed foes surrendered. But that feat once accomplished, his first thought was for the valiant defeated; to let them take back their horses to their little homes because they would need them to work on their farms. Grant, the champion whose sword was sharpest in the great fight for liberty, was no less sternly insistent upon the need of order and of obedience to law. No stouter foe of anarchy in every form ever lived within our borders. The man who more than any other, save Lincoln, had changed us into a nation whose citizens were all freemen, realized entirely that these freemen would remain free only while they kept mastery over their own evil passions. He saw that lawlessness in all its forms was the handmaiden of tyranny. No nation ever yet retained its freedom for any length of time after losing its respect for the law, after losing the law-abiding spirit, the spirit that really makes orderly liberty.

Grant, in short, stood for the great elementary virtues, for justice, for freedom, for order, for unyielding resolution, for manliness in its broadest and highest sense. His greatness was not so much greatness of intellect as greatness of character, including in the word "character" all the strong, virile virtues. It is character that counts in a nation as in a man. It is a good thing to have a keen, fine intellectual development in a nation, to produce orators, artists, successful business men; but it is an infinitely greater thing to have those solid qualities which we group together under the name of character—sobriety, steadfastness, the sense of obligation toward one's neighbor and one's God, hard common sense, and, combined with it, the lift of generous enthusiasm toward whatever is right. These are the qualities which go to make up true national greatness, and these were the qualities which Grant possessed in an eminent degree.

We have come here, then, to realize what the mighty dead did for the nation, what the dead did for us who are now living. Let us in return try to shape our deeds so that the America of the future shall justify by her career the lives of the great men of her past. Every man who does his duty as a soldier, as a statesman, or as a private citizen is paying to Grant's memory the kind of homage that is best worth paying. We have difficulties and dangers enough in the present, and it is the way we face them which is to determine whether or not we are fit descendants of the men of the mighty past. We must not flinch from our duties abroad merely because we have even more important duties at home. That these home duties are the most important of all every thinking man will freely acknowledge. We must do our duty to ourselves and our brethren in the complex social life of the time. We must possess the spirit of broad humanity, deep charity, and loving-kindness for our fellow men, and must remember, at the same time, that this spirit is really the absolute antithesis of mere sentimentalism, of soup-kitchen, pauperizing philanthropy, and of legislation which is inspired either by foolish mock benevolence or by class greed or class hate. We need to be possessed of the spirit of justice and of the spirit which recognizes in work and not ease the proper end of effort.

Of course the all-important thing to keep in mind is that if we have not both strength and virtue we shall fail. Indeed, in the old acceptation of the word, virtue included strength and courage, for the clear-sighted men at the dawn of our era knew that the passive virtues could not by themselves avail, that wisdom without courage would sink into mere cunning, and courage without morality into ruthless, lawless, self-destructive ferocity. The iron Roman made himself lord of the world because to the courage of the barbarian he opposed a courage as fierce and an infinitely keener mind; while his civilized rivals, the keen-witted Greek and Carthaginian, though of even finer intellect, had let corruption eat into their brilliant civilizations until their strength had been corroded as if by acid. In short, the Roman had character as well as masterful genius, and when pitted against peoples either of less genius or of less character, these peoples went down.

As the ages roll by, the eternal problem forever fronting each man and each race forever shifts its outward shape, and yet at the bottom it is always the same. There are dangers of peace and dangers of war; dangers of excess in militarism and of excess by the avoidance of duty that implies militarism; dangers of slow dry-rot, and dangers which become acute only in great crises. When these crises come, the nation will triumph or sink accordingly as it produces or fails to produce statesmen like Lincoln and soldiers like Grant, and accordingly as it does or does not back them in their efforts. We do not need men of unsteady brilliancy or erratic power—unbalanced men. The men we need are the men of strong, earnest, solid character—the men who possess the homely virtues, and who to these virtues add rugged courage, rugged honesty, and high resolve. Grant, with his self-poise, his self-command, his self-mastery; Grant, who loved peace and did not fear war, who would not draw the sword if he could honorably keep it sheathed, but who, when once he had drawn it, would not return it to the sheath until the weary years had brought the blood-won victory; Grant, who had no thought after the fight was won save of leading the life led by other Americans, and who aspired to the presidency only as Zachary Taylor or Andrew Jackson had aspired to it—Grant was of a type upon which the men of to-day can well afford to model themselves.

As I have already said, our first duty, our most important work, is setting our own house in order. We must be true to ourselves, or else, in the long run, we shall be false to all others. The Republic cannot stand if honesty and decency do not prevail alike in public and private life; if we do not set ourselves seriously at work to solve the tremendous social problems forced upon us by the far-sweeping industrial changes of the last two generations.

But in considering the life of Grant it is peculiarly appropriate to remember that, besides the regeneration in political and social life within our own borders, we must also face what has come upon us from without. No friendliness with other nations, no good-will for them or by them, can take the place of national self-reliance. No alliance, no inoffensive conduct on our part, would supply, in time of need, the failure in ability to hold our own with the strong hand. We must work out our own destiny by our own strength. A vigorous young nation like ours does not always stand still. Now and then there comes a time when it is sure either to shrink or to expand. Grant saw to it that we did not shrink, and therefore we had to expand when the inevitable moment came.

Great duties face us in the islands where the Stars and Stripes now float in place of the arrogant flag of Spain. As we perform those duties well or ill, so will we, in large part, determine our right to a place among the great nations of the earth. We have got to meet them in the very spirit of Grant. If we are frightened at the task, above all, if we are cowed or disheartened by any check, or by the clamor of the sensation-monger, we shall show ourselves weaklings unfit to invoke the memories of the stalwart men who fought to a finish the great Civil War. If we do not rule wisely, and if our rule is not in the interest of the peoples who have come under our guardianship, then we had best never to have begun the effort at all. As a nation we shall have to choose our representatives in these islands as carefully as Grant chose the generals who were to serve at the vital points under him. Fortunately, so far the choice has been most wise. No nation has ever sent a better man than we sent to Cuba when President McKinley appointed as governor-general of that island Leonard Wood; and now, in sending Judge Taft at the head of the commission to the Philippines, the President has again chosen the very best man to be found in all the United States for the purpose in view.

Part of Grant's great strength lay in the fact that he faced facts as they were, and not as he wished they might be. He was not originally an abolitionist, and he probably could not originally have defined his views as to State sovereignty; but when the Civil War was on, he saw that the only thing to do was to fight it to a finish and establish by force of arms the constitutional right to put down rebellion. It is just the same thing nowadays with expansion. It has come, and it has come to stay, whether we wish it or not. Certain duties have fallen to us as a legacy of the war with Spain, and we cannot avoid performing them. All we can decide is whether we will perform them well or ill. We cannot leave the Philippines. We have got to stay there, establish order, and then give the inhabitants as much self-government as they show they can use to advantage. We cannot run away if we would. We have got to see the work through, because we are not a nation of weaklings. We are strong men, and we intend to do our duty.

To do our duty—that is the sum and substance of the whole matter. We are not trying to win glory. We are not trying to do anything especially brilliant or unusual. We are setting ourselves vigorously at each task as the task arises, and we are trying to face each difficulty as Grant faced innumerable and infinitely greater difficulties. The sure way to succeed is to set about our work in the spirit that marked the great soldier whose life we this day celebrate: the spirit of devotion to duty, of determination to deal fairly, justly, and fearlessly with all men, and of iron resolution never to abandon any task once begun until it has been brought to a successful and triumphant conclusion.

8

ROBERT E. LEE[1]

I REGRET that it is not in my power to be with you at your celebration. I join with you in honoring the life and career of that great soldier and high-minded citizen whose fame is now a matter of pride to all our countrymen. Terrible though the destruction of the Civil War was, awful though it was that such a conflict should occur between brothers, it is yet a matter for gratitude on the part of all Americans that this, alone among contests of like magnitude, should have left to both sides as a priceless heritage the memory of the mighty men and the glorious deeds that the iron days brought forth. The courage and steadfast endurance, the lofty fealty to the right as it was given to each man to see the right, whether he wore the gray or whether he wore the blue, now make the memories of the valiant feats, alike of those who served under Grant and of those who served under Lee, precious to all good Americans. General Lee has left us the memory, not merely of his extraordinary skill as a general, his dauntless courage and high leadership in campaign and battle, but also of that serene greatness of soul characteristic of those who most readily recognize the obligations of civic duty. Once the war was over he instantly undertook the task of healing and binding up the wounds of his countrymen, in the true spirit of those who feel malice toward none and charity toward all; in that spirit which from the throes of the Civil War brought forth the real and indissoluble Union of to-day. It was eminently fitting that this great man, this war-worn veteran of a mighty struggle, who, at its close, simply and quietly undertook his duty as a plain, every-day citizen, bent only upon helping his people in the paths of peace and tranquillity, should turn his attention toward educational work; toward bringing up in fit fashion the younger generation, the sons of those who had proved their faith by their endeavor in the heroic days.

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[1] Letter dated the White House, Washington, January 16, 1907, and addressed to the Honorable Hilary A. Herbert, chairman, Chief Justice Seth Shepherd, General Marcus J. Wright, Judge Charles B. Howry, Mr. William A. Gordon, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, President Edwin Alderman, Mr. Joseph Wilmer, and others of the Committee of Arrangement for the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of General Robert E. Lee.

There is no need to dwell on General Lee's record as a soldier. The son of Lighthorse Harry Lee of the Revolution, he came naturally by his aptitude for arms and command. His campaigns put him in the foremost rank of the great captains of all time. But his signal valor and address in war are no more remarkable than the spirit in which he turned to the work of peace once the war was over. The circumstances were such that most men, even of high character, felt bitter and vindictive or depressed and spiritless, but General Lee's heroic temper was not warped nor his great soul cast down. He stood that hardest of all strains, the strain of bearing himself well through the gray evening of failure; and therefore out of what seemed failure he helped to build the wonderful and mighty triumph of our national life, in which all his countrymen, North and South, share.

Immediately after the close of hostilities he announced, with a clear-sightedness which at that time few indeed of any section possessed, that the interests of the Southern States were the same as those of the United States; that the prosperity of the South would rise or fall with the welfare of the whole country; and that the duty of its citizens appeared too plain to admit of doubt. He urged that all should unite in honest effort to obliterate the effects of war and restore the blessings of peace; that they should remain in the country, strive for harmony and good feeling, and devote their abilities to the interests of their people and the healing of dissensions. To every one who applied to him this was the advice he gave. Although absolutely without means, he refused all offers of pecuniary aid, and all positions of emolument, although many such, at a high salary, were offered him. He declined to go abroad, saying that he sought only "a place to earn honest bread while engaged in some useful work."

This statement brought him the offer of the presidency of Washington College, a little institution in Lexington, Va., which had grown out of a modest foundation known as Liberty Hall Academy. Washington had endowed this academy with one hundred shares of stock that had been given to him by the State of Virginia, which he had accepted only on condition that he might with them endow some educational institution. To the institution which Washington helped to found in such a spirit, Lee, in the same fine spirit, gave his services. He accepted the position of president at a salary of one thousand five hundred dollars a year, in order, as he stated, that he might do some good to the youth of the South. He applied himself to his new work with the same singleness of mind which he had shown in leading the army of northern Virginia. All the time by word and deed he was striving for the restoration of real peace, of real harmony, never uttering a word of bitterness nor allowing a word of bitterness uttered in his presence to go unchecked. From the close of the war to the time of his death all his great powers were devoted to two objects: to the reconciliation of all his countrymen with one another, and to fitting the youth of the South for the duties of a lofty and broad-minded citizenship.

Such is the career that you gather to honor; and I hope that you will take advantage of the one hundredth anniversary of General Lee's birth by appealing to all our people, in every section of this country, to commemorate his life and deeds by the establishment, at some great representative educational institution of the South, of a permanent memorial, that will serve the youth of the coming years, as he, in the closing years of his life, served those who so sorely needed what he so freely gave.

9

SHERIDAN[1]

It is eminently fitting that the nation's illustrious men, the men who loom as heroes before the eyes of our people, should be fittingly commemorated here at the national capital, and I am glad indeed to take part in the unveiling of this statue to General Sheridan. His name will always stand high on the list of American worthies. Not only was he a great general, but he showed his greatness with that touch of originality which we call genius. Indeed this quality of brilliance has been in one sense a disadvantage to his reputation, for it has tended to overshadow his solid ability. We tend to think of him only as the dashing cavalry leader, whereas he was in reality not only that, but also a great commander. Of course, the fact in his career most readily recognized was his mastery in the necessarily modern art of handling masses of modern cavalry so as to give them the fullest possible effect, not only in the ordinary operations of cavalry which precede and follow a battle, but in the battle itself. But in addition he showed in the Civil War that he was a first-class army commander, both as a subordinate of Grant and when in independent command. His record in the valley campaign, and again from Five Forks to Appomattox, is one difficult to parallel in military history. After the close of the great war, in a field where there was scant glory to be won by the general-in-chief, he rendered a signal service which has gone almost unnoticed; for in the tedious weary Indian wars on the great plains it was he who developed in thoroughgoing fashion the system of campaigning in winter, which, at the cost of bitter hardship and peril, finally broke down the banded strength of those formidable warriors, the horse Indians.

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[1] Address at the unveiling of the monument to General Sheridan, Washington, November 25, 1908.

His career was typically American, for from plain beginnings he rose to the highest military position in our land. We honor his memory itself; and moreover, as in the case of the other great commanders of his day, his career symbolizes the careers of all those men who in the years of the nation's direst need sprang to the front to risk everything, including life itself, and to spend the days of their strongest young manhood in valorous conflict for an ideal. Often we Americans are taunted with having only a material ideal. The empty folly of the taunt is sufficiently shown by the presence here to-day of you men of the Grand Army, you the comrades of the dead general, the men who served with and under him. In all history we have no greater instance of subordination of self, of the exalting of a lofty ideal over merely material well-being among the people of a great nation, than was shown by our own people in the Civil War.

And you, the men who wore the blue, would be the first to say that this same lofty indifference to the things of the body, when compared to the things of the soul, was shown by your brothers who wore the gray. Dreadful was the suffering, dreadful the loss, of the Civil War. Yet it stands alone among wars in this, that now that the wounds are healed, the memory of the mighty deeds of valor performed on one side no less than on the other has become the common heritage of all our people in every quarter of this country. The completeness with which this is true is shown by what is occurring here to-day. We meet together to raise a monument to a great Union general, in the presence of many of the survivors of the Union army; and the secretary of war, the man at the head of the army, who, by virtue of his office, occupies a special relation to the celebration, is himself a man who fought in the Confederate service. Few indeed have been the countries where such a conjunction would have been possible, and blessed indeed are we that in our own beloved land it is not only possible, but seems so entirely natural as to excite no comment whatever.

There is another point in General Sheridan's career which it is good for all of us to remember. Whereas Grant, Sherman, and Thomas were of the old native American stock, the parents of Sheridan, like the parents of Farragut, were born on the other side of the water. Any one of the five was just as much a type of the real American, of what is best in America, as the other four. We should keep steadily before our minds the fact that Americanism is a question of principle, of purpose, of idealism, of character; that it is not a matter of birthplace, or creed, or line of descent. Here in this country the representatives of many Old World races are being fused together into a new type, a type the main features of which are already determined, and were determined at the time of the Revolutionary War; for the crucible in which all the new types are melted into one was shaped from 1776 to 1789, and our nationality was definitely fixed in all its essentials by the men of Washington's day. The strains will not continue to exist separately in this country as in the Old World. They will be combined in one; and of this new type those men will best represent what is loftiest in the nation's past, what is finest in her hope for the future, who stand each solely on his worth as a man; who scorn to do evil to others, and who refuse to submit to wrong-doing themselves; who have in them no taint of weakness; who never fear to fight when fighting is demanded by a sound and high morality, but who hope by their lives to bring ever nearer the day when justice and peace shall prevail within our own borders and in our relations with all foreign powers.

Much of the usefulness of any career must lie in the impress that it makes upon, and the lessons that it teaches to, the generations that come after. We of this generation have our own problems to solve, and the condition of our solving them is that we shall all work together as American citizens without regard to differences of section or creed or birthplace, copying, not the divisions which so lamentably sundered our fathers one from another, but the spirit of burning devotion to duty which drove them forward, each to do the right as it was given him to see the right, in the great years when Grant, Farragut, Sherman, Thomas, and Sheridan, when Lee and Jackson and the Johnstons, the valiant men of the North and the valiant men of the South, fought to a finish the great Civil War. They did not themselves realize, in the bitterness of the struggle, that the blood and the grim suffering marked the death-throes of what was worn out, and the birth-pangs of a new and more glorious national life. Mighty is the heritage which we have received from the men of the mighty days. We, in our turn, must gird up our loins to meet the new issues with the same stern courage and resolute adherence to an ideal, which marked our fathers who belonged to the generation of the man in whose honor we commemorate this monument to-day.

CONTEMPORARIES

10

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS[1]

It has always seemed to me that Mr. Curtis was the best example we had in American life to-day of the public man in private life; the best illustration of the fact that often the people who can do the most good publicly need not hold any public office. You can have public influence in two ways; indeed, all of us who are practical politicians know that the "boss" is often far more powerful than is he who is the figurehead. The man who pulls the wires for definite purposes (generally for distinctly bad purposes) is the man of real power, and is often the man who does not hold public office at all. For our great good fortune it is true also that many of the men who do the best work publicly are men who are in private life.

Mr. Curtis was a very shining type and exemplar of these men. He twice refused a very high diplomatic position abroad. In doing that he acted most wisely and patriotically as an American patriot and man. He could not possibly have done as much good to our public life, holding any position in our diplomatic service, and he could hardly have done it holding any position in our service here at home, as he did in acting precisely as he did act, and in serving us exactly in the way he did, as a private citizen who, nevertheless, took an active part in public affairs.

Another thing is to be remembered. Mr. Curtis was not a mere critic. He was able to criticise so well, so justly, because he had been a doer of duties, and not a man that merely talked about them. I wonder how many of you realize that Mr. Curtis, who was so preeminently fitted for refined, cultivated society, never shirked the raw, rough work; that he did not shrink from taking part in the contest; that he was not frightened by the blood and sweat that came with contest. How many of you know that he was for many years the chairman of his party committee for his county; that he did all the detail work of practical politics himself; that he was a delegate to conventions—to State and national conventions—in one or two of which I had the great honor of sitting beside him; that he actually did all that work himself; that he did not merely talk about how it ought to be done if the conditions were entirely different from the conditions that actually existed, but that he went in himself to do the best he could with the means at hand.

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[1] Address at the memorial meeting to George William Curtis at the Unitarian Club of New York, November 14, 1892.

It has become one of the trite quotations to speak of how Gibbon was benefited by his experience in Parliament, where he never spoke, and by his experience in serving in what would now be called the "volunteer reserve" of every large army; and that, although he was never called into active service, yet those two great experiences of his were of such benefit to him, that it may be doubted whether, without them, he could have written, in its present form, his great history. And so, most undoubtedly, it was with Mr. Curtis; and those among us who have taken actual part in politics, appreciate more keenly than most others can the difference between his criticisms and the criticisms of those who have never themselves tried to do the things that they criticise other people for doing less perfectly than they should, but still in some sort doing. We always felt that with Mr. Curtis we were sure to receive, as nearly as he could give it, justice; that he was sure—while judging perfectly fearlessly, while condemning without hesitation when necessary—that he was sure to act with that ready generosity for the motives of others which is sometimes too painfully lacking in the current criticism of those who claim to be the leaders and exponents of our best political thought.

Mr. Curtis was one of those who appreciate fully that there are times when it may be necessary to act as a party man, and times when it may be necessary to act as an independent. But in his independence he never adopted that attitude which is credited to a British minister who was here at the time of the Civil War, and who, when asked how he stood toward the contest, responded that his attitude was one of "malevolent neutrality." There is but one thing that can hurt more surely than indiscriminate praise of everything American, good and bad, and that is, interminable and indiscriminate sneering and faultfinding.

I have for two or three years been making a study of New York political and social history, and of course the social and political history are inextricably mingled. You cannot deal purely with one without considering the other. I found that in considering the least favorable aspects of our social life to-day, and of forty years back, I would have to take as authorities one book of fiction, and one apparently perfectly truthful, although somewhat comic, autobiography; that I would have to take "The Potiphar Papers," and Mr. Ward McAllister's book.[1] Of course, there is a certain difference in the literary style of the books. One is that kind of fiction which often comes nearest the truth, and which, because of the very fact that it does come nearest the truth, is farthest from the French realistic fiction of the day. The other is the truth, told with clumsy unconsciousness. You doubtless all remember the anecdote of the witty and noted English bishop. He was getting into a car, and by him stood a not witty but equally noted English lord, who was a man of very profane habits of speech. Something had gone wrong with the latter's baggage, and he was eulogizing the porter with great fluency: suddenly turning around, he saw he was standing by the bishop. He began an apology, saying: "I beg your pardon; perhaps I ought not to have spoken in that way, but you know my habit is always to call a spade a spade." To which the bishop replied: "I am delighted to hear it, my lord; for I always thought that it was your habit to call it a damned shovel." Now, "The Potiphar Papers" represent the spade, and "Society as I Have Found It" the damned shovel.

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[1] "Society as I Have Found It." By Ward McAllister. Cassell Publishing Company.

I want to speak a word in all seriousness to you upon the last of the many great causes which had the benefit of Mr. Curtis's serene and lofty championship. I want to speak a word about that cause in the success of which his heart was bound up—a cause for which he did so much—the cause of good government.

People often speak of Civil Service Reform as if it were a matter of mere administration detail. People speak of it as "a good thing, of course." "We believe in it, of course; not practical, but still, it is a good thing." They say that "doubtless it would be a little better to have it so." They admit that it "might make an improvement in the public service." They do not appreciate that it is not merely a question of changing the methods of administration, but that it is a question of substituting a system of equity and justice for a system of brutal wrong. It is a question of working a great benefit, not merely to the public service, but to our public life; it is a question of making politics purer; of making a man hold his head higher because he is an American citizen. I do not think—I know—that the American people, which is true at the bottom, although with many oddities on top, nevertheless at the bottom an honest people, believing in fair play—do not realize the meaning of "To the victors belong the spoils," for if they did, they would not tolerate the system for one moment. I wish that you could see, each one of you, individually, the things that I have seen, and the kind of wrong-doing that I have seen going on under this system, and you would appreciate the fervor and the industry with which Mr. Curtis warred to overthrow it.

I am going to give you one instance to show the kind of thing that goes on and must go on so long as you tolerate that most base and degrading of theories—that a man must be hired, must be bribed, to support the party that ought to be the party of his choice. And, mind you, the difference between bribing with office and bribing with money is small. There is a difference, but it is like the difference between the savagery of the Ashantee and the savagery of the Hottentot.

Three or four years ago, when I first went to Washington, a woman came into my office to ask if she could not get a place. Unfortunately, it proved impossible for her to get one at that time. I am glad to say that she did ultimately get a position; but, of course, the competition was very severe, and we could not show her any favoritism over any of the other competitors. I was interested in her; she had such a very sad face, and yet a face of great refinement. I inquired about her story, and she told me that she was the widow of a Union soldier, and had at the time of her husband's death been given a place in Washington, for she came from a certain State where some big politician then in power, who had known her husband, felt a sympathy for her. She had two small children at that time.

Things went on for about eight years. The man who had gotten her the place had disappeared in the maelstrom of political life; he had been swept out, and some one had come in in his stead; and her position, which was not covered by the civil service law, was sought by the *protégé* of a certain senator—a man whom I know, and whose name you would all know. He came to the chief of division and said: "See here; I have got a man who has really got to be put in that office; the position is worth one thousand dollars per year, and he has got to have it." The chief of division said that he could not give it to him; that this woman was perfectly competent, with no other source of support, and he could not give the place to another. The senator said: "I have got to have it for my man; if you do not give it to me, you will hear about it when the appropriation bill comes up in the Senate."

Mind you, I am giving you the facts absolutely as they are, and absolutely as every man who knows anything about Washington affairs knows that they are, time and time again. The chief of division said, finally: "Well, all right! If I have got to, I have got to. It is an outrage, but because I am helpless, I will give the man the place." He summoned the woman to him, and told her that he would have to take her place away. She said: "You are throwing me out to starve; it is eight years since I have been home, and everything is closed to me there. I would not know what to do if I went back there. I have got my two children here with me, at school. I am able now to support them, to give them schooling, to give them shelter, clothing, and food. If you turn me out, you will turn us out to starve." The chief of division said: "Well, all right, you shall not go. That is all there is about it." He kept her in. The senator came around about two weeks afterward; he wanted to know why his man had not been put in. He was told by the chief that he could not find a vacancy for him. He said: "Well, he will have to have that vacancy; that is all there is about it." The senator himself was not at all a bad fellow, according to his lights; he did not know that he was causing suffering; he only knew that here was one of his henchmen who had to have a job. The place had to be made for him. He insisted upon it. He carried his point. The woman was turned out. She did not starve, but when I met her there, and spoke to her, she said: "I have no complaint to make. The chief did all that he could to protect me; but it is very hard to see your children have but one meal a day." Now, that is the kind of product of the system which we see defined as the "American System." Think what a foul outrage it is to dare call a system like that by the name of "American"!

All that we are trying to accomplish—I do not know that I ought to say that—but all that we who have been following in Mr. Curtis's lead are striving to accomplish, is simply to have the same principles of justice and fair play applied in making appointments to government offices that you would have applied in private life; to have a little decency, a little consideration, a little common humanity and manliness, applied in seeking and distributing office under the government. That is one side of it. Look at the other side. Look at the benefit to public life. This is what Mr. Curtis was striving for. Think what a task he set for himself when he tried to replace the paid "heeler," the men of the bread-and-butter brigade—that most ignoble product—when he tried to drive them out of politics. It is one of the hardest tasks that decent citizens have to face, when they come into public life, to find themselves pitted against the brigades of trained mercenaries who are paid out of the public chest, into which these very citizens, who are trying to overthrow them, pay their own taxes; for you, the ordinary citizen, the average American, are taxed for the support of the very men against whom you have to work hardest if you want to obtain good government. You go through the average ward organization in any big city, or into any place where the spoils system prevails, and you find these mercenaries in possession. You find them at the crossroads in the country, when the fourth-class postmaster, as the time for the primaries comes around, marshals eight or ten people of the neighborhood whom he has been able to placate, or whom he has an interest in placating, because they will help him keep his two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar per year salary. And when you turn from him to the man who has a great local office, you find that he hires his "heelers" to support his faction, in a spirit as absolutely and professedly immoral as that in which the Hessian troops were hired by the British king a century ago. We want to do away, as far as we can, with the profound iniquities of such a system. One of the great merits of Mr. Curtis's constant speeches and writings upon the subject was the fact that he never lost sight of its moral, or of its ethical, significance; that he did not merely discuss it from the material side, as being calculated to promote a material improvement in our service. What Mr. Curtis sought, was to do away with the spoils system: to do away with what was, perhaps, the most potent of the forces tending to degrade American public life.

I have often wished that Mr. Curtis's writings upon the subject could be collected in book form; and I wish that with them could be collected three or four tales by some of the masters of American literature who have dealt incidentally with the spoils system. I have in mind, in particular, Bret Harte, Margaret Deland, and Octave Thanet. It is not that the masters of American thought and American fiction have failed to see the hideous woe wrought by that system, but it is that, so far, they have not been able to convey that knowledge to the masses of the people. When once the American people do see the brutality, the hideous brutality and wrong-doing, of the system that we are striving to overthrow, I do not believe it will continue to prevail for a week.

I must ask your pardon for seeming for a moment to have wandered from the public career of Mr. Curtis to a description of the great evils which he sought to overthrow, and largely succeeded in overthrowing. And yet, it is not really wandering. I am sure it would be impossible to pay a greater tribute to his memory than to use it as an inspiration in striving evermore to seek to perfect the great work that he did.

Mr. Curtis was able to accomplish as much as he did because of the fact that his own character was absolutely pure. I think that any man who came in contact with him must have been impressed, more profoundly than with anything else, by the serene purity and goodness of his character. I have used the adjective "serene"; it is a beautiful adjective, and it is the only adjective I know of which is sufficiently beautiful to describe his beautiful character—his serene high-mindedness, his purity, his gentleness, his constancy in courage. It is a great thing for all of us here, it is a great thing for all Americans, to have had him in our midst. He was a man not of this city or State—he was a man of the whole United States. This afternoon I picked up the *Overland Monthly*—that California magazine which ranks so high among our periodicals—and I there read one of the best editorials upon Mr. Curtis's career and life that I have read at all, and it gave me a profound feeling of satisfaction to know that he could rightly be claimed by every good American, from Maine to California, from the North to the South, and from the East to the West. He was pre-eminently a good citizen. He was a man who never flinched from any contest with wrong. Every one of us has a right to feel glad that it was given to our generation to live with, and, according to our powers, to work with, so noble and true-hearted an American as George William Curtis.

11

WILLIAM McKINLEY[1]

THROUGHOUT our history, and indeed throughout history generally, it has been given to only a very few thrice-favored men to take so marked a lead in the crisis faced by their several generations that thereafter each stands as the embodiment of the triumphant effort of his generation. President McKinley was one of these men.

If during the lifetime of a generation no crisis occurs sufficient to call out in marked manner the energies of the strongest leader, then of course the world does not and cannot know of the existence of such a leader; and in consequence there are long periods in the history of every nation during which no man appears who leaves an indelible mark in history. If, on the other hand, the crisis is one so many-sided as to call for the development and exercise of many distinct attributes, it may be that more than one man will appear in order that the requirements shall be fully met. In the Revolution and in the period of constructive statesmanship immediately following it, for our good fortune it befell us that the highest military and the highest civic attributes were embodied in Washington, and so in him we have one of the undying men of history—a great soldier, if possible an even greater statesman, and above all a public servant whose lofty and disinterested patriotism rendered his power and ability—alike on fought fields and in council chambers—of the most far-reaching service to the Republic. In the Civil War the two functions were divided, and Lincoln and Grant will stand for evermore with their names inscribed on the honor-roll of those who have deserved well of mankind by saving to humanity a precious heritage. In similar fashion Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson stand each as the foremost representative of the great movement of his generation, and their names symbolize to us their times and the hopes and aspirations of their times.

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[1] Address at the banquet at Canton, O., January 27, 1903, in honor of the birthday of William McKinley.

It was given to President McKinley to take the foremost place in our political life at a time when our country was brought face to face with problems more momentous than any whose solution we have ever attempted, save only in the Revolution and in the Civil War; and it was under his leadership that the nation solved these mighty problems aright. Therefore he shall stand in the eyes of history not merely as the first man of his generation, but as among the greatest figures in our national life, coming second only to the men of the two great crises in which the Union was founded and preserved.

No man could carry through successfully such a task as President McKinley undertook, unless trained by long years of effort for its performance. Knowledge of his fellow citizens, ability to understand them, keen sympathy with even their innermost feelings, and yet power to lead them, together with far-sighted sagacity and resolute belief both in the people and in their future—all these were needed in the man who headed the march of our people during the eventful years from 1896 to 1901. These were the qualities possessed by McKinley and developed by him throughout his whole history previous to assuming the presidency. As a lad he had the inestimable privilege of serving, first in the ranks, and then as a commissioned officer, in the great war for national union, righteousness, and grandeur; he was one of those whom a kindly Providence permitted to take part in a struggle which ennobled every man who fought therein. He who when little more than a boy had seen the grim steadfastness which after four years of giant struggle restored the Union and freed the slaves was not thereafter to be daunted by danger or frightened out of his belief in the great destiny of our people.

Some years after the war closed McKinley came to Congress, and rose, during a succession of terms, to leadership in his party in the Lower House. He also became governor of his native State, Ohio. During this varied service he received practical training of the kind most valuable to him when he became Chief Executive of the nation. To the high faith of his early years was added the capacity to realize his ideals, to work with his fellow men at the same time that he led them.

President McKinley's rise to greatness had in it nothing of the sudden, nothing of the unexpected or seemingly accidental. Throughout his long term of service in Congress there was a steady increase alike in his power of leadership and in the recognition of that power both by his associates in public life and by the public itself. Session after session his influence in the House grew greater; his party antagonists grew to look upon him with constantly increasing respect, his party friends with constantly increasing faith and admiration. Eight years before he was nominated for President he was already considered a presidential possibility. Four years before he was nominated only his own high sense of honor prevented his being made a formidable competitor of the chief upon whom the choice of the convention then actually fell. In 1896, he was chosen because the great mass of his party knew him and believed in him and regarded him as symbolizing their ideals, as representing their aspirations. In estimating the forces which brought about this nomination and election I do not undervalue that devoted personal friendship which he had the faculty to inspire in so marked a degree among the ablest and most influential leaders; this leadership was of immense consequence in bringing about the result; but, after all, the prime factor was the trust in and devotion to him felt by the great mass of men who had come to accept him as their recognized spokesman. In his nomination the national convention of a great party carried into effect in good faith the deliberate judgment of that party as to whom its candidate should be.

But even as a candidate President McKinley was far more than the candidate of a party, and as President he was in the broadest and fullest sense the President of all the people of all sections of the country.

His first nomination came to him because of the qualities he had shown in healthy and open political leadership, the leadership which by word and deed impresses itself as a virile force for good upon the people at large and which has nothing in common with mere intrigue or manipulation. But, in 1896, the issue was fairly joined, chiefly upon a question which as a party question was entirely new, so that the old lines of political cleavage were, in large part, abandoned. All other issues sank in importance when compared with the vital need of keeping our financial system on the high and honorable plane imperatively demanded by our position as a great civilized power. As the champion of such a principle President McKinley received the support not only of his own party, but of hundreds of thousands of those to whom he had been politically opposed. He triumphed, and he made good with scrupulous fidelity the promises upon which the campaign was won. We were at the time in a period of great industrial depression, and it was promised for and on behalf of McKinley that if he were elected our financial system should not only be preserved unharmed but improved and our economic system shaped in accordance with those theories which have always marked our periods of greatest prosperity. The promises were kept, and following their keeping came the prosperity which we now enjoy. All that was foretold concerning the well-being which would follow the election of McKinley has been justified by the event. But as so often happens in our history, the President was forced to face questions other than those at issue at the time of his election. Within a year the situation in Cuba had become literally intolerable. President McKinley had fought too well in his youth, he knew too well at first-hand what war really was, lightly to enter into a struggle. He sought by every honorable means to preserve peace, to avert war. He made every effort consistent with the national honor to bring about an amicable settlement of the Cuban difficulty. Then, when it became evident that these efforts were useless, that peace could not be honorably entertained, he devoted his strength to making the war as short and as decisive as possible. It is needless to tell the result in detail. Suffice it to say that rarely indeed in history has a contest so far-reaching in the importance of its outcome been achieved with such ease. There followed a harder task. As a result of the war we came into possession of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. In each island the conditions were such that we had to face problems entirely new to our national experience, and, moreover, in each island or group of islands the problems differed radically from those presented in the others. In Porto Rico the task was simple. The island could not be independent. It became in all essentials a part of the Union. It has been given all the benefits of our economic and financial system. Its inhabitants have been given the highest individual liberty, while yet their government has been kept under the supervision of officials so well chosen that the island can be appealed to as affording a model for all such experiments in the future; and this result was mainly owing to the admirable choice of instruments by President McKinley when he selected the governing officials.

In Cuba, where we were pledged to give the island independence, the pledge was kept not merely in letter but in spirit. It would have been a betrayal of our duty to have given Cuba independence out of hand. President McKinley, with his usual singular sagacity in the choice of agents, selected in General Leonard Wood the man of all others best fit to bring the island through its uncertain period of preparation for independence, and the result of his wisdom was shown when last May the island became in name and in fact a free Republic, for it started with a better equipment and under more favorable conditions than had ever previously been the case with any Spanish-American commonwealth.

Finally, in the Philippines, the problem was one of great complexity. There was an insurrectionary party claiming to represent the people of the islands and putting forth their claim with a certain speciousness which deceived no small number of excellent men here at home, and which afforded to yet others a chance to arouse a factious party spirit against the President. Of course, looking back, it is now easy to see that it would have been both absurd and wicked to abandon the

Philippine Archipelago and let the scores of different tribes—Christian, Mohammedan, and pagan, in every stage of semicivilization and Asiatic barbarism—turn the islands into a welter of bloody savagery, with the absolute certainty that some strong power would have to step in and take possession. But though now it is easy enough to see that our duty was to stay in the islands, to put down the insurrection by force of arms, and then to establish freedom-giving civil government, it needed genuine statesmanship to see this and to act accordingly at the time of the first revolt. A weaker and less far-sighted man than President McKinley would have shrunk from a task very difficult in itself, and certain to furnish occasion for attack and misrepresentation no less than for honest misunderstanding. But President McKinley never flinched. He refused to consider the thought of abandoning our duty in our new possessions. While sedulously endeavoring to act with the utmost humanity toward the insurrectionists, he never faltered in the determination to put them down by force of arms, alike for the sake of our own interest and honor, and for the sake of the interest of the islanders, and particularly of the great numbers of friendly natives, including those most highly civilized, for whom abandonment by us would have meant ruin and death. Again his policy was most amply vindicated. Peace has come to the islands, together with a greater measure of individual liberty and self-government than they have ever before known. All the tasks set us as a result of the war with Spain have so far been well and honorably accomplished, and as a result this nation stands higher than ever before among the nations of mankind.

President McKinley's second campaign was fought mainly on the issue of approving what he had done in his first administration, and specifically what he had done as regards these problems springing out of the war with Spain. The result was that the popular verdict in his favor was more overwhelming than it had been before.

No other President in our history has seen high and honorable effort crowned with more conspicuous personal success. No other President entered upon his second term feeling such right to a profound and peaceful satisfaction. Then by a stroke of horror, so strange in its fantastic iniquity as to stand unique in the black annals of crime, he was struck down. The brave, strong, gentle heart was stilled forever, and word was brought to the woman who wept that she was to walk thenceforth alone in the shadow. The hideous infamy of the deed shocked the nation to its depths, for the man thus struck at was in a peculiar sense the champion of the plain people, in a peculiar sense the representative and the exponent of those ideals which, if we live up to them, will make, as they have largely made, our country a blessed refuge for all who strive to do right and to live their lives simply and well as light is given them. The nation was stunned, and the people mourned with a sense of bitter bereavement because they had lost a man whose heart beat for them as the heart of Lincoln once had beaten. We did right to mourn; for the loss was ours, not his. He died in the golden fulness of his triumph. He died victorious in that highest of all kinds of strife—the strife for an ampler, juster, and more generous national life. For him the laurel; but woe for those whom he left behind; woe to the nation that lost him; and woe to mankind that there should exist creatures so foul that one among them should strike at so noble a life.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

We are gathered together to-night to recall his memory, to pay our tribute of respect to the great chief and leader who fell in the harness, who was stricken down while his eyes were bright with "the light that tells of triumph tasted." We can honor him best by the way we show in actual deed that we have taken to heart the lessons of his life. We must strive to achieve, each in the measure that he can, something of the qualities which made President McKinley a leader of men, a mighty power for good—his strength, his courage, his courtesy and dignity, his sense of justice, his ever-present kindliness and regard for the rights of others. He won greatness by meeting and solving the issues as they arose—not by shirking them—meeting them with wisdom, with the exercise of the most skilful and cautious judgment, but with fearless resolution when the time of crisis came. He met each crisis on its own merits; he never sought excuse for shirking a task in the fact that it was different from the one he had expected to face. The long public career, which opened when as a boy he carried a musket in the ranks and closed when as a man in the prime of his intellectual strength he stood among the world's chief statesmen, came to what it was because he treated each triumph as opening the road to fresh effort, not as an excuse for ceasing from effort. He undertook mighty tasks. Some of them he finished completely; others we must finish; and there remain yet others which he did not have to face, but which, if we are worthy to be the inheritors of his principles, we will in our turn face with the same resolution, the same sanity, the same unfaltering belief in the greatness of this country, and unfaltering championship of the rights of each and all of our people, which marked his high and splendid career.

12

JOHN HAY[1]

JOHN HAY was one of a very limited number of American public men who have possessed marked literary ability and that high and fine quality of intellectual eminence which Matthew Arnold would have characterized as "distinction." In consequence of a rather curious tradition of American public life, ambassadors and ministers have frequently been appointed because they were distinguished men of letters. There would have been nothing unusual in Hay's having come purely in this class. But John Hay, in addition to serving abroad in various diplomatic positions, including that of ambassador at the Court of St. James, began his public career by being the private secretary of Abraham Lincoln during the tremendous crisis of the Civil War and ended it by being secretary of state during the years which saw the United States, for good or for evil, forced to take her part among the great powers of the world and begin to deal with world questions.

There are, as Mr. Thayer[2] acutely points out, two distinct phases in John Hay's career. During the first phase all his instincts and ways of thought were radical. During the second they were conservative. It is, of course, hardly necessary to say that this fact does not in itself mean that he was wrong in either attitude. Nothing is surer proof of the label-giving habit of mind than the effort to class a great man either as a mere conservative or a mere radical, or the tendency to speak as if either conservatism or radicalism was in itself always right. Indeed, as regards many actions, the use of the words "conservative" and "radical" indicates inexactitude in terminology, for the same action may be radical from one standpoint and conservative from another. At different stages of their careers, and on different questions, Washington and Lincoln both occupied very radical, and again very conservative, positions; and each was right, both when he was radical and when he was conservative.

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[1] *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, Dec., 1915. This article is taken from a review of Mr. Thayer's biography of Mr. Hay.

[2] "The Life of John Hay." By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Co.

While serving under Lincoln, and for several years afterward, John Hay was the ultra-Democrat, the ultra-Republican, the believer in the rights of man and in popular rule and an ardent sympathizer, not only with the Americans who had followed Lincoln in his contest for human rights as against property rights, but also with the advanced German and Italian friends of liberty. The almost nation-wide outburst of violence and lawlessness which accompanied the railroad riots of 1877 marked the occasion, and was largely the cause, of the change—which, however, had doubtless already been slowly in process of preparation. From that time forward his horror of lawlessness and disorder, and of the brutal violence unleashed by demagogues who were then powerless to control it, drove him into an attitude toward the rights of wealth which would unquestionably have seemed very strange, indeed, to the young secretary of Lincoln's day. It was this attitude which made him write his solitary novel "The Breadwinners," a really powerful presentation of one side of our complex social and industrial problems; a side which needs to be stated, but which there is a certain irony in having stated by Lincoln's biographer.

One of the distinctive services rendered by Mr. Thayer, which shows his peculiar fitness for writing this particular biography, is his presentation of Hay's relations with the little knot of people who were his close associates in Washington. The Adamses, the Lodges, and the Camerons were the other members of the little group, those in whose houses he was as intimate as they were in his house. But in addition there were many others who did not live in Washington, but who were continually guests either at John Hay's or at his next-door neighbor's, Henry Adams; John La Farge, the artist; Richardson, the sculptor; and, above all, Clarence King, whose friends always pathetically believed that his brilliant and infinitely varied promise would some day take shape in performance. In addition there were all kinds of transients, including very charming people of every kind from Europe; and at one period, for many months, a particularly cultivated and delightful Polynesian prince.

As secretary of state, Hay occupied a unique position. To a high standard of personal integrity, which made him expect and believe that the nation should observe the same standard of national integrity, he added a fastidiousness of temper, of taste, of refinement, which was a very real benefit to American public life when exhibited in high public place by a man of signal and conceded capacity as a public servant. This sensitive refinement of nature, like the sheer massiveness of Lincoln's character, made it impossible for Hay to tolerate what was meretricious or sentimental[1] or offensive to morals. The rugged simplicity of Lincoln had in it not one touch of that cheapness or vulgarity which in a democracy is unfortunately sometimes accepted either as a mark of efficiency or as a sign of sympathy with the common people; and John Hay's mere presence in public life was an antidote and corrective to this cheap form of spurious democracy. His purpose was single. It was to serve his country. But he desired to serve his country by making that country rise level to the most exacting standards of courage and of honesty, of faith to its plighted word, of refusal either to wrong others or tamely to submit to wrong by others.

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[1] I use sentimentality as the antithesis of sentiment. T. R.

The one weakness of Hay was, as his biographer points out, his inability to get on with the certainly somewhat exasperating political leaders with whom he was obliged to transact business. His extreme sensitiveness and his innate good breeding, joined with other traits, made association with masterful but often coarse and selfish politicians peculiarly distasteful to him. His attitude of mind was humorously but quite truthfully expressed when, in response to a question, which senator he hated most, he instantly answered: "The one I have seen last."

Hay's services as secretary of state were great; but it may be doubted whether his services as Lincoln's biographer were not even greater. At any rate, the monumental work, in which he was partner with Nicolay, taken together with the two volumes of Lincoln's letters which they subsequently edited, will always remain a storehouse, wherein not merely the American historians of the period of the Civil War, but American politicians anxious to deal in proper fashion with national problems, will find a wealth of material that they can find nowhere else.

13

ADMIRAL DEWEY[1]

Admiral Dewey has done more than add a glorious page to our history; more even than do a deed the memory of which will always be an inspiration to his countrymen, and especially his countrymen of his own profession. He has also taught us a lesson which should have profound practical effects, if only we are willing to learn it aright.

In the first place, he partly grasped and partly made his opportunity. Of course, in a certain sense, no man can absolutely make an opportunity. There were a number of admirals who during the dozen years preceding the Spanish War were retired without the opportunity of ever coming where it was possible to distinguish themselves; and it may be that some of these lacked nothing but the chance. Nevertheless, when the chance does come, only the great man can see it instantly and use it aright. In the second place, it must always be remembered that the power of using the chance aright comes only to the man who has faithfully and for long years made ready himself and his weapons for the possible need. Finally, and most important of all, it should ever be kept in mind that the man who does a great work must almost invariably owe the possibility of doing it to the faithful work of other men, either at the time or long before. Without his brilliancy their labor might be wasted, but without their labor his brilliancy would be of no avail.

It has been said that it was a mere accident that

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[1] *McClure's Magazine*, Oct., 1899.

Dewey happened to be in command of the Asiatic Squadron when the war with Spain broke out. This is not the fact. He was sent to command it in the fall of 1897, because, to use the very language employed at the time, it was deemed wise to have there a man "who could go into Manila if necessary." He owed the appointment to the high professional reputation he enjoyed, and to the character he had established for willingness to accept responsibility, for sound judgment, and for entire fearlessness.

Probably the best way (although no way is infallible) to tell the worth of a naval commander as yet untried in war is to get at the estimate in which he is held by the best fighting men who would have to serve under him. In the summer of 1897 there were in Washington captains and commanders who later won honor for themselves and their country in the war with Spain, and who were already known for the dash and skill with which they handled their ships, the excellence of their gun practice, the good discipline of their crews, and their eager desire to win honorable renown. All these men were a unit in their faith in the then Commodore Dewey, in their desire to serve under him, should the chance arise, and in their unquestioning belief that he was the man to meet an emergency in a way that would do credit to the flag.

An excellent test is afforded by the readiness which the man has shown to take responsibility in any emergency in the past. One factor in Admiral Dewey's appointment—of which he is very possibly ignorant—was the way in which he had taken responsibility in purchasing coal for the squadron that was to have been used against Chile, if war with Chile had broken out, at the time General Harrison was President. A service will do well or ill at the outbreak of war very much in proportion to the way it has been prepared to meet the outbreak during the preceding months. Now, it is often impossible to say whether the symptoms that seem to forbode war will or will not be followed by war. At one time, under President Harrison, we seemed as near war with Chile as ever we seemed to war with Spain under President McKinley. Therefore, when war threatens, preparations must be made in any event; for the evil of what proves to be the needless expenditure of money in one instance is not to be weighed for a moment against the failure to prepare in the other. But only a limited number of men have the moral courage to make these preparations, because there is always risk to the individual making them. Laws and regulations must be stretched when an emergency arises, and yet there is always some danger to the person who stretches them; and, moreover, in time of sudden need, some indispensable article can very possibly only be obtained at an altogether exorbitant price. If war comes, and the article, whether it be a cargo of coal, or a collier, or an auxiliary naval vessel, proves its usefulness, no complaint is ever made. But if the war does not come, then some small demagogue, some cheap economist, or some undersized superior who is afraid of taking the responsibility himself, may blame the man who bought the article and say that he exceeded his authority; that he showed more zeal than discretion in not waiting for a few days, etc. These are the risks which must be taken, and the men who take them should be singled out for reward and for duty. Admiral Dewey's whole action in connection with the question of coal-supply for our fleet during the Chilean scare marked him as one of these men.

No one who has not some knowledge of the army and navy will appreciate how much this means. It is necessary to have a complete system of checks upon the actions, and especially upon the expenditures, of the army and navy; but the present system is at times altogether too complete, especially in war. The efficiency of the quartermasters and commissary officers of the army in the war with Spain was very seriously marred by their perfectly justifiable fear that the slightest departure from the requirements of the red-tape regulations of peace would result in the docking of their own pay by men more concerned in enforcing the letter of the law than in seeing the army clothed and fed. In the navy, before the passage of the Personnel Bill, a positive premium was put on a man's doing nothing but keep out of trouble; for if only he could avoid a court martial, his promotions would take care of themselves, so that from the selfish standpoint no possible good could come to him from taking risks, while they might cause him very great harm. The best officers in the service recognized the menace that this state of affairs meant to the service, and strove to counterbalance it in every way. No small part of the good done by the admirable War College, under Captains Mahan, Taylor, and Goodrich, lay in their insistence upon the need of the naval officer's instantly accepting responsibility in any crisis, and doing what was best for the flag, even though it was probable the action might be disavowed by his immediate superiors, and though it might result in his own personal inconvenience and detriment. This was taught not merely as an abstract theory, but with direct reference to concrete cases; for instance, with reference to taking possession of Hawaii, if a revolution should by chance break out there during the presence of an American war-ship, or if the war-ship of a foreign power attempted to interfere with the affairs of the island.

For the work which Dewey had to do willingness to accept responsibility was a prime requisite. A man afraid to vary in times of emergency from the regulations laid down in time of peace would never even have got the coal with which to steam to Manila from Hongkong the instant the crisis came. We were peculiarly fortunate in our secretary of the navy, Mr. Long; but the best secretary that ever held the navy portfolio could not successfully direct operations on the other side of the world. All that he could do was to choose a good man, give him the largest possible liberty of action, and back him up in every way; and this Secretary Long did. But if the man chosen had been timid about taking risks, nothing that could be done for him would have availed. Such a man would not have disobeyed orders. The danger would have been of precisely the contrary character. He would scrupulously have done just whatever he was told to do, and then would have sat down and waited for further instructions, so as to protect himself if something happened to go wrong. An infinity of excuses can always be found for non-action.

Admiral Dewey was sent to command the fleet on the Asiatic station primarily because he had such a record in the past that the best officers in the navy believed him to be peculiarly a man of the fighting temperament and fit to meet emergencies, and because he had shown his willingness to assume heavy responsibilities. How amply he justified his choice it is not necessary to say. On our roll of naval heroes his name will stand second to that of Farragut alone, and no man since the Civil War, whether soldier or civilian, has added so much to the honorable renown of the nation or has deserved so well of it. For our own sakes, and in particular for the sake of any naval officer who in the future may be called upon to do such a piece of work as Dewey did, let us keep in mind the further fact that he could not have accomplished his feat if he had not had first-class vessels and excellently trained men; if his war-ships had not been so good, and his captains and crews such thorough masters of their art. A man of less daring courage than Dewey would never have done what he did; but the courage itself was not enough. The Spaniards, too, had courage. What they lacked was energy, training, forethought. They fought their vessels until they burned or sank; but their gunnery was so poor that they did not kill a man in the American fleet. Even Dewey's splendid capacity would not have enabled him to win the battle of Manila Bay had it not been for the traditional energy and seamanship of our naval service, so well illustrated in his captains, and the excellent gun practice of the crews, the result of years of steady training. Furthermore, even this excellence in the personnel would not have availed if under a succession of secretaries of the navy, and through the wisdom of a succession of congresses, the material of the navy had not been built up as it actually was.

If war with Spain had broken out fifteen years before it did—that is, in the year 1883, before our new navy was built—it would have been physically impossible to get the results we actually did get. At that time our navy consisted of a collection of rusty monitors and antiquated wooden ships left over from the Civil War, which could not possibly have been matched against even the navy of Spain. Every proposal to increase the navy was then violently opposed with exactly the same arguments used nowadays by the men who oppose building up our army. The congressmen who rallied to the support of Senator Gorman in his refusal to furnish an adequate army to take care of the Philippines and meet the new national needs, or who defeated the proposition to buy armor-plate for the new ships, assumed precisely the ground that was taken by the men who, prior to 1883, had succeeded in preventing the rebuilding of the navy. Both alike did all they could to prevent the upholding of the national honor in times of emergency. There were the usual arguments: that we were a great peaceful people, and would never have to go to war; that if we had a navy or army we should be tempted to use it and therefore embark on a career of military conquest; that there was no need of regulars anyhow, because we could always raise volunteers to do anything; that war was a barbarous method of settling disputes, and too expensive to undertake even to avoid national disgrace, and so on.

But fortunately the men of sturdy common sense and sound patriotism proved victors, and the new navy was begun. Its upbuilding was not a party matter. The first ships were laid down under Secretary Chandler; Secretary Whitney continued the work; Secretary Tracy carried it still further; so did Secretary Herbert, and then Secretary Long. Congress after Congress voted the necessary money. We have never had as many ships as a nation of such size and such vast interests really needs; but still by degrees we have acquired a small fleet of battleships, cruisers, gunboats, and torpedo-boats, all excellent of their class. The squadron with which Dewey entered Manila Bay included ships laid down or launched under Secretaries Chandler, Whitney, Tracy, and Herbert; and all four of these secretaries, their naval architects, the chiefs of bureaus, the young engineers and constructors, the outside contractors, the shipyard men like Roach, Cramp, and Scott, and, finally and emphatically, the congressmen who during these fifteen years voted the supplies, are entitled to take a just pride in their share of the glory of the achievement. Every man in Congress whose vote made possible the building of the *Olympia*, the *Baltimore*, the *Raleigh*, or the putting aboard them and their sister ships the modern eight-inch or rapid-fire five-inch guns, or the giving them the best engines and the means wherewith to practise their crews at the targets—every such man has the right to tell his children that he did his part in securing Dewey's victory, and that, save for the action of him and his fellows, it could not have been won. This is no less true of the man who planned the ships and of the other men, whether in the government service or in private employment, who built them, from the head of the great business concern which put up an armor-plate factory down to the ironworker who conscientiously and skilfully did his part on gun-shield or gun.

So much for the men who furnished the material and the means for assembling and practising the personnel. The same praise must be given the men who actually drilled the personnel, part of which Dewey used. If our ships had merely been built and then laid up, if officers and crews had not been exercised season after season in all weathers on the high seas in handling their ships both separately and in squadron, and in practising with the guns, all the excellent material would have availed us little. Exactly as it is of no use to give an army the best arms and equipment if it is not also given the chance to practise with its arms and equipment, so the finest ships and the best natural sailors and fighters are useless to a navy if the most ample opportunity for training is not allowed. Only incessant practice will make a good gunner; though, inasmuch as there are natural marksmen as well as men who never can become good marksmen, there should always be the widest intelligence displayed in the choice of gunners. Not only is it impossible for a man to learn how to handle a ship or do his duty aboard her save by long cruises at sea, but it is also impossible for a good single-ship captain to be an efficient unit in a fleet unless he is accustomed to manœuvre as part of a fleet.

It is particularly true of the naval service that the excellence of any portion of it in a given crisis will depend mainly upon the excellence of the whole body, and so the triumph of any part is legitimately felt to reflect honor upon the whole and to have been participated in by every one. Dewey's captains could not have followed him with the precision they displayed, could not have shown the excellent gun practice they did show—in short, the victory would not have been possible had it not been for the unwearied training and practice given the navy during the dozen years previous by the admirals, the captains, and the crews who incessantly and in all weathers kept their vessels exercised, singly and in squadron, until the men on the bridge, the men in the gun-turrets, and the men in the engine-rooms knew how to do their work perfectly, alone or together. Every officer and man, from the highest to the lowest, who did his full duty in raising the navy to the standard of efficiency it had reached on May 1, 1898, is entitled to feel some personal share in the glory won by Dewey and Dewey's men. It would have been absolutely impossible not merely to improvise either the material or the personnel with which Dewey fought, but to have produced them in any limited number of years. A thoroughly good navy takes a long time to build up, and the best officer embodies always the traditions of a first-class service. Ships take years to build, crews take years before they become thoroughly expert, while the officers not only have to pass their early youth in a course of special training, but cannot possibly rise to supreme excellence in their profession unless they make it their life-work.

We should therefore keep in mind that the hero cannot win save for the forethought, energy, courage, and capacity of countless other men. Yet we must keep in mind also that all this forethought, energy, courage, and capacity will be wasted unless at the supreme moment some man of the heroic type arises capable of using to the best advantage the powers lying ready to hand. Whether it is Nelson, the greatest of all admirals, at Abukir, Copenhagen, or Trafalgar; or Farragut, second only to Nelson, at New Orleans or Mobile; or Dewey at Manila—the great occasion must meet with the great man, or the result will be at worst a failure, at best an indecisive success. The nation must make ready the tools and train the men to use them, but at the crisis a great triumph can be achieved only should some heroic man appear. Therefore it is right and seemly to pay homage of deep respect and admiration to the man when he does appear.

Admiral Dewey performed one of the great feats of all time. At the very outset of the Spanish War he struck one of the two decisive blows which brought the war to a conclusion, and as his was the first fight, his success exercised an incalculable effect upon the whole conflict. He set the note of the war. He had carefully prepared for action during the months he was on the Asiatic coast. He had his plans thoroughly matured, and he struck the instant that war was declared. There was no delay, no hesitation. As soon as news came that he was to move, his war-steamers turned their bows toward Manila Bay. There was nothing to show whether or not Spanish mines and forts would be efficient; but Dewey, cautious as he was at the right time, had not a particle of fear of taking risks when the need arose. In the tropic night he steamed past the forts, and then on over the mines to where the Spanish vessels lay. What material inferiority there was on the Spanish side was nearly made up by the forts and mines. The overwhelming difference was moral, not material. It was the difference in the two commanders, in the officers and crews of the two fleets, and in the naval service, afloat and ashore, of the two nations. On the one side there had been thorough preparation; on the other, none that was adequate. It would be idle to recapitulate the results. Steaming in with cool steadiness, Dewey's fleet cut the Spaniards to pieces, while the Americans were practically unhurt. Then Dewey drew off to breakfast, satisfied himself that he had enough ammunition, and returned to stamp out what embers of resistance were still feebly smouldering.

The victory insured the fall of the Philippines, for Manila surrendered as soon as our land-forces arrived and were in position to press their attack home. The work, however, was by no means done, and Dewey's diplomacy and firmness were given full scope for the year he remained in Manila waters, not only in dealing with Spaniards and insurgents, but in making it evident that we would tolerate no interference from any hostile European power. It is not yet the time to show how much he did in this last respect. Suffice it to say that by his firmness he effectually frustrated any attempt to interfere with our rights, while by his tact he avoided giving needless offense, and he acted in hearty accord with our cordial well-wishers, the English naval and diplomatic representatives in the islands.

Admiral Dewey comes back to his native land having won the right to a greeting such as has been given to no other man since the Civil War.

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LEONARD WOOD

1. GOVERNOR OF SANTIAGO

(1899)[1]

WHAT I am about to write concerning the great service rendered, not only to Cuba, but to America, by Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, now military governor of Santiago, is written very much less as a tribute to him than for the sake of pointing out what an object-lesson he has given the people of the United States in the matter of administering those tropic lands in which we have grown to have so great an interest. The most extreme expansionist will admit that the proper administration of our newly acquired tropical dependencies is absolutely essential if our policy of expansion is not to collapse; on the other hand, at least the most intelligent among the anti-imperialists will admit that we have certain duties which must be performed as long as we stay in the tropic lands.

Of course there are some anti-expansionists whose opposition to expansion takes the form of opposition to American interests; and with these gentry there is no use dealing at all. Whether from credulity, from timidity, or from sheer lack of patriotism, their attitude during the war was as profoundly un-American as was that of the "Copperheads" in 1861. Starting from the position of desiring to avoid war even when it had become inevitable if our national honor was to be preserved, they readily passed into a frame of mind which made them really chagrined at every American triumph, while they showed very poorly concealed satisfaction over every American shortcoming; and now they permit their hostility to the principle of expansion to lead them into persistent effort to misrepresent what is being done in the islands and parts of islands which we have actually conquered.

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[1] *The Outlook,* Jan. 7, 1899.

But these men are in a very small minority. I think most Americans realize that facts must be faced, and that for the present, and in the immediate future, we shall have, whether we wish it or not, to provide a working government, not only for Hawaii and Porto Rico, but for Cuba and the Philippines. We may not wish the Philippines, and may regret that circumstances have forced us to take them; but we have taken them, and stay there we must for the time being—whether this temporary stay paves the way for permanent occupation, or whether it is to last only until some more satisfactory arrangement, whether by native rule or otherwise, takes its place. Discussion of theories will not avail much; we have a bit of very practical work to be done, and done it must be, somehow. I am certain that if the Cubans show themselves entirely fit to establish and carry on a free and orderly government, the great mass of my fellow citizens will gladly permit them to decide themselves as to the destiny of Cuba, and will allow them to be independent if they so desire. I am also certain that Americans would take much this position in regard to the Philippines were the conditions such as to justify it. But I am also certain that our people will neither permit the islands again to fall into the clutches of Spain or of some power of Continental Europe which would have interfered to our harm in the last war if it had dared to, nor yet permit them to sink into a condition of squalid and savage anarchy.

The policy of shirking our responsibilities cannot be adopted. To refuse to attempt to secure good government in the new territories acquired last summer would simply mean that we were weaklings, not worthy to stand among the great races of the world. Such a policy would itself be a failure; and if we follow any other policy we can do no worse than fail; so it may be taken for granted that we are going to try the experiment. All that remains is to see that we try it under conditions which give us most chances of success; that is, which render it most likely that we shall give good government to the conquered provinces, and therefore add to the honor and renown of the American name no less than to the material well-being of our people at home and abroad.

In these tropical and far-off lands good government has got to be secured mainly, not from Washington, but from the men sent to administer the provinces. It is, of course, essential that Congress should ultimately provide a good scheme of government for the colonies—or rather for each colony, as there will have to be wide variation in the methods applied—but even this scheme can be worked out only by the aid and advice of the men who have had actual experience in the wholly new work to which Americans are now called; and until we are able to get such advice any scheme must be of the most tentative character. What is really essential is to have first-class men chosen to administer these provinces, and then to give these men the widest possible latitude as to means and methods for solving the exceedingly difficult problems set before them. Most fortunately, we have in General Wood the exact type of man whom we need; and we have in his work for the past four months an exact illustration of how the work should be done.

The great importance of the personal element in this work makes it necessary for me to dwell upon General Wood's qualifications as I should not otherwise do. The successful administrator of a tropic colony must ordinarily be a man of boundless energy and endurance; and there were probably very few men in the army at Santiago, whether among the officers or in the ranks, who could match General Wood in either respect. No soldier could outwalk him, could live with more indifference on hard and scanty fare, could endure hardship better, or do better without sleep; no officer ever showed more ceaseless energy in providing for his soldiers, in reconnoitring, in overseeing personally all the countless details of life in camp, in patrolling the trenches at night, in seeing by personal inspection that the outposts were doing their duty, in attending personally to all the thousand and one things to which a commander should attend, and to which only those commanders of marked and exceptional mental and bodily vigor are able to attend.

General Wood was a Cape Cod boy; and to this day there are few amusements for which he cares more than himself to sail a small boat off the New England coast, especially in rough weather. He went through the Harvard Medical School in 1881–82, and began to practise in Boston; but his was one of those natures which, especially when young, frets for adventure and for those hard and dangerous kinds of work where peril blocks the path to a greater reward than is offered by more peaceful occupations. A year after leaving college he joined the army as a contract surgeon, and almost immediately began his service under General Miles in the Southwestern Territories. These were then harried by the terrible Apaches; and the army was entering on the final campaigns for the overthrow of Geronimo and his fellow renegades. No one who has not lived in the West can appreciate the incredible, the extraordinary fatigue and hardship attendant upon these campaigns. There was not much fighting, but what there was, was of an exceedingly dangerous type; and the severity of the marches through the waterless mountains of Arizona, New Mexico, and the northern regions of Old Mexico (whither the Apache bands finally retreated) was such that only men of iron could stand them. But the young contract doctor, tall, broad-chested, with his light-yellow hair and blue eyes, soon showed the stuff of which he was made. Hardly any of the whites, whether soldiers or frontiersmen, could last with him; and the friendly Indian trailers themselves could not wear him down. In such campaigns it soon becomes essential to push forward the one actually fitted for command, whatever his accidental position may be; and Wood, although only a contract surgeon, finished his career against the Apaches by serving as commanding officer of certain of the detachments sent out to perform peculiarly arduous and dangerous duty; and he did his work so well and showed such conspicuous gallantry that he won that most coveted of military distinctions, the medal of honor. On expeditions of this kind, where the work is so exhausting as to call for the last ounce of reserve strength and courage in the men, only a very peculiar and high type of officer can succeed. Wood, however, never called upon his men to do anything that he himself did not do. They ran no risk that he did not run; they endured no hardship which he did not endure: intolerable fatigue, intolerable thirst, never-satisfied hunger, and the strain of unending watchfulness against the most cruel and dangerous of foes—through all this Wood led his men until the final hour of signal success. When he ended the campaigns, he had won the high regard of his superior officers, not merely for courage and endurance, but for judgment and entire trustworthiness. A young man who is high of heart, clean of life, incapable of a mean or ungenerous action, and burning with the desire to honorably distinguish himself, needs only the opportunity in order to do good work for his country.

This opportunity came to Wood with the outbreak of the Spanish War. I had seen much of him during the preceding year. Being myself fond of outdoor exercise, I had found a congenial companion in a man who had always done his serious duties with the utmost conscientiousness, but who had found time to keep himself, even at thirty-seven, a first-class football-player. We had the same ideals and the same way of looking at life; we were fond of the same sports; and, last, but not least, being men with families, we liked, where possible, to enjoy these sports in company with our small children. We therefore saw very much of each other; and we had made our plans long in advance as to what we should do if war with Spain broke out; accordingly, he went as colonel, and I as lieutenant-colonel, of the Rough Riders. How well he commanded his regiment is fresh in the minds of every one. Because of his success he was made brigadier-general, and at the battle of San Juan he commanded one of the two brigades which made up General Joe Wheeler's cavalry division. When Santiago surrendered, he was soon put in charge, first of the city and then of the city and province.

Since then he has worked wonders. Both his medical and his military training stood him in good stead. I was frequently in Santiago after the surrender, and I never saw Wood when he was not engaged on some one of his multitudinous duties. He was personally inspecting the hospitals; he was personally superintending the cleaning of the streets; he was personally hearing the most important of the countless complaints made by Cubans against Spaniards, Spaniards against Cubans, and by both against Americans; he was personally engaged in working out a better system of sewerage or in striving to secure the return of the land-tillers to the soil. I do not mean that he ever allowed himself to be swamped by mere detail; he is much too good an executive officer not to delegate to others whatever can safely be delegated; but the extraordinary energy of the man himself is such that he can in person oversee and direct much more than is possible with the ordinary man.

To General Wood has fallen the duty of preserving order, of seeing that the best Cubans begin to administer the government, of protecting the lives and properties of the Spaniards from the vengeance of their foes, and of securing the best hygienic conditions possible in the city; of opening the schools, and of endeavoring to re-establish agriculture and commerce in a ruined and desolate land.

The sanitary state of the city of Santiago was frightful beyond belief. The Cuban army consisted of undisciplined, unpaid men on the verge of becoming mere bandits. The Cuban chiefs were not only jealous of one another, but, very naturally, bitterly hostile to the Spaniards who remained in the land. On the other hand, the men of property, not only among the Spaniards, but even among the Cubans, greatly feared the revolutionary army. All conditions were ripe for a period of utter anarchy, and under a weak, a foolish, or a violent man this anarchy would certainly have come. General Wood, by his energy, his firmness, his common sense, and his moderation, has succeeded in working as great an improvement as was possible in so short a time. By degrees he has substituted the best Cubans he can find in the places both of the old Spanish officials and of the Americans who were put in temporary control. He permits not the slightest violence either on the part of the American soldiers or of the inhabitants; he does absolute, even justice to all. He shows that he thinks of himself only in so far as he desires to win an honorable reputation for doing his work well—and even this desire for an honorable reputation, it must be remembered, is absolutely secondary in his mind to the desire that the work itself should be thoroughly done, let the credit go where it will.

The importance of all this lies in the fact that what General Wood has done in Santiago other officials must do elsewhere in Cuba, in Porto Rico, and in the Philippines, not to speak of Hawaii, if our rule in these islands is to be honorable to ourselves and advantageous to the natives. There is no need of prattling about the impossibility of governing the island under our Constitution and system of government. The men who so prattle merely show their own weakness; there is not the slightest difficulty in governing the islands if we set about governing them well, and if we choose the General Woods because they are fit for the task and not because they are pressed by selfish interests, whether political or commercial. The inhabitants of the islands are not at the moment fit to govern themselves. In some places they may speedily become fit; in other places the intervening time may be very long indeed. Until the moment does arrive, they have got to be governed; and they have got to be governed by men carefully chosen, who are on the ground, who know what the needs really are, and who have the power given them to meet these needs. Politics should have as little to do with the choice of our colonial administrators as it should have to do with the choice of an admiral or a general. We cannot afford to trifle with our own honor or with the interests of the great alien communities over which we have assumed supervision. There are plenty of men fit to administer these colonies—men like General James H. Wilson and General Fitzhugh Lee; but they cannot do their work if they are not left largely unhampered, and if they are not given cordial assistance by the people at home; and the places under them must be given to men chosen because they can do the work and not because politicians recommend them. If political considerations of the baser sort are supreme in the administration of New York City, that is New York City's own fault; but in the Philippines or in Cuba it would be the fault of the American people and not of the inhabitants, and would establish a just grievance on behalf of the latter. We cannot afford to let politicians do with our public service in our dependencies what they have done for the consular service; still less can we afford to let doctrinaires, or honest, ignorant people, decide the difficult and delicate questions bound to arise in administering the new provinces. We cannot possibly, at any rate for the present, do better than to take for each province some man like General Wood, give him the largest power possible both as to his methods and his subordinates, and then hold him to a strict accountability for the results; demanding that he preserve untarnished the honor of the American name, by working, not only for the interests of America, but for the interests of the people whose temporary ruler he is.

2. Chief of Staff

(1910)[1]

General Leonard Wood has just returned from South America to take up his duties as chief of the general staff of the United States army, the highest military position which the service affords.

Nearly twelve years ago, when Leonard Wood was acting as governor of Santiago, I wrote in *The Outlook* about what he had already achieved, and what he could be trusted to achieve. During the intervening twelve years he has played a very conspicuous part among the men who have rendered signal service to the country by the way in which they have enabled it to grapple with the duties and responsibilities incurred by the Spanish War. What has been accomplished in the Philippines, in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in Panama, and in San Domingo during these twelve years represents a sum of achievement of which this nation has a right to be extremely proud. In each locality the problem has been different; in each locality it has been solved with signal success. Of course there have been mistakes and shortcomings, but on the whole it would be difficult to find anywhere a finer record of successful accomplishment. This record is primarily due to the admirable quality of the men put at the head of affairs in the different places. Messrs. Taft, Luke Wright, Smith and Forbes, Messrs. Hunt, Winthrop, Post and Colton, Governor Magoon, Colonel

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[1] *The Outlook*, July 30, 1910.

Goethals—to these and their colleagues and subordinates the country owes a heavy debt of obligation.

Most of those I have mentioned are civilians. Colonel Goethals, under whom the gigantic work of the Panama Canal is being accomplished, with literally astounding rapidity and success, is a representative of the army. The share of the army in the honor roll is very large. The importance of work like that of General Bell in the Philippines, of General Barry in Cuba, can hardly be overestimated; but, as a whole, of all the work of the army officers, the greatest in amount, and the greatest in variety of achievement, must be credited to General Wood. And, moreover, he has at times combined with singular success the functions of civil administrator and military commandant. The part played by the United States in Cuba has been one of the most honorable ever played by any nation in dealing with a weaker power, one of the most satisfactory in all respects; and to General Wood more than to any other one man is due the credit of starting this work and conducting it to a successful conclusion during the earliest and most difficult years. Like almost all of the men mentioned, as well as their colleagues, General Wood of course incurred the violent hatred of many dishonest schemers and unscrupulous adventurers, and of a few more or less well-meaning persons who were misled by these schemers and adventurers; but it is astounding to any one acquainted with the facts to realize, not merely what he accomplished, but how he succeeded in gaining the good-will of the enormous majority of the men whose good-will could be won only in honorable fashion. Spaniards and Cubans, Christian Filipinos and Moros, Catholic ecclesiastics and Protestant missionaries—in each case the great majority of those whose opinion was best worth having—grew to regard General Wood as their special champion and ablest friend, as the man who more than any others understood and sympathized with their peculiar needs and was anxious and able to render them the help they most needed. In Cuba he acted practically as both civil and military head; and after he had been some time in the Philippines, very earnest pressure was brought to bear by many of the best people in the islands to have a similar position there created for him, so that he could repeat what he had done in Cuba. It was neither necessary nor desirable that this position should be created; but the widely expressed desire that it should be created was significant of the faith in the man.

His administration was as signally successful in the Moro country as in Cuba. In each case alike it brought in its train peace, and increase in material prosperity, and a rigid adherence to honesty as the only policy tolerated among officials. His opportunity for military service has not been great, either in the Philippines or while he was the governor of Cuba. Still, on several occasions he was obliged to carry on operations against hostile tribes of Moros, and in each case he did his work with skill, energy, and efficiency; and, once it was done, he showed as much humanity in dealing with the vanquished as he had shown capacity to vanquish them. In our country there are some kinds of success which receive an altogether disproportionate financial reward; but in no other country is the financial reward so small for the kind of service done by Leonard Wood and by the other men whose names I have given above. General Wood is an army officer with nothing but an army officer's pay, and we accept it as a matter of course that he should have received practically no pecuniary reward for those services which he rendered in positions not such as an army officer usually occupies. There is not another big country in the world where he would not have received a substantial reward such as here no one even thinks of his receiving. Yet, after all, the reward for which he most cares is the opportunity to render service, and this opportunity has been given him once and again. He now stands as chief of staff of the American army, the army in which he was serving in a subordinate position as surgeon thirteen years ago. His rise has been astonishing, and it has been due purely to his own striking qualifications and striking achievements. Again and again he has rendered great service to the American people; and he will continue to render such service in the position he now holds.

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JUSTICE MOODY[1]

Mr. Justice Moody's retirement is a tragedy from the private, and a real calamity from the public, standpoint. It is the literal truth to say that there is no public servant whom, at this particular time, the public could so ill afford to lose. He is a man in the very prime of his life, in the flower of his intellectual strength, who has lived long enough to develop his powers and his usefulness to the utmost, but not so long as in any way to impair either; and just at the moment when he was entering upon a great career of service to the people, he is stricken down and forced to leave the bench. We feel for him, personally, the deep sympathy we would naturally feel for a gallant officer who, having done admirable work until he reaches the highest position, is almost immediately thereafter, when the need for him is sorest, the chance for him greatest, stricken in his high position and forced to abandon his work while on its threshold.

To those of us whose signal good fortune it has been to be intimately associated with Justice Moody his loss from the bench and from active life causes a keen pang of personal grief; but, after all, our chief regret is for the public, for the people, for the nation as a whole. Under our form of government no other body of men occupy a position of such far-reaching importance as the justices of the Supreme Court. Neither the executive nor the legislative branch of the government, under ordinary conditions, does as much in shaping our Constitutional growth as the Supreme Court. This is not true of any other country. In every other country the judges, though they exercise a great and decisive influence in civil contests between individuals, have little or no power to shape the governmental course of development—that is, the course of national development, the course of affairs that affect the people not individually but as a whole. In our country, however, a number of causes which were not in evidence during the first decade after the establishment of the Constitution have combined to render the Supreme Court in many ways the most important governmental body in the land, and to give it a position which places it infinitely above any other court in the entire world. Power so great is, of course, because of its very greatness, equally capable of working harm and of working good; and exactly as he is no true patriot who fails to uphold the judge who is a far-seeing and fearless public servant, so he is no true patriot who hesitates to point out the facts when the judge does not serve the people. Ours is a government of the people, and no man has a right to be in public life who is not in a high and true sense the servant of the people; and the doctrine that there shall not be honest, fearless, and temperate criticism of any judge is not only unworthy of being held by any free man who respects himself, but is a betrayal of the cause of good government; for only thus can there be proper discrimination in the public mind between the wise judge who serves the people and his equally honest brother who, because he lacks the statesmanlike qualities or clings to outworn (that is, to fossilized) political theories, does damage to the people.

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[1] *The Outlook*, Nov. 5, 1910.

A glance at the past history of the Supreme Court will prove this beyond possibility of cavil to any man of intelligence who is not afraid to face facts. The Supreme Court during the first third of the nineteenth century, while it was under the domination of the great Chief Justice Marshall, rendered a service to the country greater than at that time was rendered by any President or by Congress. Marshall was in a real sense one of the founders of our Constitution. He deserves a place beside the greatest of the early Presidents, beside the greatest of the men who wrought out the Constitution and secured its adoption. The court in his time, and while it responded to his teaching, was the most vital governmental element in our national growth.

There succeeded a time in which the court was under the dominion of another chief justice, Chief Justice Taney, when its members shared the views of Chief Justice Taney. The court then became, not the leader in sound governmental growth, but the most formidable obstacle to sound governmental growth. It was the decision of the court at this time in the Dred Scott case which marked the climax of the then governmental attitude toward slavery, and which gave Abraham Lincoln his opportunity to rise into national prominence by the vigor of his opposition thereto and of his assault upon the court for what it had done. During the Civil War the Supreme Court, under Chief Justice Taney, so far from being an aid to the forces of union and liberty, was their enemy, and, as a condition of successfully carrying on his warfare on behalf of the American people, Abraham Lincoln was obliged to take an attitude of disregard of, and at times of open antagonism to, the Supreme Court; an attitude which neither could nor would have been taken save that the vital need of the nation, at the moment when it was facing revolution, rendered such a course imperative. All sober and serious statesmen and publicists, and all leaders of the people, when they deal with the Supreme Court, should remember not only the incalculable service it rendered under Marshall, but the menace it was to the nation under Taney, and the way in which it then forced Abraham Lincoln and all far-seeing patriots to antagonize it. There is no reason for supposing that Marshall and Taney differed in ability as lawyers or in sincerity and loftiness of private character. But one was a great, far-seeing statesman who builded for the future, the other was a man who clung to outworn theories (I use the word "outworn," as some sensitive people seem to regard this word as preferable to the word "fossilized"), and who in consequence worked for the detriment of the country as surely as if it had been his conscious purpose so to do.

We are now entering on a period when the vast and complex growth of modern industrialism renders it of vital interest to our people that the court should apply the old essential underlying principles of our government to the new and totally different conditions in such fashion that the spirit of the Constitution shall in very fact be preserved and not sacrificed to a narrow construction of the letter. Much of the future of this country depends upon the direction from which the judges of the Supreme Court approach the great Constitutional questions that they will have to decide. It is impossible to overestimate the services which may be rendered on this court by the judge who is really a far-sighted statesman, who has the modern type of mind, who is fully alive to the great governmental needs of the time and to the far-reaching importance which the decisions of the courts may have, and who in dealing with the problems that confront him never forgets that in addition to being a lawyer on the bench he is also an American citizen in a place of the highest responsibility who owes a great duty not only to the people of this country to-day, but to the people of this country to-morrow.

This was exactly the type of judge that Mr. Moody was. It is the universal testimony of all who knew him that as justice he grew and developed with extraordinary rapidity. As district attorney of Massachusetts, as congressman, as secretary of the navy, and as attorney-general he had rendered signal service to his country; indeed, his record as attorney-general can be compared without fear with the record of any other man who ever held that office. Much was rightly expected of him when he was made justice of the Supreme Court; but what he did and the attitude he took during his lamentably short term of office showed that these expectations would be far more than realized. He was not a man who was misled by a formula. His clear eye always saw into the heart of things. No devotion to the theory of national power prevented his deciding in favor of the rights of any State wherever it was obvious that through the exercise of its rights by the State lay the only chance of securing the rights of the people. On the other hand, no theory as to the rights of the States caused him to refrain from giving effect to a just expression of the popular will when that popular will could find effective expression only by the exercise of the powers of the Federal Government. It is not a difficult thing to find an upright man who as judge will do justice between individuals; but it is a very difficult thing to find the far-seeing statesman who on the bench will with wisdom and firmness shape the course of governmental action so that the national and State governments shall completely cover the whole field of governmental action in order that there shall be left no neutral ground wherein astute men, protected by contradictory judicial decisions, may work wickedness uncontrolled by either State or nation. Mr. Justice Moody was one of these men. He rendered noteworthy service to the country even during his short term on the bench, and had he been able to continue on the bench he would have rendered such service as hardly any other man now in public life can hope to render.

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JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE

1. AMBASSADOR

(1899)[1]

When our host spoke with such just eulogy of the Anglo-Saxon race, I could not help turning to Mr. Cockran and asking him on our joint behalf where the Dutch and Irish come in. I think that our presence here to-night emphasizes just what he meant, that those who belong to the English-speaking race by adoption, by spirit, by the inheritance of common ideas and common aspirations, have the right to hail the renewed friendship between the English-speaking people of the British Isles and the English-speaking people of this great continent exactly as have any of those whose forefathers came over in the *Mayflower* or first settled on the banks of the James; and when our ambassador goes to England I know he will remember not only the facts that have been put before you in the magnificent oratory of Mr. Cockran to-night, but one other fact, something that supplements what Mr. Cockran said. Mr. Cockran did well to dwell upon the place that has been won by the great qualities of the English-speaking peoples; he did well to dwell upon how much we have owed to the feats of the great captains of industry, to the feats of the men of letters, of the men of law. But the ambassador will also remember how much has been owing to the men who carried the sword. I see here in the audience before me many men who either wear, or could if they chose wear, the button that shows that they fought in the most righteous war of modern times; and the statesmanship of Abraham Lincoln would have come to naught had it not been for the soldiership of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, of Thomas and of Farragut.

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[1] Address delivered at a dinner given in honor of Mr. Choate at the Union League Club, New York, Feb. 17, 1899.

There have been other races as great in war as the English-speaking people, but they have not been as great in peace. There have been other races as great in peace but they have not shown themselves as great in war. The great point in the upbuilding of the so-called Anglo-Saxon people (I am unable to go into the nice ethnic distinction that would make of Clive, of Wellington, and Nelson Normans—I much doubt whether Washington, and Andrew Jackson, and Grant, and Phil Sheridan were Normans), but the great point in the upbuilding of the English-speaking peoples, in the upbuilding of our own nation has been that, together with the love for peace has gone the ability to carry on war; that with the love for letters, with the love of orderly obedience to law, has gone the capacity to stand up stoutly for the right when menaced by any foreign foe. And the ambassador will go to England holding his head the higher, not only because he goes from a land that has won such triumphs of peace; not only because he goes from a land that has added to the reputation of the jurist of the world because it has produced men like himself; that has added to the oratory of the world by the presence in it of men like yourself, Mr. Cockran, but he will go holding his head the higher because Dewey's guns thundered at Manila and the Spanish ships were sunk off Santiago Bay. All honor to the men of peace, and all honor also to the race that has shown that besides men of peace it can in time of need bring forth men who are mighty in battle.

I feel that this club has a peculiar right to pride itself upon sending Mr. Choate as ambassador, because Mr. Choate stands as the archetype of the kind of American citizenship which this club prides itself upon having produced. The greatest master of the English language that the world has ever seen; the writer with the keenest insight into human nature that any writer has had since the days of Holy Writ, has stated to mankind as his advice: "Above all to thine own self be true. Thou canst not then be false to any man." Mr. Choate has stated that he will come back as he goes, a good American, and we do not need the assurance, for he could come back nothing else. The first requisite in the statesmanship that shall benefit mankind, so far as we are concerned, is that that statesmanship shall be thoroughly American. No American statesman who forgot to be first and foremost an American was ever yet able to do anything to benefit the world as a whole. The world moves upward as a whole by means of the people who make the different countries of the world move upward; the man who lifts America higher, by just so much makes higher the civilization of all mankind.

Now Mr. Choate has here in our life done the two cardinal duties of minding his own business well and also minding the business of the State. Neither will do by itself. We do not wish the aid of those excellent people who can manage the affairs of other people but not their own. Nor yet of those who are content to benefit themselves but to leave the work of the State undone. The great note in the work that has been done by this club has been the note of disinterested labor for the common good by men who have shown that they could take care of their own affairs. In the presence of Mr. Choate, in the presence of our host of the evening, of Mr. Root, I wish to pay a brief tribute on behalf of those men who have held public office, to the disinterested labor and assistance given by those men who have not held public office and who gave their labor wholly without hope of reward. You, all of you, here who have been Mr. Choate's lifelong friends, who have known him intimately, know that there has never been a movement for the betterment of America, a movement to better our State or our social life, an effort to make our politics more honest, more straightforward, more representative of the best hope and thought of the community, in which you have not been able to count upon the generous and disinterested assistance of Mr. Choate. I myself know well what I owe to Mr. Choate; and I know you will not think that I wander from our subject of this evening when I say that I appreciate to the full the way in which both Mr. Choate and Mr. Root have helped me when I have needed to draw upon all that I could draw upon in the way of intelligence and disinterested interest in the public good. It is a peculiar pleasure to see a man who has served the State so disinterestedly, with such genuine ability and without the least idea of reward in the way of office, chosen to fill one of the most honorable offices in the land, not because he has sought it (for it came to him before he had a chance to seek it), but because of the sentiment of the people that they wished at this time to be represented by one of those men who make all of us proud of being Americans. And we may well feel satisfied, not merely with having Mr. Choate as ambassador, but with the political conditions which have rendered it possible, in choosing the man who should represent us to a country with which we have the closest and most intimate ties of blood and of friendship, to pay heed solely to the eminent fitness of the man himself, and to the worth of the spirit which he has so nobly represented.

2. MEMORIAL ADDRESS

(1918)[1]

I DOUBT if any one could wish to have, after death, anything said of him better than was said of Choate by Balfour in the letter to which we have just listened; for there was a man with the indefinable charm of distinction writing of another man who also had the indefinable charm of distinction. One of Choate's great friends, a man who was his superior in diplomatic position at the time that Choate filled the great and honorable place of ambassador to Great Britain, was John Hay; and Choate and Hay both rendered to American public life the service which American public life especially needs to have rendered it, the service of the holding of high public position by men to whose native dignity of character is added the dignity that comes from education and from lifelong association with men of refinement.

In the highest and truest sense of the word there could be no truer product of a democracy than Choate or than Hay; but they had all that distinction, all that charm, all that quality of being a gentleman which we like to think that there is nothing in democracy that excludes. And it is a very real service to this country to have public men of the stamp of Choate and Hay in it. Aside from the specific services they rendered their mere being in public life was an asset to the country.

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[1] Address at the exercises held in memory of Joseph H. Choate at the Century Association, New York, January 19, 1918.

I was President during part of the time that John Hay was secretary of state and Choate ambassador to Great Britain, and I was always certain that anything they did would be marked by the quality of a high and fine courtesy. I could count in their case that there would never be any chance of a *fortiter in re* being marred by a *vulgariter in modo.* And I think that your distinguished President, who, for my great good fortune, was afterward associated with me as secretary of state, I think that he will agree with me that now and then those in high office in American life wish that their efficient champions had a little better manners. It is never pleasant to win a diplomatic victory and then to feel like apologizing for some of the expressions used in winning it.

Mr. Choate was pre-eminently the good citizen, pre-eminently the man of stainless integrity, of a high-mindedness such that every one who was in any shape or way associated with him took it for granted. It was a pleasure to be in the room with him; it was a pleasure to be associated with him in any way. You will notice that almost every one who has spoken or written of him this evening has alluded to his sense of humor—even President Eliot.

Choate, like Hay, was one of those very, very rare men who actually say the things that ordinarily we only read about in writings that tell of the sayings of the contemporaries of Horace Walpole. Both Choate and Hay actually said the things that the rest of us only think of afterward and then wish we had said them at the time.

I don't think that there will ever be a more charming and lovable bit of humor, a bit of humor casting a more delightful light on the character of the man and his surroundings, than Choate's famous expression when asked what he would most like to be if he were not Mr. Choate, and he said: "Why, Mrs. Choate's second husband."

Of course, as we all know, his humor was sometimes more mordant. I shall never forget one incident at a reception at the then Vice-President Morton's. There was present a thoroughly nice lady—of possibly limited appeal—to whom Choate spoke; whereupon, with a face of woe, she began to relate how much she had suffered since she had last seen him on account of an attack of appendicitis and of the operation thereby rendered necessary. After Choate had expressed his sympathy two or three times, the lady said: "I didn't know whether I had changed so that you would not recognize me." Mr. Choate replied: "Madame, I hardly *did* recognize you without your appendix." That I heard myself, and the good lady's face looked exactly as if a sponge had been passed over it.

I think the only time that I personally ever saw Choate meet his equal in any such encounter was once when Tom Reed was present. It was at a dinner at ex-Senator Wolcott's. Senator Wolcott—I am not speaking of him ancestrally, but in his individual character—was not a Puritan. (I am cultivating the habit of diplomatic reserve.) The conversation turned on horse-racing. Senator Wolcott was feeling rather impoverished in consequence of his experience at the last race-meeting. Choate remarked: "I never drink to excess, gamble, or bet on horses." Wolcott responded with a sigh: "Oh, I wish I could say that." Whereupon Reed, with that nasal drawl of his, said: "Why don't you? Choate has said it."

Mr. Choate while ambassador to England rendered two types of great service. In the first place he was the kind of ambassador who achieved the good-will so strikingly shown to-night, so strikingly proved to-night by the letters of Balfour and Bryce. That is no small service in itself. It is a curious thing that the ninety years' period during which—well, I don't know that it is so curious a thing; it is a lamentable thing; I will put it that way—that the ninety years' period during which Great Britain ingeniously showed toward America a hostility which usually irritated without cowing, has been succeeded by a fifty years' period during which the average American demagogue has sought publicity by being ill-mannered toward England; and under such conditions the service rendered by the men of the caliber of Choate as ambassador are in themselves of great consequence to this country; of such consequence that we cannot afford to ignore them in our estimate of the worth of any ambassador.

In addition to this, however, Mr. Choate played a great and distinguished part in connection with three international matters of the highest consequence: the Alaska boundary, the open door in China, and the Panama Canal. The open door in China was one of those diplomatic triumphs necessarily ephemeral, because it could only be permanent if backed by force; and we chose to delude ourselves into the belief that a "scrap of paper" was of more permanent consequence than events proved. Nevertheless, it represented a real—a temporary, but a real—diplomatic gain of great consequence, and Choate and Hay share the honor, not unequally, of that achievement.

Ambassador Choate also played a distinguished part in what was the opening stage of the securing and digging of the Panama Canal; that is, in the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; unless that treaty had been abrogated the canal must either have remained unbuilt or have been built at the cost of a substantial measure of estrangement between Great Britain and ourselves. It was a real triumph to have secured the abrogation of the treaty—accomplished partly through Mr. Hay, partly through Ambassador Choate, partly through Lord Pauncefote, and partly through Mr. Balfour himself. In its first draft I do not think that the treaty was satisfactory. It was rejected by the Senate, as I think quite properly because—and it shows the curious, and, I am tempted to say, early Victorian innocence of both nations—we tried to secure an international guarantee for the neutrality of the canal by asking Germany and France to help us guarantee it! Think of the complications that such a joint guarantee would have led up to during the last three and one-half years, during the two and one-half years before we found out that Germany was our foe—a discovery which we made in leisurely fashion. Following, of course, upon the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was the attempted treaty with Colombia which Colombia asked us to enter into; her then effort to blackmail the French Panama Canal Company out of an additional ten million dollars; the refusal of the French Panama Canal Company to submit to the blackmail, relying on our promise to protect her; the secession of Panama, and the building of the Panama Canal—in all of which Mr. Choate was only indirectly concerned. My own part in it may perhaps be explained by the fact that I deemed it better not to have half a century of debate prior to starting in on the canal; I thought that instead of debating for half a century before building the canal it would be better to build the canal first and debate me for a half-century afterward.

The Alaska boundary dispute was one of those disputes which contain within themselves the very ugliest possibilities. Its settlement was of prime consequence, and with its settlement disappeared the last question which could not be arbitrated between Great Britain and the United States.

I have spoken of the great services that Choate and Hay together rendered. On the occasion of the Alaska boundary dispute the great services were rendered by Choate and Root together. And I think that their attitude in the closing phases of that transaction furnished the exact model by which all American diplomats should guide themselves in any similar matter where it is necessary to insist unflinchingly on the rights of our country, and equally necessary to do it with the utmost courtesy, forbearance, and generosity toward the friendly country with which we are dealing.

So, gentlemen, it was the great good fortune of Mr. Choate, in the closing period of his active career, to render distinguished service to American diplomacy, and therefore to the American nation. This was the closing service of his active career. Yet, even when he had retired, he continued to render very, very real service. From the beginning of the Great War he declined to hold his judgment in abeyance as between the conflicting powers. I remember some time in the fall or early winter of 1914, when he presided at a meeting on behalf of the Belgians, when he recited the atrocities that had been committed by Germany on Belgium, and said: "Germany has assured us that in the end she will pay Belgium. If Heaven is willing, she *shall* pay in full!" Toward the end of our period of neutrality, in common with the major portion of our people, Mr. Choate grew restlessly unwilling longer to submit to the treating of right and wrong with the same cool and indifferent friendliness. I never shall forget the expression of which he made use when finally we went to war, or, to speak more accurately, acknowledged that we were at war—we had been at war for some time; whereupon Choate said: "At last I can go about with my head erect, unafraid to look strangers in the face."

Mr. Choate was one of the great assets of our national life, a great citizen, a great lawyer, a great diplomat, and, as Elihu Root has said, he himself in his person was greater than anything that he did.

17

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON[1]

It is not hyperbole to say that Booker T. Washington was a great American. For twenty years before his death he had been the most useful, as well as the most distinguished, member of his race in the world, and one of the most useful, as well as one of the most distinguished, of American citizens of any race.

Eminent though his services were to the people of his own color, the white men of our Republic were almost as much indebted to him, both directly and indirectly. They were indebted to him directly, because of the work he did on behalf of industrial education for the negro, thus giving impetus to the work for the industrial education of the white man, which is, at least, as necessary; and, moreover, every successful effort to turn the thoughts of the natural leaders of the negro race into the fields of business endeavor, of agricultural effort, of every species of success in private life, is not only to their advantage, but to the advantage of the white man, as tending to remove the friction and trouble that inevitably come throughout the South at this time in any negro district where the negroes turn for their advancement primarily to political life.

The indirect indebtedness of the white race to Booker T. Washington is due to the simple fact that here in America we are all in the end going up or down together; and therefore, in the long run, the man who makes a substantial contribution toward uplifting any part of the community has helped to uplift all of the community. Wherever in our land the negro remains uneducated, and liable to criminal suggestion, it is absolutely certain that the whites will themselves tend to tread the paths of barbarism; and wherever we find the colored people as a whole engaged in successful work to better themselves, and respecting both themselves and others, there we shall also find the tone of the white community high.

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[1] Preface to "Booker T. Washington," by Emmett J. Scott and Lyman Beecher Stowe. Garden City, N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co., 1916. The Preface is dated at Sagamore Hill, August 28, 1916.

The patriotic white man with an interest in the welfare of this country is almost as heavily indebted to Booker T. Washington as the colored men themselves.

If there is any lesson, more essential than any other, for this country to learn, it is the lesson that the enjoyment of rights should be made conditional upon the performance of duty. For one failure in the history of our country which is due to the people not asserting their rights, there are hundreds due to their not performing their duties. This is just as true of the white man as it is of the colored man. But it is a lesson even more important to be taught the colored man, because the negro starts at the bottom of the ladder and will never develop the strength to climb even a single rung if he follow the lead of those who dwell only upon their rights and not upon their duties. He has a hard road to travel anyhow. He is certain to be treated with much injustice, and although he will encounter among white men a number who wish to help him upward and onward, he will encounter only too many who, if they do him no bodily harm, yet show a brutal lack of consideration for him. Nevertheless, his one safety lies in steadily keeping in view that the law of service is the great law of life, above all in this Republic, and that no man of color can benefit either himself or the rest of his race, unless he proves by his life his adherence to this law. Such a life is not easy for the white man, and it is very much less easy for the black man; but it is even more important for the black man, and for the black man's people, that he should lead it.

As nearly as any man I have ever met, Booker T. Washington lived up to Micah's verse: "What more doth the Lord require of thee than to do Justice and love Mercy and walk humbly with thy God?" He did justice to every man. He did justice to those to whom it was a hard thing to do justice. He showed mercy; and this meant that he showed mercy not only to the poor, and to those beneath him, but that he showed mercy by an understanding of the shortcomings of those who failed to do him justice, and failed to do his race justice. He always understood and acted upon the belief that the black man could not rise if he so acted as to incur the enmity and hatred of the white man; that it was of prime importance to the well-being of the black man to earn the good-will of his white neighbor, and that the bulk of the black men who dwell in the Southern States must realize that the white men who are their immediate physical neighbors are beyond all others those whose good-will and respect it is of vital consequence that the black men of the South should secure.

He was never led away, as the educated negro so often is led away, into the pursuit of fantastic visions; into the drawing up of plans fit only for a world of two dimensions. He kept his high ideals, always; but he never forgot for a moment that he was living in an actual world of three dimensions, in a world of unpleasant facts, where those unpleasant facts have to be faced; and he made the best possible out of a bad situation from which there was no ideal best to be obtained. And he walked humbly with his God.

To a very extraordinary degree he combined humility and dignity; and I think that the explanation of this extraordinary degree of success in a very difficult combination was due to the fact that at the bottom his humility was really the outward expression, not of a servile attitude toward any man, but of the spiritual fact that in very truth he walked humbly with his God.

Nowhere was Booker T. Washington's wisdom shown better than in the mixture of moderation and firmness with which he took precisely the right position as to the part the black man should try to take in politics. He put the whole case in a nutshell in the following sentences:

"In my opinion it is a fatal mistake to teach the young black man and the young white man that the dominance of the white race in the South rests upon any other basis than absolute justice to the weaker man. It is a mistake to cultivate in the mind of any individual or group of individuals the feeling and belief that their happiness rests upon the misery of some one else, or their wealth by the poverty of some one else. I do not advocate that the negro make politics or the holding of office an important thing in his life. I do urge, in the interests of fair play for everybody, that a negro who prepares himself in property, in intelligence, and in character to cast a ballot, and desires to do so, should have the opportunity."

In other words, while he did not believe that political activity should play an important part among negroes as a whole, he did believe that in the interests of the white, as well as in the interests of the colored, race, the upright, honest, intelligent black man or colored man should be given the right to cast a ballot if he possessed the qualities which, if possessed by a white man, would make that white man a valuable addition to the suffrage-exercising class.

No man, white or black, was more keenly alive than Booker T. Washington to the threat of the South, and to the whole country, and especially to the black man himself, contained in the mass of ignorant, propertyless, semivicious black voters, wholly lacking in the character which alone fits a race for self-government, who nevertheless have been given the ballot in certain Southern States.

In my many conversations and consultations with him it is, I believe, not an exaggeration to say that one-half the time we were discussing methods for keeping out of office, and out of all political power, the ignorant, semicriminal, shiftless black man who, when manipulated by the able and unscrupulous politician, black or white, is so dreadful a menace to our political institutions. But he felt very strongly, and I felt no less strongly, that one of the most efficient ways of warring against this evil type was to show the negro that, if he turned his back on that type, and fitted himself to be a self-respecting citizen, doing his part in sustaining the common burdens of good citizenship, he would be freely accorded by his white neighbors the privileges and rights of good citizenship. Surely there can be no objection to this. Surely there can be no serious objection thus to keep open the door of hope for the thoroughly decent, upright, self-respecting man, no matter what his color.

In the same way, while Booker T. Washington firmly believed that the attention of the colored race should be riveted, not on political life, but on success sought in the fields of honest business endeavor, he also felt, and I agreed with him, that it was to the interest of both races that there should be appointments to office of black men whose characters and abilities were such that if they were white men their appointments would be hailed as being well above the average, and creditable from every standpoint. He also felt, and I agreed with him, that it was essential that these appointments should be made relatively most numerous in the North —for it is worse than useless to preach virtue to others, unless the preachers themselves practise it; which means that the Northern communities, which pride themselves on possessing the proper attitude toward the negro, should show this attitude by their own acts within their own borders.

I profited very much by my association with Booker T. Washington. I owed him much along many different lines. I valued greatly his friendship and respect, and when he died I mourned his loss as a patriot and an American.

18

ADMIRAL MAHAN[1]

THE death of Admiral Mahan deprives the United States of a man whom it is no exaggeration to call a great public servant. Admiral Mahan belonged in that limited class of men whose honorable ambition it is to render all the service in their power to the cause which they espouse, and who care to achieve distinction and reward for themselves only by the success with which they render this service to the cause. He emphatically belonged among those invaluable workers, the only ones whose work really adds to the sum of mankind's achievement, of whom Ruskin spoke when he said that the only work worth doing was that done by the men who labored primarily for the sake of the labor itself and not for the fee. The great statesmen, soldiers, sailors, the great artists and scientists, the great explorers and engineers, all come in this class. They must pay some heed to the material reward, for they must live; but their first thought is for the work itself, and the work is their joy and delight; and, as a matter of fact, the pecuniary reward of these men, who achieve the greatest and most useful work of their generation, is shamefully inadequate when compared with the similar reward of the men of the money market. Goethals, Dewey, Edison, Saint Gaudens, John Hay, William James, Winslow Homer, Richardson, Marcus Symonds, Peary, Remington, Mark Twain, Howard Pyle, John Burroughs—these men, and others like them, are the Americans who in the last quarter-century have been the true Americans, the Americans whose achievements in the sum will in future years bulk largest in the total of our national achievement during their generation. High among the men of this type stood Admiral Mahan.

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[1] *The Outlook*, Jan. 13, 1915.

I first met Mahan many years ago when he was a junior officer doing his best to found the War College at Newport. Our navy was then at its nadir, being inferior to the navies of either Spain or Chile. Those of our countrymen who were not absorbed in pure money-getting—a pursuit not only indispensable but ennobling as a means to life, and utterly deadening as an end of life—were apt to take the sentimental-pacifist view of international relations; and neither class offers good material out of which to build true national greatness. It was at this unpropitious time that Mahan began his labor to educate the American people to a knowledge of one group of their real needs. The first thing was to educate the navy itself. A governmental branch which is utterly neglected by the nation at large tends to wither. Naval officers whose ships, when compared with those of contemporary European nations, were almost as obsolete as triremes, and who never had a chance to train themselves to handle modern weapons and instruments, grew disheartened and careless. Thirty years ago the average American citizen did not feel a much keener interest in the American navy than the present administration at Washington feels. Mahan's task was to educate the naval officers first and the ordinary citizen next.

The War College and all that sprang therefrom were the first rewards of the work done by Mahan and by the Sampsons, Taylors, Evanses, Wainwrights, Schroeders, Winslows, and all the other fine naval officers to whom the revival of the navy was due. Slowly the effect broadened until the average American began to awake. Yet in his case the effect was partly reflex, for Mahan's really great success came in Europe, and especially in England, before it came here. The American public took him at his true worth only with reluctance, and after educated and far-seeing Englishmen had hailed him with relief and enthusiasm as the man of genius who was able to bring home to the minds of the people as a whole truths to which they would not listen when told by less gifted men. In dealing with our naval officers, in working for the navy from within the navy, Mahan was merely one among a number of first-class men; and many of these other first-class men were better than he was in the practical handling of the huge and complicated instruments of modern war. But in the vitally important task of convincing the masters of all of us—the people as a whole—of the importance of a true understanding of naval needs, Mahan stood alone. There was no one else in his class, or anywhere near it.

His first great book, "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," at a leap touched the high level which we connote when we describe a book as a classic. In this book he showed that combination of two great qualities which no other man of like eminence ever possessed in so high a degree; for the book could have been written only by a man steeped through and through in the peculiar knowledge and wisdom of the great naval expert who was also by instinct and training a statesman to whom the past and the present in all international matters of profound importance were open books whose inmost meaning he had mastered. Admiral Mahan was the only great naval writer who also possessed in international matters the mind of a statesman of the first class. His interest was in the larger side of his subjects; he was more concerned with the strategy than with the tactics of both naval war and statesmanship.

He wrote on the War of 1812, and on some naval phases of the Civil War; and what he wrote of the former ought to have taught the pacifists, and the short-sighted citizens generally, of this country what apparently nothing but the actual experience of terrible disaster will ever teach them. However, there was not in what he dealt with in our wars the large dramatic incident which was necessary in order to draw out his best power of narration. The lack was supplied in the wars that Great Britain waged against Revolutionary and Napoleonic France. The greatest admiral of history was the foremost figure in these naval wars; and he and the fighting in which he took part were portrayed by the master hand of the greatest naval writer in history when Mahan published his two books, one dealing generally with these wars and one specifically with the life of Nelson. These two books are in one way less noteworthy than his "Influence of Sea Power upon History," for their importance consists more in their treatment of the purely military than of the political problems. But he handled these problems in such masterly fashion, his style was so clear and vivid, and his taste and his judgment were both so good that these works probably marked the high water of his popularity and influence.

Later, the very fact that he had thus produced a profound effect upon contemporary thought and action prevented his further successes from being of such striking character. But his "Types of Naval Officers" was a study of the utmost value to all men who have to deal with serious military affairs on the ocean; and in 1910 he published a little volume on "America's Interest in International Conditions" which is of really capital importance to-day in view of the World War now waging. This book shows extraordinary insight into the then actually existing tendencies at work to produce the present gigantic contest.

Admiral Mahan's writings should be read by all who care for that kind of history in which events of real significance are treated with scientific insight and with literary power and charm. They should be studied with especial care by all Americans who desire to know what the real interest of their country demands in the way of thought and action from her sons and daughters.

19

AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS[1]

Augustus Saint Gaudens was a very great sculptor. This makes all the world his debtor; but in a peculiar sense it makes his countrymen his debtors. In any nation those citizens who possess the pride in their nationality, without which they cannot claim to be good citizens, must feel a particular satisfaction in the deeds of every man who adds to the sum of worthy national achievement. The great nations of antiquity, of the middle ages, and of modern times were and are great in each several case, not only because of the collective achievements of each people as a whole, but because of the sum of the achievements of the men of special eminence; and this whether they excelled in warcraft or statecraft, as road-makers or cathedral-builders, as men of letters, men of art, or men of science. The field of effort is almost limitless; and pre-eminent success in any part of it is not only a good thing for humanity as a whole, but should be especially prized by the nation to which the man achieving the success belongs.

Particularly should this be so with us in America. As is natural, we have won our greatest success in the field of an abounding material achievement; we have conquered a continent; we have laced it with railways; we have dotted it with cities. Quite unconsciously, and as a mere incident to this industrial growth, we have produced some really marvellous artistic effects. Take, for instance, the sight offered the man who travels on the railroad from Pittsburgh through the line of iron and steel towns which stretch along the Monongahela. I shall never forget a journey I thus made a year or so ago. The morning was misty, with showers of rain. The flames from the pipes and doors of the blast-furnaces flickered red through the haze. The huge chimneys and machinery were of strange and monstrous shapes. From the funnels the smoke came saffron, orange, green, and blue, like a landscape of Turner's. What a chance for an artist of real genius! Again, some day people will realize that one effect of the "sky-scrapers" in New York, of the massing of buildings of enormous size and height on an island surrounded by waterways, has been to produce a city of singularly imposing type and of unexampled picturesqueness. A great artist will yet arise to bring before our eyes the powerful irregular sky-line of the great city at sunset, or in the noonday brightness, and, above all, at night, when the lights flash from the dark, mountainous mass of buildings, from the stately bridges that span the East River, and from the myriad craft that blaze as they ply to and fro across the waters.

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[1] Address at the Corcoran Art Gallery, at the Saint Gaudens Exhibition, December 15, 1908.

But this is incidental. Our success in the field of pure art, as in the fields of pure literature and pure science, has been behind the success we have achieved in providing, by the practical application of art and science, for bodily comfort, bodily welfare, and for the extraordinary industrial mechanism which forms the framework and skeleton of our modern civilization. The twilight of letters continues; but much is now being done in the field of art; and Saint Gaudens was an artist who can hardly be placed too high.

Before touching on his larger feats, a word as to something of less, but yet of real, importance. Saint Gaudens gave us for the first time a beautiful coinage, a coinage worthy of this country, a coinage not yet properly appreciated, but up to which both the official and the popular mind will in the end grow. The first few thousands of the Saint Gaudens gold coins are, I believe, more beautiful than any coins since the days of the Greeks, and they achieve their striking beauty because Saint Gaudens not only possessed a perfect mastery in the physical address of his craft, but also a daring and original imagination. His full-length figure of Liberty holding the torch is his own conception. His flying eagle and standing eagle are each in its own way equally good. His head of Liberty is not only a strikingly beautiful head, but characteristically and typically American in that for the head-dress he has used one of the few really typical, and at the same time really beautiful, pieces of wearing gear ever produced independently on this continent—the bonnet of eagle-plumes. The comments so frequently made upon this eagle-feather head-dress illustrate curiously the exceedingly conventional character of much of our criticism and the frequent inability to understand originality until it has won its place. Most of the criticism was based upon the assumption that only an Indian could wear a feather head-dress, and that the head of Liberty ought to have a Phrygian cap, or Greek helmet, or some classic equivalent. Now, of course, this was nonsense. There is no more reason why a feather head-dress should always be held to denote an Indian than why a Phrygian cap should always be held to denote a Phrygian. The Indian in his own way finely symbolizes freedom and a life of liberty. It is idle to insist that the head or figure of Liberty shall only appear in the hackneyed and conventional trappings which conventional and unoriginal minds have gradually grown to ascribe to her. A great artist with the boldness of genius could see that the American Liberty should, if possible, have something distinctively American about her; and it was an addition to the sum of the art of all nations that this particular figure of Liberty should not be a mere slavish copy of all other figures of Liberty. So Saint Gaudens put the American Liberty in an American head-dress. Up to the time of this coin the most beautiful American coin was the small gold coin which carried the Indian's head with the feather head-dress, and we now again have the smaller gold coinage with the Indian's head; but Saint Gaudens's was the head of Liberty, the head of the American Liberty, and it was eminently fitting that such a head should carry a very beautiful and a purely and characteristically American head-dress.

So much for the Saint Gaudens coins. In dealing with his larger work I can, of course, speak only as a layman. But the work of a very great artist must be judged by the impression it makes not only upon other artists but also upon laymen. I know well the danger of passing judgment about the great men of the present, for any such judgment must be made with full knowledge that it may be falsified when things are seen through the perspective of the ages. Yet I cannot but hazard a guess that Saint Gaudens's works will stand in the forefront among the masterpieces of the sculptors of the greatest periods and the greatest peoples. He worked among his own people, and his work was of his own time; but yet it was of all time, for in his subject he ever seized and portrayed that which was undying. His genius had that lofty quality of insight which enables a man to see to the root of things, to discard all trappings that are not essential, and to grasp close at hand in the present the beauty and majesty which in most men's eyes are dimmed until distance has softened the harsh angles and blotted out the trivial and the unlovely. He had, furthermore, that peculiar kind of genius in which a soaring imagination is held in check by a self-mastery which eliminates all risk of the fantastic and the overstrained. He knew when to give the most complete rein to this imagination. He also knew when to turn to the men and women about him, and to produce his great effects by portraying them as they actually were—and yet as a little more than they seemed to all but the most clear-sighted, because under his hand the soul within appeared, no less than the man's physical being.

Take his extraordinary statue of General Sherman. There never was a more typically democratic general than gaunt, grizzled old Tecumseh Sherman, homely and simple in all his ways, and yet with the courage of tempered steel. When I heard that Saint Gaudens intended to have this typically modern democratic soldier portrayed as riding on horseback with the horse led by a winged Victory, I did not believe it possible that even Saint Gaudens could succeed. I was afraid we should have another of the innumerable examples of that folly which in one form puts Washington in a toga, or Louis XIV, with his peruke, in a Roman corselet; the folly which in another form portrays Graces, Muses, or Angels, obviously unreal and irrelevant, disporting themselves around an obviously fleshly hero. But Saint Gaudens, greatly daring, produced a wonderful work of art. His Victory is one of the finest figures of its kind, and the plain, grim, rugged old soldier riding alongside is so wrought that, in addition to the general, whom all men knew, those who look upon the statue must also see the soul of the man himself, and the soul of the people whose high and eager hope dwelt in him when he marched to battle.

In the figure on the Adams grave, and in the figure called "Silence" there was nothing to hamper the play of the artist's thought, and he produced two striking creations of pure imagination. The strange, shrouded, sitting woman, the draped woman who stands, impress the beholder with thoughts he cannot fathom, with the weird awe of unearthly things; of that horizon ever surrounding mankind, where the shadowy and the unreal veil from view whatever there is beyond, whether of splendor or of gloom.

In Farragut, on the other hand, we see the fighting admiral as he stood on his quarter-deck, the master of men, the man who feared neither the open death above nor the hidden death beneath; who fearlessly tried wood against iron, and flung the black ships against the forts; but who had the power and the foresight, as well as the courage, that compelled events to do his bidding. His Farragut statue is Farragut himself; and, in addition, it is the statue of the great sea-captain of all times and of any age.

Greatest of all is his Lincoln. Lincoln was the plain man of the people, the people's President; homely, gaunt, ungainly; and this homely figure, clad in ill-fitting clothes of the ugly modern type, held one of the loftiest souls that ever burned within the breast of mankind. It is Saint Gaudens's peculiar quality that, without abating one jot of the truthfulness of portrayal of the man's outside aspect, yet makes that outside aspect of little weight because of what is shown of the soul within. We look at Saint Gaudens's mighty statue of mighty Lincoln, and we are stirred to awe and wonder and devotion for the great man who, in strength and sorrow, bore the people's burdens through the four years of our direst need, and then, standing as high priest between the horns of the altar, poured out his own life-blood for the nation whose life he had saved.

In this quality of showing the soul Saint Gaudens's figures are more impressive than the most beautiful figures that have come down from the art of ancient Greece; for their unequalled beauty is of the form merely, and Saint Gaudens's is of the spirit within.

20

JOHN MUIR[1]

OUR greatest nature-lover and nature-writer, the man who has done most in securing for the American people the incalculable benefit of appreciation of wild nature in his own land, is John Burroughs. Second only to John Burroughs, and in some respects ahead even of John Burroughs, was John Muir. Ordinarily, the man who loves the woods and the mountains, the trees, the flowers, and the wild things, has in him some indefinable quality of charm which appeals even to those sons of civilization who care for little outside of paved streets and brick walls. John Muir was a fine illustration of this rule. He was by birth a Scotchman—a tall and spare man, with the poise and ease natural to him who has lived much alone under conditions of labor and hazard. His was a dauntless soul, and also one brimming over with friendliness and kindliness.

He was emphatically a good citizen. Not only are his books delightful, not only is he the author to whom all men turn when they think of the Sierras and Northern glaciers, and the giant trees of the California slope, but he was also—what few nature-lovers are—a man able to influence contemporary thought and action on the subjects to which he had devoted his life. He was a great factor in influencing the thought of California and the thought of the entire country so as to secure the preservation of those great natural phenomena—wonderful canyons, giant trees, slopes of flower-spangled hillsides—which make California a veritable Garden of the Lord.

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[1] *The Outlook*, Jan. 6, 1915.

It was my good fortune to know John Muir. He had written me, even before I met him personally, expressing his regret that when Emerson came to see the Yosemite, his (Emerson's) friends would not allow him to accept John Muir's invitation to spend two or three days camping with him, so as to see the giant grandeur of the place under surroundings more congenial than those of a hotel piazza or a seat on a coach. I had answered him that if ever I got in his neighborhood I should claim from him the treatment that he had wished to accord Emerson. Later, when as President I visited the Yosemite, John Muir fulfilled the promise he had at that time made to me. He met me with a couple of pack-mules, as well as with riding mules for himself and myself, and a first-class packer and cook, and I spent a delightful three days and two nights with him.

The first night we camped in a grove of giant sequoias. It was clear weather, and we lay in the open, the enormous cinnamon-colored trunks rising about us like the columns of a vaster and more beautiful cathedral than was ever conceived by any human architect. One incident surprised me not a little. Some thrushes—I think they were Western hermit-thrushes—were singing beautifully in the solemn evening stillness. I asked some question concerning them of John Muir, and to my surprise found that he had not been listening to them and knew nothing about them. Once or twice I had been off with John Burroughs, and had found that, although he was so much older than I was, his ear and his eye were infinitely better as regards the sights and sounds of wild life, or at least of the smaller wild life, and I was accustomed unhesitatingly to refer to him regarding any bird note that puzzled me. But John Muir, I found, was not interested in the small things of nature unless they were unusually conspicuous. Mountains, cliffs, trees, appealed to him tremendously, but birds did not unless they possessed some very peculiar and interesting as well as conspicuous traits, as in the case of the water-ouzel. In the same way, he knew nothing of the wood-mice; but the more conspicuous beasts, such as bear and deer, for example, he could tell much about.

All next day we travelled through the forest. Then a snow-storm came on, and at night we camped on the edge of the Yosemite, under the branches of a magnificent silver fir, and very warm and comfortable we were, and a very good dinner we had before we rolled up in our tarpaulins and blankets for the night. The following day we went down into the Yosemite and through the valley, camping in the bottom among the timber.

There was a delightful innocence and good-will about the man, and an utter inability to imagine that any one could either take or give offense. Of this I had an amusing illustration just before we parted. We were saying good-by, when his expression suddenly changed, and he remarked that he had totally forgotten something. He was intending to go to the Old World with a great tree-lover and tree-expert from the Eastern States who possessed a somewhat crotchety temper. He informed me that his friend had written him, asking him to get from me personal letters to the Russian Czar and the Chinese Emperor; and when I explained to him that I could not give personal letters to foreign potentates, he said: "Oh, well, read the letter yourself, and that will explain just what I want." Accordingly he thrust the letter on me. It contained not only the request which he had mentioned, but also a delicious preface, which, with the request, ran somewhat as follows:

"I hear Roosevelt is coming out to see you. He takes a sloppy, unintelligent interest in forests, although he is altogether too much under the influence of that creature Pinchot, and you had better get from him letters to the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of China, so that we may have better opportunity to examine the forests and trees of the Old World."

Of course I laughed heartily as I read the letter, and said: "John, do you remember exactly the words in which this letter was couched?" Whereupon a look of startled surprise came over his face, and he said: "Good gracious! there was something unpleasant about you in it, wasn't there? I had forgotten. Give me the letter back."

So I gave him back the letter, telling him that I appreciated it far more than if it had not contained the phrases he had forgotten, and that while I could not give him and his companion letters to the two rulers in question, I would give him letters to our ambassadors, which would bring about the same result.

John Muir talked even better than he wrote. His greatest influence was always upon those who were brought into personal contact with him. But he wrote well, and while his books have not the peculiar charm that a very, very few other writers on similar subjects have had, they will nevertheless last long. Our generation owes much to John Muir.

21

FREDERICK COURTENEY SELOUS[1]

Last December, just before reaching the age of sixty-five years, Selous, the great hunter-naturalist and explorer, was killed in action against the Germans in East Africa. In the brief press despatches it is stated that he was shot and mortally wounded, but continued to urge forward his men until he was hit a second time and killed. It was a fit and gallant end to a gallant and useful life. In John Guille Millais's delightful "Breath from the Veldt" the frontispiece, by Sir John E. Millais, shows the "Last Trek" of a hunter, dying beside his wagon in the wilderness. The hunter in this picture is drawn from Selous. Many of us used to think that it was the death he ought to die. But the death he actually met was better still.

Selous was born on the last day of the year 1851. Before he was twenty years old he went to South Africa, and a year or two later he embarked on the career of a professional elephant-hunter; a career incredibly wearing and exhausting, in which mortal risk was a daily incident. For a quarter of a century he was a leading figure among the hard-bit men who pushed ever northward the frontier of civilization. His life was one of hazard, hardship, and daring adventure, and was as full of romantic interest and excitement as that of a viking of the tenth century. He hunted the lion and the elephant, the buffalo and the rhinoceros. He knew the extremes of fatigue in following the heavy game, and of thirst when lost in the desert wilderness. He was racked by fever. Strange and evil accidents befell him. He faced death habitually from hostile savages and from the grim quarry he hunted; again and again he escaped by a hair's breadth, thanks only to his cool head and steady hand. Far and wide he wandered through unknown lands, on foot or on horseback, his rifle never out of his grasp, only his black followers bearing him company. Sometimes his outfit was carried in a huge white-topped wagon drawn by sixteen oxen, while he rode in advance on a tough, shabby horse; sometimes he walked at the head of a line of savage burden-bearers. He camped under the stars, in the vast wastes, with the ominous cries of questing beasts rising from the darkness roundabout. It was a wild and dangerous life, and could have been led only by a man with a heart of steel and a frame of iron.

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[1] *The Outlook*, March 7, 1917.

There were other men, Dutch and English, who led the same hard life of peril and adventure. Selous was their match in daring and endurance. But, in addition, he was a highly intelligent civilized man, with phenomenal powers of observation and of narration. There is no more foolish cant than to praise the man of action on the ground that he will not or cannot tell of his feats. Of course loquacious boastfulness renders any human being an intolerable nuisance. But, except among the very foremost (and sometimes among these also, as witness innumerable men from Cæsar to Marco Polo and Livingstone), the men of action who can tell truthfully, and with power and charm, what they have seen and done add infinitely more to the sum of worthy achievement than do the inarticulate ones, whose deeds are often of value only to themselves. Selous when only thirty published his "Hunter's Wanderings in Africa," than which no better book of the kind has ever been written. It at once put him in the first rank of the men who can both do things worth doing and write of them books worth reading. He had the gift of seeing with extraordinary truthfulness, so that his first-hand observations—as in the case of the "species" of black rhinoceros—are of prime scientific value. He also had the gift of relating in vivid detail his adventures; in speaking he was even better than in writing, for he entered with voice and gesture so thoroughly into the part that he became alternately the hunter and the lion or buffalo with which he battled.

Elephant-hunting in South Africa as a profitable profession became a thing of the past. But Selous worked for various museums as a field collector of the great game; and as the pioneers began to strive northward, he broke the trail for them into Mashonaland, doing the work of the road-maker, the bridge-builder, the leader of men through the untrodden wilderness; and he continued his hunting and exploration. His next book, "Travel and Adventure in Southeast Africa," was as good as his first. He now stood at the zenith of his fame as the foremost of all hunter-naturalists.

Soon after this he left South Africa and returned to live in England. But he was not really in place as a permanent dweller in civilization. He longed overmuch for the lonely wilderness. At home he delivered lectures, rode to hounds, studied birds, and lived in a beautiful part of Sussex. Whenever he got the chance he again took up the life of a roaming hunter. He made trip after trip to Asia Minor, to East Africa, to Newfoundland and the Rockies, to the White Nile. He wrote various books about these trips. One, "African Nature Notes," is of first-class importance, being his most considerable contribution to field science—a branch of scientific work to the importance of which, in contradistinction to purely closet science, we are only just beginning to awake.

The eighteen or twenty years he passed in this manner would of themselves have made a varied and satisfactory career for any ordinary man. But he was not wholly satisfied with them, because he compared them with the life of his greater fame and service in the vanguard of the South African movement. Speaking of the fact that his "Nature Notes" sold only fairly well, he remarked one day: "You see, all the young men think I am dead—at any rate, they think I ought to be dead!" He read much, but only along certain lines. I was much interested, on one occasion, to find him fairly enthralled by the ballad of "Twa Corbies." He himself possessed all the best characteristics of simplicity, directness, and strength which marked the old ballads and ballad heroes.

Then the Great War came, and for months he ate his heart out while trying in vain to get to the front. The English did far better than we would have done. But they blundered in various ways—Ireland offers the most melancholy example. The cast-iron quality of the official mind was shown by the rigid application of certain rules which in time of stress become damaging unless made flexible. The War Office at first refused to use Selous—just as they kept another big-game hunter, Stigand, up the White Nile doing work that many an elderly sportsman could have done, instead of utilizing him in the East African fighting. Selous was as hardy as an old wolf; and, for all his gentleness, as formidable to his foes. He was much stronger and more enduring than the average man of half his age. But with a wooden dulness which reminded me of some of the antics of our own political bureaucracy, the War Office refused him permission to fight and sent him out to East Africa in the transport service—his letters on some of the things that occurred in East Africa were illuminating. However, he speedily pushed his way into the fighting line, and fought so well that the home authorities grudgingly accepted the accomplished fact, and made him a lieutenant. He won his captaincy and the Distinguished Service Order before he died.

It was my good fortune to know Selous fairly well. He spent several days with me at the White House; he got me most of my outfit for my African hunt. He went to Africa on the same boat, and I came across him out there on two or three occasions. I also saw him in his attractive Sussex home, where he had a special building for his extraordinary collection of game trophies. He was exactly what the man of the open, the outdoors man of adventurous life, who is also a cultivated man, should be. He was very quiet and considerate, and without the smallest touch of the braggart or brawler; but he was utterly fearless and self-reliant and able to grapple with any emergency or danger. All men of the open took to him at once; with the Boers he was on terms of close friendship. Indeed, I think that any man of the right type would have found him sympathetic. His keenness of observation made him a delightful companion. He never drank spirits; indeed, his favorite beverage at all times was tea.

It is well for any country to produce men of such a type; and if there are enough of them the nation need fear no decadence. He led a singularly adventurous and fascinating life, with just the right alternations between the wilderness and civilization. He helped spread the borders of his people's land. He added much to the sum of human knowledge and interest. He closed his life exactly as such a life ought to be closed, by dying in battle for his country while rendering her valiant and effective service. Who could wish a better life, or a better death, or desire to leave a more honorable heritage to his family and his nation?

22

GEORGE CABOT LODGE[1]

My intimate friendship with George Cabot Lodge lasted for a quarter of a century. It began when I first saw him, a handsome, striking-looking boy, of great promise, at Nahant in the spring of 1884; it did not end when I last saw him, on the 4th of March, 1909, at Washington, when he came through the blizzard to say good-by. He was then in the still vigorously growing maturity of his powers, in the midst of a performance which more than made good his early promise and which was itself the promise of performance greater still.

Of all the men with whom I have been intimately thrown he was the man to whom I would apply the rare name of genius. He was an extraordinary student and scholar; he walked forever through the arch of the past experience of all the great minds of the ages. Any language which he cared to study was his, and he studied every language which held anything he wished. I have never met another man with so thorough and intimate a knowledge of so many great literatures, nor another man who so revelled in enjoyment of the best that he read. He never read for any reason except to find out something he wished to know, or, far more frequently, to gratify his wonderful love, his passion, for high thought finely expressed. A great poem, a great passage in prose, kindled his soul like a flame. Yet he was unaffectedly modest about the well-nigh infinitely wide knowledge, as deep as it was wide, in which his being was steeped. It seemed as if he did not realize how very much he knew. He never made any show of it; unless it came out incidentally and naturally no one ever knew of it; indeed he was really humble-minded in the eager simplicity with which he sought to learn from others who had not even a small fraction of his hoarded wealth of fact and thought.

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[1] Preface to "Poems and Dramas," by George Cabot Lodge. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

He was more than a book-man. He loved his friends, he loved the life of human interest, and the throbbing pulse-beat of cities. He loved also the breath of the open, and he knew the joy which comes in the strife of hardy adventure. As a boy and young man he was a bold and good rider; he was equally at home hunting alone on the vast Western plains, and, also alone, wild-fowl shooting in the dangerous winter seas off the New England coast. His combination of idealism and bodily prowess made it inevitable that he should strain every nerve to get into the Spanish War. He came of fighting stock; his forefathers had fought in every great American war; kinsfolk of his were to be in this one, and he simply could not stay out. He went into the navy as an ensign and served as captain of a gun crew. He made an admirable officer, training his men with unwearied care, and handling them with cool readiness under fire. He belonged to the gallant brotherhood of the men who have written and fought, the brotherhood whose foremost figures number, among many, many others, Cervantes at Lepanto, Sydney in the Low Countries, Koerner, the man of sword and song, in the war for German freedom. But here again what young Lodge did seemed to him so natural that, so far as his friends could tell, he never even thought of it afterward. It was to him a matter of course that he should serve when his country called, just as a generation before young Shaw and young Lowell went forth "to dare, and do, and die at need," when the nation girded her loins for triumph or ruin.

To him was given the greatest of all blessings, the love of wife and of happy children; and his delight in the house where he was husband and father in no way dimmed his delight in the house where he was son. He cared little for the perfunctory part of social life; but no man was ever more beloved by his friends, by the men and women to whom his soul was open.

It is not my province to more than touch on his writings. His first volume of poems showed extraordinary strength and originality, and an extraordinary wealth of thought and diction. Indeed, at first there was almost too great strength and wealth; the depth and wide play of the thought were obscured by the very brilliance of the way in which it was set forth. But with each succeeding volume his mastery over his own strength grew. In his last volume, "The Soul's Inheritance," he had fairly begun to come into his own. He had begun to find adequate expression for the teeming wealth of his mind, for his surging, thronging passions, for "the high and haughty yearning" that burned within his soul. He cared only to do his very best; he demanded only the right to be measured by the loftiest standards, to be judged by the keenest and most serene minds; he could be swayed from the course he had marked out as little by love of general approval as by love of gain itself, and in his case this is the strongest statement that can be made, for no man lived more incapable of mixing sordid alloy with the gold of his work.

In abounding vigor, his task well begun and stretching far ahead, his veins thrilling with eager desire, his eyes fronting the future with dauntless and confident hope, he stood on life's crest; and then death smote him, lamentable, untimely.

"He lived detachèd days;
He servèd not for praise;
For gold
He was not sold;

Deaf was he to world's tongue;
He scornèd for his song
The loud
Shouts of the crowd."

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CAPTAIN HUGH KNYVETT: AN AUSTRALIAN GALAHAD[1]

The Galahads who seek the Grail to-day, when they find it, most often fill it with their own heart's blood. Captain Hugh Knyvett had just finished his book "Over There with the Australians,"[2] and it was on the eve of publication, when death smote him. The wounds, the terrible hardships, the sheer exhaustion of his long campaigns, finally told on him; he had gained high honor in the Great War for right, he had found that in speech he could sway the hearts of the men of an alien country and a kindred tongue, he had won the girl that to him was the only woman in the world; and then, at the crest of life, death smote him, and his fine and gallant spirit went forth to discover what the grave hides.

No man could look on his face and not see that he combined as few men do the daring and the iron courage of the born fighter with a singularly gentle and lofty idealism. He was of fighting blood; he was one of five brothers who were in the army which the Australians sent across the vast oceans when Great Britain entered the lists to fight for the rights of the free peoples of mankind. The same intensity of spirit which made him so formidable a foe in personal combat also made him one of the most convincing and effective speakers who ever stirred to action souls that had been but half awake.

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[1] *The Outlook*, May 29, 1918.

[2] "Over There with the Australians." By Hugh Knyvett. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

He possessed all the Covenanter's or Puritan's sense of right and duty, remote though his temperament was from what we are apt to consider the typical Puritanic or Covenanting temperament.

To him this war was one between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, and the man who fought for darkness or who coldly refused to fight for the light belonged with the foul creatures of the pit, and deserved to be trodden underfoot. He was utterly intolerant of what he regarded as baseness of motive; he fiercely denounced the doctrine of "my country, right or wrong"; in his mind patriotism was dwarfed by humanity. Most men who profess this doctrine cannot live up to its highest level, and at any lower level it produces the ineffective spawn of pacifism and wishy-washy internationalism; but Knyvett's was a virile soul.

Australia, like Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa, has made a wonderful record in this war. All four commonwealths have established their right forever to sit at the council boards of the mighty. Never in history have any nations produced soldiers of a higher type. And among all these wonderful fighting men not one followed the gleam with a whiter vision than Hugh Knyvett or more surely proved his truth by his endeavor.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE PAST

24

THE SETTLEMENT OF JAMESTOWN[1]

We have met to-day to celebrate the opening of the exposition which itself commemorates the first permanent settlement of men of our stock in Virginia, the first beginning of what has since become this mighty Republic. Three hundred years ago a handful of English adventurers, who had crossed the ocean in what we should now call cockle-boats, as clumsy as they were frail, landed in the great wooded wilderness, the Indian-haunted waste, which then stretched down to the water's edge along the entire Atlantic coast. They were not the first men of European race to settle in what is now the United States, for there were already Spanish settlements in Florida and on the headwaters

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[1] Address at the opening of the Jamestown Exposition, April 26, 1907. The actual address was prefaced by the following words of welcome:

"At the outset I wish to say a word of special greeting to the representatives of the foreign governments here present. They have come to assist us in celebrating what was in very truth the birthday of this nation, for it was here that the colonists first settled, whose incoming, whose growth from their own loins and by the addition of newcomers from abroad, was to make the people which one hundred and sixty-nine years later assumed the solemn responsibilities and weighty duties of complete independence.

"In welcoming all of you I must say a special word, first to the representative of the people of Great Britain and Ireland. The fact that so many of our people, of whom as it happens I myself am one, have but a very small portion of English blood in our veins, in no way alters the other fact that this nation was founded by Englishmen, by the Cavalier and the Puritan. Their tongue, law, literature, the fund of their common thought, made an inheritance which all of us share, and marked deep the lines along which we have developed. It was the men of English stock who did most in casting the mould into which our national character was run.

"Let me furthermore greet all of you, the representatives of the people of Continental Europe. From almost every nation of Europe we have drawn some part of our blood, some part of our traits. This mixture of blood has gone on from the beginning, and with it has gone on a kind of development unexampled among peoof the Rio Grande; and the French, who at almost the same time were struggling up the St. Lawrence, were likewise destined to form permanent settlements on the Great Lakes and in the valley of the mighty Mississippi before the people of English stock went westward of the Alleghanies. Moreover, both the Dutch and the Swedes were shortly to found colonies between the two sets of English colonies, those that grew up around the Potomac and those that grew up on what is now the New England coast. Nevertheless, this landing at Jamestown possesses for us of the United States an altogether peculiar significance, and this without regard to our several origins. The men who landed at Jamestown and those who, thirteen years later, landed at Plymouth, all of English stock, and their fellow settlers who during the next few decades streamed in after them, were those who took the lead in shaping the life history of this people in the colonial and revolutionary days. It was

ples of the stocks from which we spring; and hence to-day we differ sharply from, and yet in some ways are fundamentally akin to, all of the nations of Europe.

"Again, let me bid you welcome, representatives of our sister Republics of this continent. In the larger aspect, your interests and ours are identical. Your problems and ours are in large part the same; and as we strive to settle them, I pledge you herewith on the part of this nation the heartiest friendship and good-will.

"Finally, let me say a special word of greeting to those representatives of the Asiatic nations who make up that newest East which is yet the most ancient East, the East of time immemorial. In particular, let me express a word of hearty welcome to the representative of the mighty island-empire of Japan; that empire, which, in learning from the West, has shown that it had so much, so very much, to teach the West in return.

"To all of you here gathered I express my thanks for your coming, and I extend to you my earnest wishes for the welfare of your several nations. The world has moved so far that it is no longer necessary to believe that one nation can rise only by thrusting another down. All far-sighted statesmen, all true patriots, now earnestly wish that the leading nations of mankind, as in their several ways they struggle constantly toward a higher civilization, a higher humanity, may advance hand in hand, united only in a generous rivalry to see which can best do its allotted work in the world. I believe that there is a rising tide in human thought which tends for righteous international peace; a tide which it behooves us to guide through rational channels to sane conclusions; and all of us here present can well afford to take to heart St. Paul's counsel: 'If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.' "

they who bent into definite shape our nation while it was still young enough most easily, most readily, to take on the characteristics which were to become part of its permanent life habit.

Yet let us remember that while this early English colonial stock has left deeper than all others upon our national life the mark of its strong twin individualities, the mark of the Cavalier and of the Puritan—nevertheless, this stock, not only from its environment but also from the presence with it of other stocks, almost from the beginning began to be differentiated strongly from any European people. As I have already said, about the time the first English settlers landed here, the Frenchman and the Spaniard, the Swede and the Dutchman, also came hither as permanent dwellers, who left their seed behind them to help shape and partially to inherit our national life. The German, the Irishman, and the Scotchman came later, but still in colonial times. Before the outbreak of the Revolution the American people, not only because of their surroundings, physical and spiritual, but because of the mixture of blood that had already begun to take place, represented a new and distinct ethnic type. This type has never been fixed in blood. All through the colonial days new waves of immigration from time to time swept hither across the ocean, now from one country, now from another. The same thing has gone on ever since our birth as a nation; and for the last sixty years the tide of immigration has been at the full. The newcomers are soon absorbed into our eager national life, and are radically and profoundly changed thereby, the rapidity of their assimilation being marvellous. But each group of newcomers, as it adds its blood to the life, also changes it somewhat, and this change and growth and development have gone on steadily, generation by generation, throughout three centuries.

The pioneers of our people who first landed on these shores on that eventful day three centuries ago had before them a task which during the early years was of heartbreaking danger and difficulty. The conquest of a new continent is iron work. People who dwell in old civilizations and find that therein so much of humanity's lot is hard, are apt to complain against the conditions as being solely due to man and to speak as if life could be made easy and simple if there were but a virgin continent in which to work. It is true that the pioneer life was simpler, but it was certainly not easier. As a matter of fact, the first work of the pioneers in taking possession of a lonely wilderness is so rough, so hard, so dangerous that all but the strongest spirits fail. The early iron days of such a conquest search out alike the weak in body and the weak in soul. In the warfare against the rugged sternness of primeval nature, only those can conquer who are themselves unconquerable. It is not until the first bitter years have passed that the life becomes easy enough to invite a mass of newcomers, and so great are the risk, hardship, and toil of the early years that there always exists a threat of lapsing back from civilization.

The history of the pioneers of Jamestown, of the founders of Virginia, illustrates the truth of all this. Famine and pestilence and war menaced the little band of daring men who had planted themselves alone on the edge of a frowning continent. Moreover, as men ever find, whether in the tiniest frontier community or in the vastest and most highly organized and complex civilized society, their worst foes were in their own bosoms. Dissension, distrust, the inability of some to work and the unwillingness of others, jealousy, arrogance and envy, folly and laziness—in short, all the shortcomings with which we have to grapple now, were faced by those pioneers, and at moments threatened their whole enterprise with absolute ruin. It was some time before the ground on which they had landed supported them, in spite of its potential fertility, and they looked across the sea for supplies. At one moment so hopeless did they become that the whole colony embarked, and was only saved from abandoning the country by the opportune arrival of help from abroad.

At last they took root in the land, and were already prospering when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. In a few years a great inflow of settlers began. Four of the present States of New England were founded. Virginia waxed apace. The Carolinas grew up to the south of it, and Maryland to the north of it. The Dutch colonies between, which had already absorbed the Swedish, were in their turn absorbed by the English. Pennsylvania was founded and, later still, Georgia. There were many wars with the Indians and with the dauntless captains whose banners bore the lilies of France. At last the British flag flew without a rival in all eastern North America. Then came the successful struggle for national independence.

For half a century after we became a separate nation there was comparatively little immigration to this country. Then the tide once again set hither, and has flowed in ever-increasing size until in each of the last three years a greater number of people came to these shores than had landed on them during the entire colonial period. Generation by generation these people have been absorbed into the national life. Generally their sons, almost always their grandsons, are indistinguishable from one another and from their fellow Americans descended from the colonial stock. For all alike the problems of our existence are fundamentally the same, and for all alike these problems change from generation to generation.

In the colonial period, and for at least a century after its close, the conquest of the continent, the expansion of our people westward, to the Alleghanies, then to the Mississippi, then to the Pacific, was always one of the most important tasks, and sometimes the most important, in our national life. Behind the first settlers the conditions grew easier, and in the older-settled regions of all the colonies life speedily assumed much of comfort and something of luxury; and though generally it was on a much more democratic basis than life in the Old World, it was by no means democratic when judged by our modern standards; and here and there, as in the tide-water regions of Virginia, a genuine aristocracy grew and flourished. But the men who first broke ground in the virgin wilderness, whether on the Atlantic coast or in the interior, fought hard for mere life. In the early stages the frontiersman had to do battle with the savage, and when the savage was vanquished there remained the harder strain of war with the hostile forces of soil and climate, with flood, fever, and famine. There was sickness, and bitter weather; there were no roads; there was a complete lack of all but the very roughest and most absolute necessaries. Under such circumstances the men and women who made ready the continent for civilization were able themselves to spend but little time in doing aught but the rough work which was to make smooth the ways of their successors. In consequence observers whose insight was spoiled by lack of sympathy always found both the settlers and their lives unattractive and repellent. In "Martin Chuzzlewit" the description of America, culminating in the description of the frontier town of Eden, was true and lifelike from the standpoint of one content to look merely at the outer shell; and yet it was a community like Eden that gave birth to Abraham Lincoln; it was men such as were therein described from whose loins Andrew Jackson sprang.

Hitherto each generation among us has had its allotted task, now heavier, now lighter. In the Revolutionary War the business was to achieve independence. Immediately afterward there was an even more momentous task; that to achieve the national unity and the capacity for orderly development, without which our liberty, our independence, would have been a curse and not a blessing. In each of these two contests, while there were many great leaders from many different States, it is but fair to say that the foremost place was taken by the soldiers and the statesmen of Virginia; and to Virginia was reserved the honor of producing the hero of both movements, the hero of the war, and of the peace that made good the results of the war—George Washington; while the two great political tendencies of the time can be symbolized by the names of two other great Virginians—Jefferson and Marshall—from one of whom we inherit the abiding trust in the people which is the foundation-stone of democracy, and from the other the power to develop on behalf of the people a coherent and powerful government, a genuine and representative nationality.

Two generations passed before the second great crisis of our history had to be faced. Then came the Civil War, terrible and bitter in itself and in its aftermath, but a struggle from which the nation finally emerged united in fact as well as in name, united forever. Oh, my hearers, my fellow countrymen, great indeed has been our good fortune; for as time clears away the mists that once shrouded brother from brother and made each look "as through a glass darkly" at the other, we can all feel the same pride in the valor, the devotion, and the fealty toward the right as it was given to each to see the right, shown alike by the men who wore the blue and by the men who wore the gray. Rich and prosperous though we are as a people, the proudest heritage that each of us has, no matter where he may dwell, North or South, East or West, is the immaterial heritage of feeling the right to claim as his own all the valor and all the steadfast devotion to duty shown by the men of both the great armies, of the soldiers whose leader was Grant and the soldiers whose leader was Lee. The men and the women of the Civil War did their duty bravely and well in the days that were dark and terrible and splendid. We, their descendants, who pay proud homage to their memories, and glory in the feats of might of one side no less than of the other, need to keep steadily in mind that the homage which counts is the homage of heart and of hand, and not of the lips, the homage of deeds and not of words only. We, too, in our turn, must prove our truth by our endeavor. We must show ourselves worthy sons of the men of the mighty days by the way in which we meet the problems of our own time. We carry our heads high because our fathers did well in the years that tried men's souls; and we must in our turn so bear ourselves that the children who come after us may feel that we too have done our duty.

We cannot afford to forget the maxim upon which Washington insisted, that the surest way to avert war is to be prepared to meet it. Nevertheless, the duties that most concern us of this generation are not military, but social and industrial. Each community must always dread the evils which spring up as attendant upon the very qualities which give it success. We of this mighty Western Republic have to grapple with the dangers that spring from popular self-government tried on a scale incomparably vaster than ever before in the history of mankind, and from an abounding material prosperity greater also than anything which the world has hitherto seen.

As regards the first set of dangers, it behooves us to remember that men can never escape being governed. Either they must govern themselves or they must submit to being governed by others. If from lawlessness or fickleness, from folly or self-indulgence, they refuse to govern themselves, then most assuredly in the end they will have to be governed from the outside. They can prevent the need of government from without only by showing that they possess the power of government from within. A sovereign cannot make excuses for his failures; a sovereign must accept the responsibility for the exercise of the power that inheres in him; and where, as is true in our Republic, the people are sovereign, then the people must show a sober understanding and a sane and steadfast purpose if they are to preserve that orderly liberty upon which as a foundation every republic must rest.

In industrial matters our enormous prosperity has brought with it certain grave evils. It is our duty to try to cut out these evils without at the same time destroying our well-being itself. This is an era of combination alike in the world of capital and in the world of labor. Each kind of combination can do good, and yet each, however powerful, must be opposed when it does ill. At the moment the greatest problem before us is how to exercise such control over the business use of vast wealth, individual, but especially corporate, as will insure its not being used against the interest of the public, while yet permitting such ample legitimate profits as will encourage individual initiative. It is our business to put a stop to abuses and to prevent their recurrence, without showing a spirit of mere vindictiveness for what has been done in the past. In John Morley's brilliant sketch of Burke he lays especial stress upon the fact that Burke more than almost any other thinker or politician of his time realized the profound lesson that in politics we are concerned not with barren rights but with duties; not with abstract truth, but with practical morality. He especially eulogizes the way in which in his efforts for economic reform, Burke combined unshakable resolution in pressing the reform with a profound temperateness of spirit which made him, while bent on the extirpation of the evil system, refuse to cherish an unreasoning and vindictive ill will toward the men who had benefited by it. Said Burke: "If I cannot reform with equity, I will not reform at all. . . . (There is) a state to preserve as well as a state to reform."

This is the exact spirit in which this country should move to the reform of abuses of corporate wealth. The wrong-doer, the man who swindles and cheats, whether on a big scale or a little one, shall receive at our hands mercy as scant as if he committed crimes of violence or brutality. We are unalterably determined to prevent wrong-doing in the future; we have no intention of trying to wreak such an indiscriminate vengeance for wrongs done in the past as would confound the innocent with the guilty. Our purpose is to build up rather than to tear down. We show ourselves the truest friends of property when we make it evident that we will not tolerate the abuses of property. We are steadily bent on preserving the institution of private property; we combat every tendency toward reducing the people to economic servitude; and we care not whether the tendency is due to a sinister agitation directed against all property, or whether it is due to the actions of those members of the predatory classes whose antisocial power is immeasurably increased because of the very fact that they possess wealth.

Above all, we insist that while facing changed conditions and new problems, we must face them in the spirit which our forefathers showed when they founded and preserved this Republic. The corner-stone of the Republic lies in our treating each man on his worth as a man, paying no heed to his creed, his birthplace, or his occupation, asking not whether he is rich or poor, whether he labors with head or hand; asking only whether he acts decently and honorably in the various relations of his life, whether he behaves well to his family, to his neighbors, to the State. We base our regard for each man on the essentials and not the accidents. We judge him not by his professions, but by his deeds; by his conduct, not by what he has acquired of this world's goods. Other republics have fallen, because the citizens gradually grew to consider the interests of a class before the interests of the whole; for when such was the case it mattered little whether it was the poor who plundered the rich or the rich who exploited the poor; in either event the end of the republic was at hand. We are resolute in our purpose not to fall into such a pit. This great Republic of ours shall never become the government of a plutocracy, and it shall never become the government of a mob. God willing, it shall remain what our fathers who founded it meant it to be—a government in which each man stands on his worth as a man, where each is given the largest personal liberty consistent with securing the well-being of the whole, and where, so far as in us lies, we strive continually to secure for each man such equality of opportunity that in the strife of life he may have a fair chance to show the stuff that is in him. We are proud of our schools and of the trained intelligence they give our children the opportunity to acquire. But what we care for most is the character of the average man; for we believe that if the average of character in the individual citizen is sufficiently high, if he possesses those qualities which make him worthy of respect in his family life and in his work outside, as well as the qualities which fit him for success in the hard struggle of actual existence—that if such is the character of our individual citizenship, there is literally no height of triumph unattainable in this vast experiment of government by, of, and for a free people.

25

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE[1]

At the outset of my address let me recall to the minds of my hearers that the soil upon which we stand, before it was ours, was successively the possession of two mighty empires, Spain and France, whose sons made a deathless record of heroism in the early annals of the New World. No history of the Western country can be written without paying heed to the wonderful part played therein in the early days by the soldiers, missionaries, explorers, and traders, who did their work for the honor of the proud banners of France and Castile. While the settlers of English-speaking stock, and those of Dutch, German, and Scandinavian origin who were associated with them, were still clinging close to the Eastern seaboard, the pioneers of Spain and of France had penetrated deep into the hitherto unknown wilderness of the West, had wandered far and wide within the boundaries of what is now our mighty country. The very cities themselves—St. Louis, New Orleans, Santa Fé—bear witness by their titles to the nationalities of their founders. It was not until the Revolution had begun that the English-speaking settlers pushed west across the Alleghanies, and not until a century ago that they entered in to possess the land upon which we now stand.

We have met here to-day to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the event which more than any other, after the foundation of the government and always excepting its preservation, determined the character of our national life—determined that we should be a great expanding nation instead of relatively a small and stationary one.

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[1] Address at the dedication ceremonies of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, April 30, 1903.

Of course it was not with the Louisiana Purchase that our career of expansion began. In the middle of the Revolutionary War the Illinois region, including the present States of Illinois and Indiana, was added to our domain by force of arms, as a sequel to the adventurous expedition of George Rogers Clark and his frontier riflemen. Later the treaties of Jay and Pinckney materially extended our real boundaries to the West. But none of these events was of so striking a character as to fix the popular imagination. The old thirteen colonies had always claimed that their rights stretched westward to the Mississippi, and vague and unreal though these claims were until made good by conquest, settlement, and diplomacy, they still served to give the impression that the earliest westward movements of our people were little more than the filling in of already existing national boundaries.

But there could be no illusion about the acquisition of the vast territory beyond the Mississippi, stretching westward to the Pacific, which in that day was known as Louisiana. This immense region was admittedly the territory of a foreign power, of a European kingdom. None of our people had ever laid claim to a foot of it. Its acquisition could in no sense be treated as rounding out any existing claims. When we acquired it we made evident once for all that consciously and of set purpose we had embarked on a career of expansion, that we had taken our place among those daring and hardy nations who risk much with the hope and desire of winning high position among the great powers of the earth. As is so often the case in nature, the law of development of a living organism showed itself in its actual workings to be wiser than the wisdom of the wisest.

This work of expansion was by far the greatest work of our people during the years that intervened between the adoption of the Constitution and the outbreak of the Civil War. There were other questions of real moment and importance, and there were many which at the time seemed such to those engaged in answering them; but the greatest feat of our forefathers of those generations was the deed of the men who, with pack-train or wagon-train, on horseback, on foot, or by boat, pushed the frontier ever westward across the continent.

Never before had the world seen the kind of national expansion which gave our people all that part of the American continent lying west of the thirteen original States; the greatest landmark in which was the Louisiana Purchase. Our triumph in this process of expansion was indissolubly bound up with the success of our peculiar kind of Federal government; and this success has been so complete that because of its very completeness we now sometimes fail to appreciate not only the all-importance but the tremendous difficulty of the problem with which our nation was originally faced.

When our forefathers joined to call into being this nation, they undertook a task for which there was but little encouraging precedent. The development of civilization from the earliest period seemed to show the truth of two propositions: In the first place, it had always proved exceedingly difficult to secure both freedom and strength in any government; and in the second place, it had always proved well-nigh impossible for a nation to expand without either breaking up or becoming a centralized tyranny. With the success of our effort to combine a strong and efficient national union, able to put down disorder at home and to maintain our honor and interest abroad, I have not now to deal. This success was signal and all-important, but it was by no means unprecedented in the same sense that our type of expansion was unprecedented. The history of Rome and of Greece illustrates very well the two types of expansion which had taken place in ancient time and which had been universally accepted as the only possible types up to the period when as a nation we ourselves began to take possession of this continent. The Grecian states performed remarkable feats of colonization, but each colony as soon as created became entirely independent of the mother state, and in after-years was almost as apt to prove its enemy as its friend. Local self-government, local independence, was secured, but only by the absolute sacrifice of anything resembling national unity. In consequence, the Greek world, for all its wonderful brilliancy and the extraordinary artistic, literary, and philosophical development which has made all mankind its debtors for the ages, was yet wholly unable to withstand a formidable foreign foe, save spasmodically. As soon as powerful, permanent empires arose on its outskirts, the Greek states in the neighborhood of such empires fell under their sway. National power and greatness were completely sacrificed to local liberty.

With Rome the exact opposite occurred. The imperial city rose to absolute dominion over all the peoples of Italy and then expanded her rule over the entire civilized world by a process which kept the nation strong and united, but gave no room whatever for local liberty and self-government. All other cities and countries were subject to Rome. In consequence this great and masterful race of warriors, rulers, road-builders, and administrators stamped their indelible impress upon all the after-life of our race, and yet let an overcentralization eat out the vitals of their empire until it became an empty shell; so that when the barbarians came they destroyed only what had already become worthless to the world.

The underlying viciousness of each type of expansion was plain enough and the remedy now seems simple enough. But when the fathers of the Republic first formulated the Constitution under which we live this remedy was untried and no one could foretell how it would work. They themselves began the experiment almost immediately by adding new States to the original thirteen. Excellent people in the East viewed this initial expansion of the country with great alarm. Exactly as during the colonial period many good people in the mother country thought it highly important that settlers should be kept out of the Ohio Valley in the interest of the fur companies, so after we had become a nation many good people on the Atlantic coast felt grave apprehension lest they might somehow be hurt by the westward growth of the nation. These good people shook their heads over the formation of States in the fertile Ohio Valley which now forms part of the heart of our nation; and they declared that the destruction of the Republic had been accomplished when through the Louisiana Purchase we acquired nearly half of what is now that same Republic's present territory. Nor was their feeling unnatural. Only the adventurous and the far-seeing can be expected heartily to welcome the process of expansion, for the nation that expands is a nation which is entering upon a great career, and with greatness there must of necessity come perils which daunt all save the most stout-hearted.

We expanded by carving the wilderness into Territories and out of these Territories building new States when once they had received as permanent settlers a sufficient number of our own people. Being a practical nation we have never tried to force on any section of our new territory an unsuitable form of government merely because it was suitable for another section under different conditions. Of the territory covered by the Louisiana Purchase a portion was given Statehood within a few years. Another portion has not been admitted to Statehood, although a century has elapsed—although doubtless it soon will be. In each case we showed the practical governmental genius of our race by devising methods suitable to meet the actual existing needs; not by insisting upon the application of some abstract shibboleth to all our new possessions alike, no matter how incongruous this application might sometimes be.

Over by far the major part of the territory, however, our people spread in such numbers during the course of the nineteenth century that we were able to build up State after State, each with exactly the same complete local independence in all matters affecting purely its own domestic interests as in any of the original thirteen States—each owing the same absolute fealty to the Union of all the States which each of the original thirteen States also owes—and finally each having the same proportional right to its share in shaping and directing the common policy of the Union which is possessed by any other State, whether of the original thirteen or not.

This process now seems to us part of the natural order of things, but it was wholly unknown until our own people devised it. It seems to us a mere matter of course, a matter of elementary right and justice, that in the deliberations of the national representative bodies the representatives of a State which came into the Union but yesterday stand on a footing of exact and entire equality with those of the commonwealths whose sons once signed the Declaration of Independence. But this way of looking at the matter is purely modern, and in its origin purely American. When Washington during his presidency saw new States come into the Union on a footing of complete equality with the old, every European nation which had colonies still administered them as dependencies, and every other mother country treated the colonist not as a self-governing equal but as a subject.

The process which we began has since been followed by all the great peoples who were capable both of expansion and of self-government, and now the world accepts it as the natural process, as the rule; but a century and a quarter ago it was not merely exceptional; it was unknown.

This, then, is the great historic significance of the movement of continental expansion in which the Louisiana Purchase was the most striking single achievement. It stands out in marked relief even among the feats of a nation of pioneers, a nation whose people have from the beginning been picked out by a process of natural selection from among the most enterprising individuals of the nations of western Europe. The acquisition of the territory is a credit to the broad and far-sighted statesmanship of the great statesmen to whom it was immediately due, and above all to the aggressive and masterful character of the hardy pioneer folk to whose restless energy these statesmen gave expression and direction, whom they followed rather than led. The history of the land comprised within the limits of the Purchase is an epitome of the entire history of our people. Within these limits we have gradually built up State after State until now they many times surpass in wealth, in population, and in many-sided development, the original thirteen States as they were when their delegates met in the Continental Congress. The people of these States have shown themselves mighty in war with their fellow man, and mighty in strength to tame the rugged wilderness. They could not thus have conquered the forest and the prairie, the mountain and the desert, had they not possessed the great fighting virtues, the qualities which enable a people to overcome the forces of hostile men and hostile nature. On the other hand, they could not have used aright their conquest had they not in addition possessed the qualities of self-mastery and self-restraint, the power of acting in combination with their fellows, the power of yielding obedience to the law and of building up an orderly civilization. Courage and hardihood are indispensable virtues in a people; but the people which possesses no others can never rise high in the scale either of power or of culture. Great peoples must have in addition the governmental capacity which comes only when individuals fully recognize their duties to one another and to the whole body politic, and are able to join together in feats of constructive statesmanship and of honest and effective administration.

The old pioneer days are gone, with their roughness and their hardship, their incredible toil and their wild half-savage romance. But the need for the pioneer virtues remains the same as ever. The peculiar frontier conditions have vanished; but the manliness and stalwart hardihood of the frontiersmen can be given even freer scope under the conditions surrounding the complex industrialism of the present day. In this great region acquired for our people under the presidency of Jefferson, this region stretching from the Gulf to the Canadian border, from the Mississippi to the Rockies, the material and social progress has been so vast that alike for weal and for woe its people now share the opportunities and bear the burdens common to the entire civilized world. The problems before us are fundamentally the same east and west of the Mississippi, in the new States and in the old, and exactly the same qualities are required for their successful solution.

We meet here to-day to commemorate a great event, an event which marks an era in statesmanship no less than in pioneering. It is fitting that we should pay our homage in words; but we must in honor make our words good by deeds. We have every right to take a just pride in the great deeds of our forefathers; but we show ourselves unworthy to be their descendants if we make what they did an excuse for our lying supine instead of an incentive to the effort to show ourselves by our acts worthy of them. In the administration of city, State, and nation, in the management of our home life and the conduct of our business and social relations, we are bound to show certain high and fine qualities of character under penalty of seeing the whole heart of our civilization eaten out while the body still lives.

We justly pride ourselves on our marvellous material prosperity, and such prosperity must exist in order to establish a foundation upon which a higher life can be built; but unless we do in very fact build this higher life thereon, the material prosperity itself will go for but very little. Now, in 1903, in the altered conditions, we must meet the changed and changing problems with the spirit shown by the men who in 1803 and in the subsequent years gained, explored, conquered, and settled this vast territory, then a desert, now filled with thriving and populous States.

The old days were great because the men who lived in them had mighty qualities; and we must make the new days great by showing these same qualities. We must insist upon courage and resolution, upon hardihood, tenacity, and fertility in resource; we must insist upon the strong, virile virtues; and we must insist no less upon the virtues of self-restraint, self-mastery, regard for the rights of others; we must show our abhorrence of cruelty, brutality, and corruption, in public and in private life alike. If we come short in any of these qualities we shall measurably fail; and if, as I believe we surely shall, we develop these qualities in the future to an even greater degree than in the past, then in the century now beginning we shall make of this Republic the freest and most orderly, the most just and most mighty, nation which has ever come forth from the womb of time.

26

THE MEN OF GETTYSBURG[1]

THE place where we now are has won a double distinction. Here was fought one of the great battles of all time, and here was spoken one of the few speeches which shall last through the ages. As long as this Republic endures or its history is known, so long shall the memory of the battle of Gettysburg likewise endure and be known; and as long as the English tongue is understood, so long shall Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech thrill the hearts of mankind.

The Civil War was a great war for righteousness; a war waged for the noblest ideals, but waged also in thoroughgoing, practical fashion. That is why you won then—because you had the ideals, because you had the lift of soul in you, and because also you had the right stuff in you to make those ideals count in actual life. You had to have the ideals, but if you had not been able to march and shoot you could not have put them into practice. It was one of the few wars which mean, in their successful outcome, a lift toward better things for the nations of mankind. Some wars have meant the triumph of order over anarchy and licentiousness masquerading as liberty; some wars have meant the triumph of liberty over tyranny masquerading as orders; but this victorious war of ours meant the triumph of both liberty and order, the triumph of orderly liberty, the bestowal of civil rights upon the freed slaves, and at the same time the stern insistence on the supremacy of the national law throughout the length and breadth of the land. Moreover, this was one of those rare contests in which it was to the immeasurable interest of the vanquished that they should lose, while at the same time the victors acquired the precious privilege of transmitting to those who came after them, as a heritage of honor forever, not only the memory of their own valiant deeds, but the memory of the deeds of those who, no less valiantly and with equal sincerity of purpose, fought against the stars in their courses. The war left to us all, as fellow countrymen, as brothers, the right to rejoice that the Union has been restored in indestructible shape in a country where slavery no longer mocks the boast of freedom, and also the right to rejoice with exultant pride in the courage, the self-sacrifice, and the devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray.

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[1] Address at Gettysburg, Pa., May 30, 1904.

He is but a poor American who, looking at this field, does not feel within himself a deeper reverence for the nation's past and a higher purpose to make the nation's future rise level to her past. Here fought the chosen sons of the North and the South, the East and the West. The armies which on this field contended for the mastery were veteran armies, hardened by long campaigning and desperate fighting into such instruments of war as no other nation then possessed. The severity of the fighting is attested by the proportionate loss—a loss unrivalled in any battle of similar size since the close of the Napoleonic struggles;[1] a loss which in certain regiments was from three-fourths to four-fifths of the men engaged. Every spot on this field has its own associations of soldierly duty nobly done, of supreme self-sacrifice freely rendered. The names of the chiefs who served in the two armies form a long honor roll; and the enlisted men were worthy, and even more than worthy, of those who led them. Every acre of this ground has its own associations. We see where the fight thundered through and around the village of Gettysburg; where the artillery formed on the ridges; where the cavalry fought; where the hills were attacked and defended; and where, finally, the great charge surged up the slope only to break on the summit in the bloody spray of gallant failure.

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[1] See Appendix, p. 631.

But the soldiers who won at Gettysburg, the soldiers who fought to a finish the Civil War and thereby made their countrymen forever their debtors, have left us far more even than the memories of the war itself. They fought for four years in order that on this continent those who came after them, their children and their children's children, might enjoy a lasting peace. They took arms not to destroy, but to save liberty; not to overthrow, but to establish the supremacy of the law. The crisis which they faced was to determine whether or not this people was fit for self-government and, therefore, fit for liberty. Freedom is not a gift which can be enjoyed save by those who show themselves worthy of it. In this world no privilege can be permanently appropriated by men who have not the power and the will successfully to assume the responsibility of using it aright. In his recent admirable little volume on freedom and responsibility in democratic government, President Hadley, of Yale, has pointed out that the freedom which is worth anything is the freedom which means self-government and not anarchy. Freedom thus conceived is a constructive force, which enables an intelligent and good man to do better things than he could do without it; which is in its essence the substitution of self-restraint for external restraint—the substitution of a form of restraint which promotes progress for the form which retards it. This is the right view to take of freedom; but it can only be taken if there is a full recognition of the close connection between liberty and responsibility in every domain of human thought and action. It was essentially the view taken by Abraham Lincoln, and by all those who, when the Civil War broke out, realized that in a self-governing democracy those who desire to be considered fit to enjoy liberty must show that they know how to use it with moderation and justice in peace, and how to fight for it when it is jeoparded by malice domestic or foreign levy.

The lessons they taught us are lessons as applicable in our every-day lives now as in the rare times of great stress. The men who made this field forever memorable did so because they combined the power of fealty to a lofty ideal with the power of showing that fealty in hard, practical, common-sense fashion. They stood for the life of effort, not the life of ease. They had that love of country, that love of justice, that love of their fellow men, without which power and resourceful efficiency but make a man a danger to his fellows. Yet, in addition thereto, they likewise possessed the power and the efficiency; for otherwise their high purpose would have been barren of result. They knew each how to act for himself, and yet each how to act with his fellows. They learned, as all the generation of the Civil War learned, that rare indeed is the chance to do anything worth doing by one sudden and violent effort. The men who believed that the Civil War would be ended in ninety days, the men who cried loudest "On to Richmond," if they had the right stuff in them speedily learned their error; and the war was actually won by those who settled themselves steadfastly down to fight for three years, or for as much longer as the war might last, and who gradually grew to understand that the triumph would come, not by a single brilliant victory, but by a hundred painful and tedious campaigns. In the East and the West the columns advanced and recoiled, swayed from side to side, and again advanced; along the coasts the black ships stood endlessly off and on before the hostile forts; generals and admirals emerged into the light, each to face his crowded hour of success or failure; the men in front fought; the men behind supplied and pushed forward those in front; and the final victory was due to the deeds of all who played their parts well and manfully, in the scores of battles, in the countless skirmishes, in march, in camp, or in reserve, as commissioned officers, or in the ranks—wherever and whenever duty called them. That is why the title that most appeals to you now is the title of comrade, by which the private in the ranks and the lieutenant-general address one another, because each did his duty and asks no more than recognition of that fact. Just so it must be for us in civil life. We can make and keep this country worthy of the men who gave their lives to save it, only on condition that the average man among us on the whole does his duty bravely, loyally, and with common sense, in whatever position life allots to him. Exactly as in time of war courage is the cardinal virtue of the soldier, so in time of peace honesty, using the word in its deepest and broadest significance, is the essential basic virtue, without which all else avails nothing. National greatness is of slow growth. It cannot be forced and yet be stable and enduring; for it is based fundamentally upon national character, and national character is stamped deep in a people by the lives of many generations. The men who went into the army had to submit to discipline, had to submit to restraint through the government of the leaders they had chosen, as the price of winning. So we, the people, can preserve our liberty and our greatness in time of peace only by ourselves exercising the virtues of honesty, of self-restraint, and of fair dealing between man and man. In all the ages of the past men have seen countries lose their liberty, because their people could not restrain and order themselves, and therefore forfeited the right to what they were unable to use with wisdom.

It was because you men of the Civil War both knew how to use liberty temperately and how to defend it at need that we and our children and our children's children shall hold you in honor forever. Here, on Memorial Day, on this great battlefield, we commemorate not only the chiefs who actually won this battle; not only Meade, and his lieutenants, Hancock and Reynolds and Howard and Sickles, and the many others whose names flame in our annals; but also the chiefs who had made the Army of the Potomac what it was, and those who afterward led it in the campaigns which were crowned at Appomattox; and furthermore those who made and used its sister armies: McClellan, with his extraordinary genius for organization; Rosecrans; Buell; Thomas, the unyielding, the steadfast; and that great trio, Sherman, Sheridan, and last and greatest of all, Grant himself, the silent soldier whose hammer-like blows finally beat down even the prowess of the men who fought against him. Above all we meet here to pay homage to the officers and enlisted men who served and fought and died, without having, as their chiefs had, the chance to write their names on the tablets of fame; to the men who marched and fought in the ranks, who were buried in long trenches on the field of battle, who died in cots marked only by numbers in the hospitals; who, if they lived, when the war was over, went back each to his task on the farm or in the town, to do his duty in peace as he had done it in war; to take up the threads of his working life where he had dropped them when the trumpets of the nation pealed to arms. To-day, all over this land our people meet to pay reverent homage to the dead who died that the nation might live; and we pay homage also to their comrades who are still with us.

All are at one now, the sons of those who wore the blue and the sons of those who wore the gray, and all can unite in paying respect to the memory of those who fell, each of them giving his life for his duty as he saw it; and all should be at one in learning from the deaths of these men how to live usefully while the times call for the performance of the countless necessary duties of every-day life, and how to hold ourselves ready to die nobly should the nation ever again demand of her sons the splendid ultimate proof of loyalty to her and to the flag.

27

GETTYSBURG AND VALLEY FORGE[1]

THERE have been two great crises in our national history—two crises where failure meant the absolute breaking asunder of the nation—one the Revolutionary War, one the Civil War. If the men who took to arms in '76 for national independence had failed, then not merely would there never have been a national growth on this continent, but the whole spirit of nationality for the younger lands of the world would have perished still-born. If the men of '61 had failed in the great struggle for national unity, it would have meant that the work done by Washington and his associates might almost or quite as well have been left undone. There would have been no point in commemorating what was done at Valley Forge if Gettysburg had not given us the national right to commemorate it.[2] If we were now split up into a dozen wrangling little communities, if we lacked the power to keep away here on our own continent, within our own lines, or to show ourselves a unit as against foreign aggression, then, indeed, the Declaration of Independence would read like empty sound, and the Constitution would not be worth the paper upon which it was written, save as a study for antiquarians.

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[1] Address at the Washington Memorial Chapel, Valley Forge, Pa., June 19, 1904.

[2] "Three weeks ago I was at the field where the bloodiest and most decisive battle of the Civil War was fought. It is a noteworthy thing that this State of Pennsylvania should have within its borders the places which mark the two turning-points in our history—Gettysburg, which saw the high tide of the Rebellion—Valley Forge, which was the turning-point of the Revolution."—*From prefatory remarks to Valley Forge address.*

GETTYSBURG AND VALLEY FORGE

There have been other crises than those that culminated during the War for Independence and the great Civil War, there have been great deeds and great men at other periods of our national history, but there never has been another deed vital to the welfare of the nation save the two—the deed of those who founded and the deed of those who saved the Republic. There never has been another man whose life has been vital to the Republic save Washington and Lincoln. I am not here to say anything about Lincoln, but I do not see how any American can think of either of them without thinking of the other too, because they represent the same work. Think how fortunate we are as a nation. Think what it means to us as a people that our young men should have as their ideals two men, not conquerors, not men who have won glory by wrong-doing; not men whose lives were spent in their own advancement, but men who lived, one of whom died, that the nation might grow steadily greater and better—the man who founded the Republic and took no glory from it himself save what was freely given him by his fellow citizens, and that only in the shape of a chance of rendering them service, and the man who afterward saved the Republic, who saved the State, without striking down liberty. Often in history a state has been saved and liberty struck down at the same time. Lincoln saved the Union and lifted the cause of liberty higher than before. Washington created the Republic, rose by statecraft to the highest position, and used that position only for the welfare of his fellows and for so long as his fellows wished him to keep it.

It is a good thing that of these great landmarks of our history—Gettysburg and Valley Forge—one should commemorate a single tremendous effort and the other what we need, on the whole, much more commonly, and what I think is, on the whole, rather more difficult to give—long-sustained effort. Only men with a touch of the heroic in them could have lasted out that three days' struggle at Gettysburg. Only men fit to rank with the great men of all time could have beaten back the mighty onslaught of that gallant and wonderful army of northern Virginia, whose final supreme effort faded at the stone wall on Cemetery Ridge on that July day forty-one years ago.

But after all, hard though it is to rise to the supreme height of self-sacrifice and of effort at a time of crisis that is short, to rise to it for a single great effort—it is harder yet to rise to the level of a crisis when that crisis takes the form of needing constant, patient, steady work, month after month, year after year, when, too, it does not end after a terrible struggle in a glorious day—when it means months of gloom and effort steadfastly endured, and triumph wrested only at the very end.

Here at Valley Forge Washington and his Continentals warred not against the foreign soldiery, but against themselves, against all the appeals of our nature that are most difficult to resist—against discouragement, discontent, the mean envies and jealousies, and heart-burnings sure to arise at any time in large bodies of men, but especially sure to arise when defeat and disaster have come to large bodies of men. Here the soldiers who carried our national flag had to suffer from cold, from privation, from hardship, knowing that their foes were well housed, knowing that things went easier for the others than it did for them. And they conquered, because they had in them the spirit that made them steadfast, not merely on an occasional great day, but day after day in the life of daily endeavor to do duty well.

When two lessons are both indispensable, it seems hardly worth while to dwell more on one than on the other. Yet I think that as a people we need more to learn the lesson of Valley Forge even than that of Gettysburg. I have not the slightest anxiety but that this people, if the need should come in the future, will be able to show the heroism, the supreme effort that was shown at Gettysburg, though it may well be that it would mean a similar two years of effort, checkered by disaster, to lead up to it. But the vital thing for this nation to do is steadily to cultivate the quality which Washington and those under him so pre-eminently showed during the winter at Valley Forge—the quality of steady adherence to duty in the teeth of difficulty, in the teeth of discouragement, and even disaster, the quality that makes a man do what is straight and decent, not one day when a great crisis comes, but every day, day in and day out, until success comes at the end.

Of course, all of us are agreed that a prime national need is the need of commemorating the memories of the men who did greatly, thought highly, who fought, suffered, endured, for the nation. It is a great thing to commemorate their lives; but, after all, the worthy way to do so is to try to show by our lives that we have profited by them. If we show that the lives of the great men of the past have been to us incitements to do well in the present, then we have paid to them the only homage which is really worthy of them. If we treat their great deeds as matters merely for idle boasting, not as spurring us on to effort, but as excusing us from effort, then we show that we are not worthy of our sires, of the people who went before us in the history of our land. What we as a people need more than aught else is the steady performance of the every-day duties of life, not with hope of reward, but because they are duties.

I spoke of how we felt that we had in Washington and Lincoln national ideals. I contrasted their names with the names of many others in history, names which will shine as brightly, but oh! with how much less power and light. I think you will find that the fundamental difference between our two great national heroes and almost any other men of equal note in the world's history, is that when you think of our two men you think inevitably not of glory, but of duty, not of what the man did for himself in achieving name, or fame, or position, but of what he did for his fellows. They set the right ideal and also they lived up to it in practical fashion. Had either of them possessed that fantastic quality of mind which sets an impossible, and, perhaps, an undesirable ideal, or which declines to do the actual work of the present because forsooth the implements with which it is necessary to work are not to that man's choice, his fame would have been missed, his achievement would have crumbled into dust, and he would not have left one stroke on the book which tells of effort accomplished for the good of mankind.

A man, to amount to anything, must be practical. He must actually do things, not talk about doing them, least of all cavil at how they are accomplished by those who actually go down into the arena, and actually face the dust and the blood and the sweat, who actually triumphed in the struggle. The man must have the force, the power, the will to accomplish results, but he must have also the lift toward lofty things which shall make him incapable of striving for aught unless that for which he strives is something honorable and high —something well worth striving for.

I congratulate you that it is your good fortune to be engaged in erecting a memorial to the great man who was equal to the great days—to the man and the men who showed by their lives that they were indeed doers of the word and not hearers only.

28

ANTIETAM[1]

If the issue of Antietam had been other than it was, it is probable that at least two great European powers would have recognized the independence of the Confederacy; so that you who fought here forty-one years ago have the profound satisfaction of feeling that you played well your part in one of those crises big with the fate of all mankind. You men of the Grand Army by your victory not only rendered all Americans your debtors for evermore, but you rendered all humanity your debtors. If the Union had been dissolved, if the great edifice built with blood and sweat and tears by mighty Washington and his compeers had gone down in wreck and ruin, the result would have been an incalculable calamity, not only for our people—and most of all for those who in such event would have seemingly triumphed—but for all mankind. The great American Republic would have become a memory of derision; and the failure of the experiment of self-government by a great people on a great scale would have delighted the heart of every foe of republican institutions. Our country, now so great and so wonderful, would have been split into little jangling rival nationalities, each with a history both bloody and contemptible. It was because you, the men who wear the button of the Grand Army, triumphed in those dark years, that every American now holds his head high, proud in the knowledge that he belongs to a nation whose glorious past and great present will be succeeded by an even mightier future; whereas had you failed we would all of us, North and South, East and West, be now treated by other nations at the best with contemptuous tolerance; at the worst with overbearing insolence.

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[1] Address at Antietam, Md., September 17, 1903.

Moreover, every friend of liberty, every believer in self-government, every idealist who wished to see his ideals take practical shape, wherever he might be in the world, knew that the success of all in which he most believed was bound up with the success of the Union armies in this great struggle. I confidently predict that when the final judgment of history is recorded it will be said that in no other war of which we have written record was it more vitally essential for the welfare of mankind that victory should rest where it finally rested. There have been other wars for individual freedom. There have been other wars for national greatness. But there has never been another war in which the issues at stake were so large, looked at from either standpoint. We take just pride in the great deeds of the men of 1776, but we must keep in mind that the Revolutionary War would have been shorn of well-nigh all its results had the side of union and liberty been defeated in the Civil War. In such case we should merely have added another to the lamentably long list of cases in which peoples have shown that after winning their liberty they are wholly unable to make good use of it.

It now rests with us in civil life to make good by our deeds the deeds which you who wore the blue did in the great years from '61 to '65. The patriotism, the courage, the unflinching resolution and steadfast endurance of the soldiers whose triumph was crowned at Appomattox must be supplemented on our part by civic courage, civic honesty, cool sanity, and steadfast adherence to the immutable laws of righteousness. You left us a reunited country; reunited in fact as well as in name. You left us the right of brotherhood with your gallant foes who wore the gray; the right to feel pride in their courage and their high fealty to an ideal, even though they warred against the stars in their courses. You left us also the most splendid example of what brotherhood really means; for in your careers you showed in practical fashion that the only safety in our American life lies in spurning the accidental distinctions which sunder one man from another, and in paying homage to each man only because of what he essentially is; in stripping off the husks of occupation, of position, of accident, until the soul stands forth revealed, and we know the man only because of his worth as a man.

There was no patent device for securing victory by force of arms forty years ago; and there is no patent device for securing victory for the forces of righteousness in civil life now. In each case the all-important factor was and is the character of the individual man. Good laws in the State, like a good organization in an army, are the expressions of national character. Leaders will be developed in military and in civil life alike; and weapons and tactics change from generation to generation, as methods of achieving good government change in civic affairs; but the fundamental qualities which make for good citizenship do not change any more than the fundamental qualities which make good soldiers. In the long run in the Civil War the thing that counted for more than aught else was the fact that the average American had the fighting edge; had within him the spirit which spurred him on through toil and danger, fatigue and hardship, to the goal of the splendid ultimate triumph. So in achieving good government the fundamental factor must be the character of the average citizen; that average citizen's power of hatred for what is mean and base and unlovely; his fearless scorn of cowardice and his determination to war unyieldingly against the dark and sordid forces of evil.

The Continental troops who followed Washington were clad in blue and buff, and were armed with clumsy, flintlock muskets. You, who followed Grant, wore the famous old blue uniform, and your weapons had changed as had your uniform; and now the men of the American army who uphold the honor of the flag in the far tropic lands are yet differently armed and differently clad and differently trained; but the spirit that has driven you all to victory has remained forever unchanged. So it is in civil life. As you did not win in a month or a year, but only after long years of hard and dangerous work, so the fight for governmental honesty and efficiency can be won only by the display of similar patience and similar resolution and power of endurance. We need the same type of character now that was needed by the men who with Washington first inaugurated the system of free popular government, the system of combined liberty and order here on this continent; that was needed by the men who under Lincoln perpetuated the government which had thus been inaugurated in the days of Washington. The qualities essential to good citizenship and to good public service now are in all their essentials exactly the same as in the days when the first Congresses met to provide for the establishment of the Union; as in the days seventy years later, when the Congresses met which had to provide for its salvation.

There are many qualities which we need alike in private citizen and in public man, but three above all—three for the lack of which no brilliancy and no genius can atone—and those three are courage, honesty, and common sense.

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THE CUBAN DEAD[1]

It must necessarily be to all of us who served in the First United States Volunteer Cavalry a matter of peculiar gratification to see this memorial erected to the memory of our dead. I am sure that none who was there will ever forget the funeral services that you held, Chaplain Brown, over those who were killed in the Guasimas fight—the first fight that we saw, the fight in which we served under the after-time lieutenant-general of the United States army who is here with us to-day, General Young. General Young, there is not a member of the regiment who will not always hold you in peculiar regard. Before we went down there you told us that if we would get into your brigade you would see that we got into the first fight, and you kept your word. Any war must bring bitter grief to some people, and the deepest woe, the grief hardest to bear, must come not to those who go to the war, but to the women and children who stay behind. I have no regard for the man who dreads overmuch to meet the inevitable death in so worthy a fashion as when he meets it in battle for his country. I never have felt that there was as much need of pity for, as for respect and admiration for, those to whom the supreme good fortune comes of dying well on the field of battle whither their duty has called them. We mourn them, but our mourning is the mourning of pride and of admiration even more than of grief. Their lot is not hard. But the lot of the women and children who stay behind is the lot which calls for our sincere sympathy, for our sincere pity. Almost every man who dies leaves a vacancy in some home that can never be but more than partially filled. The greatest sacrifices in war are made not by those who go to the front, who know the eager excitement of battle, and who, if they are worthy to be called men at all, feel the most buoyant exaltation in the good fortune which has given them the chance to show their manhood on stricken fields; our sympathy is not for them, but for those whose harder task it is to wait at home, uncheered by the stern joy of battle, and who have to meet with as brave a front as may be the news, good or ill, that comes from the front.

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[1] Address at the unveiling of the monument in memory of the dead of the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry at Arlington National Cemetery, April 12, 1907.

I speak here in the presence of the regulars of the United States army and navy. All of us who served in the volunteer forces during the Spanish War came out of the war having learned, so far as we needed to learn, the lesson of the heartiest admiration for the officers and enlisted men of the regular army and navy of the United States. It was our business to serve in the army for a short while. It is yours to serve as your life-work. You do for the country what no other body of its fellow citizens can do, and I am sure that all volunteers came out of the war feeling, as I certainly did, that it should be our aim thereafter in private life or in public life to do everything that lay in our power for the army and navy of the Union, for the army and the navy which, by their readiness for war, make the greatest guarantee for peace that this country possesses. There was one peculiar reason for pleasure in the Spanish-American War, one reason above all others why our people should look back to it with pride and satisfaction, and that is the fact that it marked in very truth the complete reunion of our country. In that war there served in the ranks and in the positions of junior officers the sons of men who had worn the blue and the sons of men who had worn the gray; and they served under men who in their youth had begun their careers as soldiers, some of them in the army of Grant, some of them in the army of Lee. Side by side with Young and Chaffee and Lawton served Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee. In our own regiment there were at least as many sons of the ex-Confederates as sons of ex-Union soldiers, and they stood shoulder to shoulder, knit together by the closest of ties, and acknowledging with respect to one another only that generous jealousy each to try to be first to do all that in him lay for the honor and the interest of the flag that covered the reunited country.

There is another lesson taught by every war well waged, taught pre-eminently by the Civil War, but taught also by any lesser war such as that in which we were engaged. That is the lesson of real democracy which consists in treating each man in good faith on his worth as a man. It is a mighty good thing for all of us to be thrown into intimate contact with one another under circumstances which test the real worth of each of us, and there is nothing that will give a man a clearer idea of the value of his fellow than to lie in the same trench with him, to march beside him, to be in camp with him, and to be under fire through a day's good stiff fighting with him. That will try out a man; you will find out what he is worth then; by the end of that day you won't care a snap of your finger whether he has been a banker or a bricklayer, whether he is a rich man or a poor man, what his occupation is, where he was born, or how he worships his Maker. What you will care to learn is if he has the right stuff in him.

When you started in the morning on a march and divided up the three days' rations with your bunky you wanted to be dead sure that the bunky did not throw away his half and then come in in the evening and want to share yours. What is more, you did not want any man around who was always waiting for the heroic times and who did not care to begin to do his duty until they arrived; the man you cared for was the man who did his ordinary plain duty right along just as it came, from digging sinks and policing camp to leading a forlorn hope.

All of this contains just the lesson that we need most in our civil life. We could not get on in the army, we never could conduct a war to a successful conclusion, if we permitted ourselves to be sundered by any class or caste or social or sectional or religious prejudice; and we cannot conduct the affairs of this nation as they can and shall be conducted save by putting into effect the same traits that enable us to do well in war. Distrust above all other men the man who seeks to make you pass judgment upon your fellow citizens upon any ground of artificial distinction between you and them. Distrust the man who seeks to get you to favor them or discriminate against them either because they are well off or not well off, because they occupy one social position or another, because they live in one part of the country or another, or because they profess one creed or another. Remember this: Arrogance and envy are not different qualities; they are merely different manifestations of the same qualities. The rich man who looks down upon or oppresses the poor man is the very man who, if poor, would envy and hate the man who was richer. Conversely the poor man who regards with bitter and malignant envy the man who is better off, who preaches the doctrine of hate toward that man, is himself the man who, if it had happened that he were rich, would grind down the faces of those who were less well off than he.

You can pretty well tell in the ranks whether the man is the type of man you would be willing to work alongside of or under, or to have work under you. If he has the quality that makes him a good man in one relation, he is apt to have the quality that would make him a good man in the other relations. In other words, friends, we cannot afford in our civic life to permit the existence of any standard save the standard of conduct as being the standard by which we judge our fellow citizen. We cannot afford to judge him by the accident of his position. We must judge him by the fundamentals of his character, by what there is in him, not by where it happens that he is placed.

On an occasion like this, when we gather to honor the memory of the valiant dead, let us remember that we can best honor their memory by trying to learn from their death something that will make our lives more useful to our country. Naturally, you here who are not of our regiment cannot feel as we feel toward those dead men whom this monument commemorates. By a strange fatality, among the earliest killed were some of the very best—I am inclined to say the very best—of our number. I think the two most valuable officers we had were Captains Capron and O'Neill, who were killed, one at Las Guasimas and one at San Juan. It seemed to me as if every man who was slain possessed some qualities which had made him of especial worth to the regiment. It was hard to see them lying dead in the bright Cuban sunlight, and to feel that their young lives were cut short in the full bloom of their promise.

Yet, as I said before, all those who were willing to think could not but realize that the men who had thus met their fate had merely anticipated by a few years the fate that is coming to all of us, and that to them had been given the supreme good fortune of dying honorably on a well-fought field for their country's flag. It will be a poor thing for this or any other nation when it loses the sense of sternly joyous exaltation at the thought of such a fate; when it ceases to feel respect and reverence and an admiration which, were it less worthy, I should be tempted to call well-nigh envious for those to whom such good fortune has come.

Such is the personal feeling that we who were connected with the regiment necessarily have in coming here. But the supreme lesson for all of us is the lesson I have tried to draw, that the homage that counts is the homage, not of the lips, but of the heart; the homage we pay to the memory of the valiant dead when we firmly resolve so to lead our lives that when we die we may feel not wholly unworthy to have been their comrades.

APPENDIX

GETTYSBURG AND WATERLOO[1]

As the battles of Waterloo and Gettysburg, from their size, bloodiness, and decisive importance, have so often provoked comparison, it may be of interest to readers to compare the force and loss of the combatants in each. I take the figures for Waterloo from the official reports as given by Dorsey Gardner in his "Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo"; and the figures for Gettysburg from "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," and from Captain William F. Fox's "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War."

Unlike Waterloo, Gettysburg was almost purely a fight of infantry and artillery; the cavalry, which did good work during the campaign, played no part in the battle itself, the bulk of the horse of the two contending armies being at the time engaged in a subsidiary but entirely distinct fight of their own. The troops thus engaged should not be included in the actual fighting forces employed at Gettysburg itself, any more than Grouchy's French and the Prussians against whom they were pitted at Wavre can be included in the armies actually engaged at Waterloo. The exclusion will be made in both cases, and the comparison thereby rendered more easy.

Even making these exclusions it is impossible wholly to reconcile the various authorities; but the following figures must be nearly accurate. At Gettysburg there were present in action eighty thousand to eighty-five thousand Union troops, and of the Confederates some sixty-five thousand. At Waterloo there were one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers of the Allies under Wellington and Blücher, and seventy-two thousand French under Napoleon; or, there were about one hundred and fifty thousand combatants at Gettysburg and about one hundred and ninety thousand at Waterloo. In each case the weaker army made the attack and was defeated. Lee did not have to face such heavy odds as Napoleon; but, whereas Napoleon's defeat was a rout in which he lost all his guns and saw his soldiers become a disorganized rabble, Lee drew off his army in good order, his cannon uncaptured, and the *morale* of his formidable soldiers unshaken. The defeated Confederates lost in killed and wounded fifteen thousand five hundred and thirty, and in captured seven thousand four hundred and sixty-seven, some of whom were likewise wounded, or twenty-three thousand in all; the defeated French lost from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand—probably nearer the latter number. The Confederates thus lost in killed and wounded at least twenty-five per cent of their force, and yet they preserved their artillery and their organization; while the French suffered an even heavier proportional loss and were turned into a fleeing mob.

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[1] *The Century Magazine*, June, 1891.

	Number	Killed and Wounded	Missing	Per Cent of Killed and Wounded to Force Engaged
Wellington's British	23,991	6,344	592	26 +
Wellington's Germans	25,886	4,006	478	15 +
Wellington's Dutch-Belgians	17,784	1,000	3,000	....
Blücher's Prussians	51,944	5,612	1,386	11 −
	119,605	16,962	5,456	15

Comparing the victors, we find that the forces of the Allies at Waterloo consisted of several different kinds of troops, and together with the losses can best be presented in tabulated form. Wellington had under him sixty-eight thousand English, Germans, and Dutch-Belgians, while Blücher had fifty-two thousand Prussians.

The figures for the Dutch-Belgians, who behaved very badly, are mere estimates; probably the missing numbered more than three thousand, and it is very unlikely that the total killed and wounded went as high as one thousand.

At Gettysburg the Northerners lost seventeen thousand five hundred and fifty-five killed and wounded and five thousand four hundred and thirty-five missing; in other words, they suffered an actually greater loss than the much larger army of Wellington and Blücher; relatively, it was half as great again, being something like twenty-two per cent in killed and wounded alone. This gives some idea of the comparative obstinacy of the fighting.

But in each case the brunt of the battle fell unequally on different organizations. At Waterloo the English did the heaviest fighting and suffered the heaviest loss; and though at Gettysburg no troops behaved badly, as did the Dutch-Belgians, yet one or two of the regiments composed of foreigners certainly failed to distinguish themselves. Meade had seven infantry corps, one of which was largely held in reserve. The six that did the actual fighting may be grouped in pairs. The Second and Third numbered nominally twenty-three thousand six hundred and ten (probably there were in reality several hundred less than this), and lost in killed and wounded seven thousand five hundred and eighty-six, or thirty-two per cent, and nine hundred and seventy-four missing; so that these two corps, whose aggregate force was smaller than that of Wellington's British regiments at Waterloo, nevertheless suffered a considerably heavier loss, and therefore must have done bloodier, and in all probability more obstinate, fighting. The First and Eleventh Corps, who were very roughly handled the first day, make a much worse showing in the "missing" column, but their death rolls are evidences of how bravely they fought. They had in all eighteen thousand six hundred men, of whom six thousand and ninety-two, or thirty-two per cent, were killed and wounded, and three thousand seven hundred and thirty-three missing. The Fifth and Twelfth Corps, of in the aggregate twenty thousand one hundred and forty-seven men, lost two thousand nine hundred and ninety, or fifteen per cent, killed and wounded, and two hundred and seventy-eight missing.

Thus of the six Union corps which did the fighting at Gettysburg four suffered a relatively much heavier loss in killed and wounded than Wellington's British at Waterloo, and the other two a relatively much heavier loss than Blücher's Prussians.

In making any comparison between the two battles, it must of course be remembered that one occupied but a single day and the other very nearly three; and it is hard to compare the severity of the strain of a long and very bloody, with that caused by a short, and only less bloody, battle.

Gettysburg consisted of a series of more or less completely isolated conflicts; but owing to the loose way in which the armies marched into action many of the troops that did the heaviest fighting were engaged for but a portion of the time. The Second and Third Corps were probably not heavily engaged for a very much longer period than the British regiments at Waterloo.

Both were soldiers' rather than generals' battles. Both were waged with extraordinary courage and obstinacy and at a fearful cost of life. Waterloo was settled by a single desperate and exhausting struggle;

Gettysburg took longer, was less decisive, and was relatively much more bloody. According to Wellington the chief feature of Waterloo was the "hard pounding"; and at Gettysburg the pounding—or, as Grant called it, the "hammering"—was even harder.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

MEN OF ACTION

This section of Volume XII contains twenty-nine biographical and historical essays, thirteen of which are here reprinted from: . . . PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESSES AND STATE PAPERS [AND EUROPEAN ADDRESSES] February 19, 1902–June 7, 1910. By Theodore Roosevelt. . . . New York: The Review of Reviews Company, 1910. These eight 8vo, brown cloth-bound volumes were issued as a separate set and also formed the final volumes of the Homeward Bound edition of Colonel Roosevelt's works. At least part of this same material also appeared as the final volumes of the Executive and the Statesman editions, which were printed from the same plates by P. F. Collier & Son and The Review of Reviews Company. Other material from this collection of presidential addresses will be found in Volumes XIV–XIX of the Memorial edition. No attempt is here made to show the first separate publication of the various presidential addresses, most of which were first printed at the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

Eight essays are here reprinted for the first time from *The Outlook*, while three are republished from other periodicals. Two of them (GRANT and DEWEY) are reprinted from: THE STRENUOUS LIFE. N. Y., 1900, the remainder of which will be found in Volume XV. Three prefaces and two addresses are here reprinted for the first time from the individual volumes in which they originally appeared.

The chapters were originally published as follows:

Preface originally published as: NATIONAL CHARACTER AND THE CHARACTERS OF NATIONAL STATESMEN, in *The Outlook*, January 23, 1909.

MEN OF YESTERDAY

1. Originally published as: BEVERIDGE'S LIFE OF MARSHALL. A REVIEW. This reviews: THE LIFE OF JOHN MARSHALL. By Albert J. Beveridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917. 2 vols. Review first published in *The Outlook*, July 18, 1917.
2. Originally published in *Chautauquan*, January, 1891.
3. Originally published as the introduction to: THE WRITINGS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Edited by Arthur Brooks Lapsley. With an introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. . . . New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1905. This, the Federal edition, consisted of eight 8vo, blue cloth-bound volumes with illustrations on Japanese vellum, and was limited to 1,000 sets. It has been reprinted in cheaper form.
4. Address at Freeport, Ill., June 3, 1903. Reprinted from: PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESSES AND STATE PAPERS, II : 444–446.

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Appendix. First published in the *Century*, June, 1891.

Several of these articles were originally published without titles or with titles different from those given in this edition. The editor has changed or supplied the titles of the following: Preface, 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29.

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